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THE NEW YORKER

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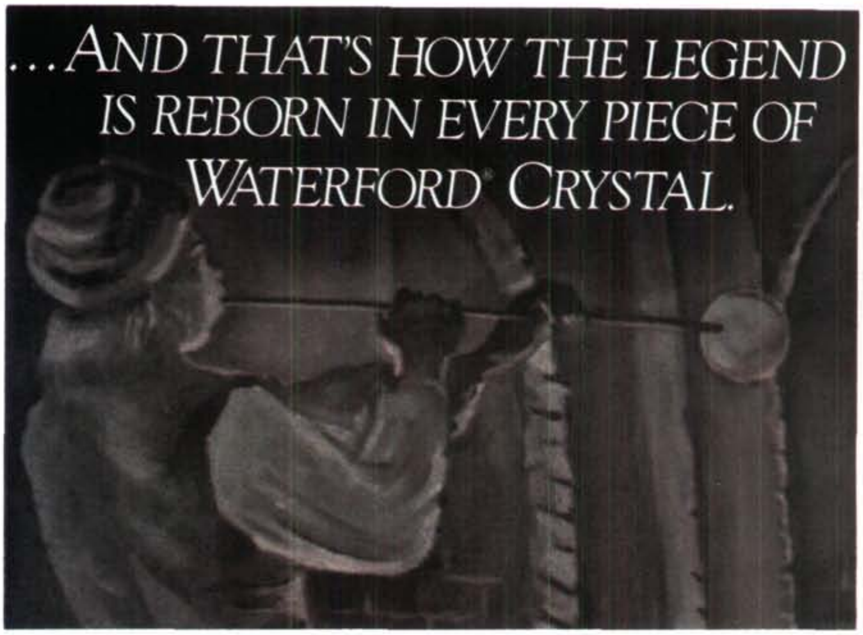

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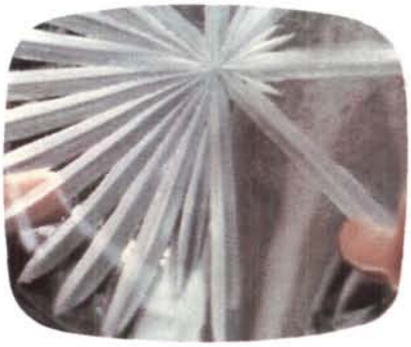

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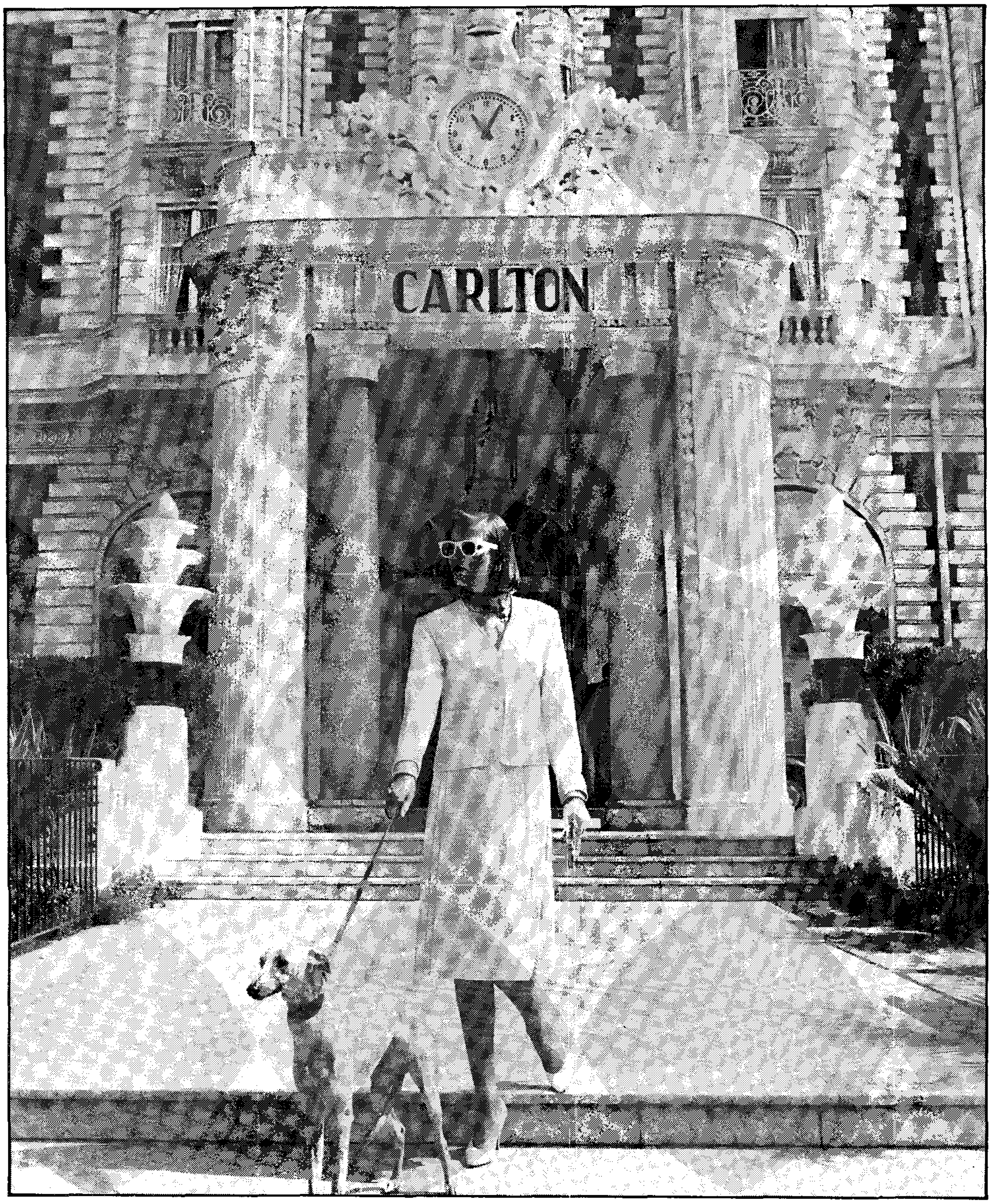

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe" first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider was the impeccable director. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/27/83.) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Breakfast with Les and Bess—Holland Taylor and Keith Charles in a comedy by Lee Kalcheim. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—Neil Simon's new and reputedly autobiographical comedy. (4/11/83) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

La Cage aux Folles—A musical based on the French comedy of the same name, by Jean Poiret. Music and lyrics are by Jerry Herman, the book is by Harvey Fierstein, and George Hearn and Gene Barry head the cast. Directed by Arthur Laurents. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial—An excellent revival of Herman Wouk's courtroom thriller about a dotty Navy captain in the Second World War. With Michael Moriarty, Philip Bosco, and half a dozen other admirable actors. (5/16/83) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Corn Is Green—Cicely Tyson in a revival of Emlyn Williams' play, directed by Vivian Matalon. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

An Evening with Quentin Crisp—A revival of the one-man show, with new material from Mr. Crisp's book "How to Become a Virgin." (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4. Closes Sunday, Sept. 4.)

Extremities—Farrah Fawcett in a play by William Mastrosimone. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Kathy Whitton Baker have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7.)

Jeeves Takes Charge—An amiable entertainment devised by Edward Duke from the writings of P. G. Wodehouse. Mr. Duke, who appears as Jeeves and Bertie Wooster and many members of their immediate circle, is the entertainer. The stylish period settings are by Carl Toms. (6/27/83) (Haft, 227 W. 27th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 4.)

The Knack—Daniel Gerroll and J. Smith-Cameron in a revival of Ann Jellicoe's 1964 comedy. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 11.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Aug. 28: Sigmund Romberg's **THE DESERT SONG.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Aug. 31: Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Mame—Angela Lansbury in a revival of the musical based on "Auntie Mame," the novel by Patrick Dennis and subsequent play by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee. Messrs. Lawrence and Lee wrote the book and Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics. The director is John Bowab. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My One and Only—Tommy Tune and Twiggy make a pair of delightful lovers in a musical whose book, by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer, succeeds in embracing half a dozen classic Gershwin songs. An irresistible show. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

'Night, Mother—A faultlessly written play by Marsha Norman, starring Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak. The subject matter is grim—a young woman's determination to commit suicide—but one is often amused as well as touched by the family verities that Miss Norman manages to bring to light as if for the first time. Tom Moore directed. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

On Your Toes—A hit musical of 1936 that deserves to remain a hit, thanks to the music of Richard Rodgers, the lyrics of Lorenz Hart, the choreography of George Balanchine, and the direction by George Abbott, who also helped write the book. This production stars Galina Panova and Lara Teeter. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Orgasmo Adulto Escapes from the Zoo—Estelle Parsons in a one-woman performance of eight short plays by Dario Fo and Franca Rame. The plays are being presented in two parts. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Part I: Wednesdays and Fridays at 8, and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ Part II: Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 8. . . . ¶ Selections from both parts: Tuesdays at 8. Closes Sunday, Sept. 4.)

Preppies—A musical with a book by David Taylor and Carlos Davis and music and lyrics by Gary Portnoy and Judy Hart Angelo. Staged by Tony Tanner. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except

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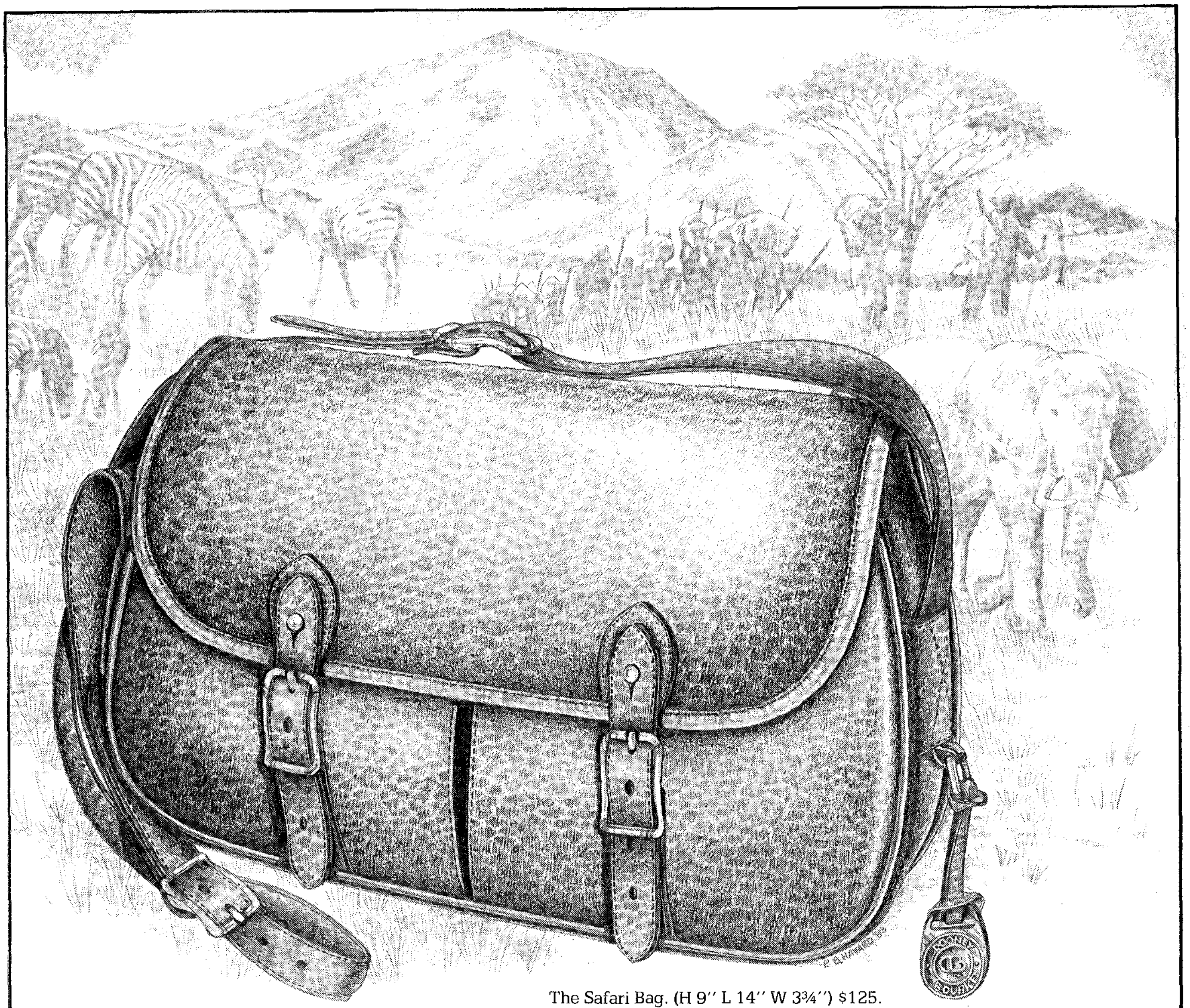

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Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Lee Richardson plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Anthony Heald, and Dana Ivey. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Taking My Turn—A buoyant musical with Margaret Whiting, Tiger Haynes, Victor Griffin, Cissy Houston, Ted Thurston, and Mace Barrett, all of them noted singers and dancers who are presumed to be old but whose performances refute that presumption at every turn. The very good songs were written by Will Holt (lyrics) and Gary William Friedman (score). Robert H. Livingston was the able director. (6/20/83) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Winners—A revival of Brian Friel's beguiling comedy (with sad overtones) about a pair of lovers who spend a day on a hilltop above the Irish town of Ballymore. Bernard Shaw's larky **HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND** makes a suitable prologue to this agreeable evening. (5/2/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 11.)

Yellow Fever—A delightful comedy-mystery that neatly parodies private-eye movies as it goes its merry way. The setting is the Asian section of Vancouver in the nineteen-seventies. R. A. Shiomi is the deft playwright, and the Sam Spade role—here named Sam Shikaze—is assumed with admirable aplomb by Donald Li. All the actors do well under Raul Aranas's direction. (1/17/83) (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 586-2696. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

You Can't Take It with You—The happily slapdash comedy that George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart wrote in the middle nineteen-thirties seems as hilarious as ever. Directed by Ellis Rabb, with a rambunctious cast headed by Eddie Albert. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AGNES OF GOD:** John Pielmeier has written a three-sided discussion of mounting asperity conducted among a Mother Superior, a psychiatrist, and a nun who has given birth to (and perhaps murdered) a child. The cast consists of Diahann Carroll, Geraldine Page, and Lily Knight. Michael Lindsay-Hogg is the director. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 4.) . . . **AMADEUS:** Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. David Birney plays the villainous Salieri, and John Thomas Waite plays Mozart. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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. . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a clever and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is nimbly performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 4.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,704 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GREATER TUNA:** Ronn Carroll and Michael Jeter portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** A musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 4.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A musical version of Fellini's "8½," with charming music and lyrics by Maury Yeston, a stunning set by Lawrence Miller, and sensationally attractive costumes by William Ivey Long, but the book (by Arthur Kopit) is an embarrassing anti-feminist tract. Sergio Franchi is the star. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Phillip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production originally, has now been transformed by the clowning of James Belushi and Gary Cole. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—Sandy Duncan is the star of this year's summer show, "Five Six Seven Eight . . . Dance!" (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8. Closes Monday, Sept. 5.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 26-27, **MAJOR HOLLEY,** the buzzing, humming bassist, will work with a pianist; on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 2-3, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** will drop in with his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Right now (through Saturday, Aug. 27) the master, **DIZZY GILLESPIE,** is here with his latest quartet. On Sunday, Aug. 28, Carla White and Manny Duran will perform at five and seven, and on Tuesday, Aug. 30, tenor saxophonist **STANLEY TURRENTINE** will move in his jazz-funk outfit. Sets begin at ten.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 24-25, **AL KOOPER** and **EDGAR WINTER;** Friday and Saturday, Aug. 26-27, **ARLO GUTHRIE;** Sunday, Aug. 28, **DOC WATSON;** Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 30-31, the **ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO;** Friday, Sept. 2, **BILL MONROE & THE BLUEGRASS BOYS;** and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 3-4, **ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL.** Shows

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Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some very good musicians. The roster: pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and a bassist through Saturday, Aug. 27; pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** on Sunday, Aug. 28; and pianist **RICHIE BEIRACH** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** starting Monday, Aug. 29. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON,** who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white pocket-size Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ** leads a trio from eleven to two.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ,** the Polish pianist influenced by Art Tatum and Fred Chopin, works here nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Aug. 24, Pianosaurus, the Pleasure Hounds, Arkansas Man, and the Wild Stares; Thursday, Aug. 25, the Vanguard Band, Bob Coulter, and the Rats; Friday, Aug. 26, Miller, Miller, Miller & Sloan, Hi Fi Tie, Costa Rocka, and Take Three; Saturday, Aug. 27, the Drongoes, the Plugz, Fly to France, and Crossfire Choir; and Tuesday, Aug. 30, the Silent Men, the Invaders, the Bonnie Parker Band, and the Dice. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**TEDDY WILSON,** the original What-a-touch! pianist who did wonders for Benny Goodman, Billie Holiday, and others more than forty years back, is still pretty wonderful. He's here nightly through Saturday, Aug. 27. On Wednesday, Aug. 31, **ALBERTA HUNTER** will return to sing her own blues compositions and some steady standards. Sunday through Tuesday, Aug. 28-30, have been allotted to singer-pianist Peter Dean. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven during the non-summer months; it's T-shirt time now. Wednesday, Aug. 24, Soldier's Fancy; Saturday, Aug. 27, *mandolin wiz* **ANDY STATMAN'S KLEZMER ORCHESTRA;** Tuesday, Aug. 30, **MIKE SEEGER;** Wednesday, Aug. 31, Zenska Pesna; Thursday, Sept. 1, Mike Marshall and Darol Anger, with banjoist **TONY TRISCHKA;** and Saturday, Sept. 3, the Holland-America Line, a Dutch-American folk quartet. Music from nine Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Thursday, Sept. 1, and Tuesdays from eight.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The tradition-minded house sextet goes to work at eight-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, Aug. 28, the Jane Jarvis–Milt Hinton quintet will perform from about nine-fifteen. On Mondays, Ed Polcer's quintet has the floor, and on Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet is here from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Three sleekly swinging guitarists—**HERB ELLIS, BARNEY KESSEL,** and **TAL FARLOW**—trade fours and solos until Sunday, Aug. 28; on Tuesday, Aug. 30, **ILLINOIS JACQUET,** a flame-thrower of a tenor-sax and bassoon soloist, will move in with a big band. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, Aug. 24, **ARTO LINDSAY,** Christian Marclay, and Ikiue Moray; Thursday, Aug. 25, the Vincent T. Vok band and Poez; Saturday, Aug. 27, the **RED CLAY RAMBLERS;** Sunday, Aug. 28, comedienne Jane Brucker; Monday, Aug. 29, Lynn Samuels; Tuesday, Aug. 30, Ilene Weiss, Hob Foti, Carrie, and Elliot Sallow; and Friday, Sept. 2, guitarist **DANNY KALB.** Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, echoing, soundstage-size space to hear music in: Wednesday, Aug. 24, pianist **ANDY LAVERNE** and bassist **VIC JURIS;** Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 25-27, singer **CARMEN LUNDY;** Sunday, Aug. 28, pianist **JOHN HICKS;** Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 29-30, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN;** Wednesday, Aug. 31, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** with singer Ebony Jo-Ann; and Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 1-3, singer, pianist, and composer **AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS.** Music Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—**DAVID ALLYN** sings with the Scott Hardy trio through Sunday, Aug. 28; on Wednesday, Aug. 31, the Jack Fragomeni trio will come in. Mondays, Baba Motta works with bassist John Belzaguy, and on Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE,** whose guitar solos are still bebop fast, leads a trio. All these groups begin at about ten. Sundays from five to ten belong to Baba Motta, and Loumell Morgan plays piano the same hours Mondays through Fridays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** is here every night but Friday and Saturday, Aug. 26-27, when **DILL JONES** will spell him, and Sunday and Monday, Aug. 28-29, when **MIKE ABENE** takes charge of the keyboard. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Five Dixieland players and trumpeter Spanky Davis hit it Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. They're listening to fine piano-bass duos: **JOHN HICKS** and **WALTER BOOKER** through Saturday, Aug. 27; **CEDAR WALTON** and **RON CARTER** beginning Tuesday, Aug. 30; and **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA,** who show up every Sunday and Monday. Music from about ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's, where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday, Aug. 24, and Sunday, Aug. 28, guitarist-singer **JORMA KAUKONEN** and the Roustabouts; Monday, Aug. 29, New Riders of the Purple Sage; Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 30-31, **DOUG SAHM,** who plays great Tex-Mex-blues-Cajun-country-acid-rock, and singer Delbert McClinton, who has a great name. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

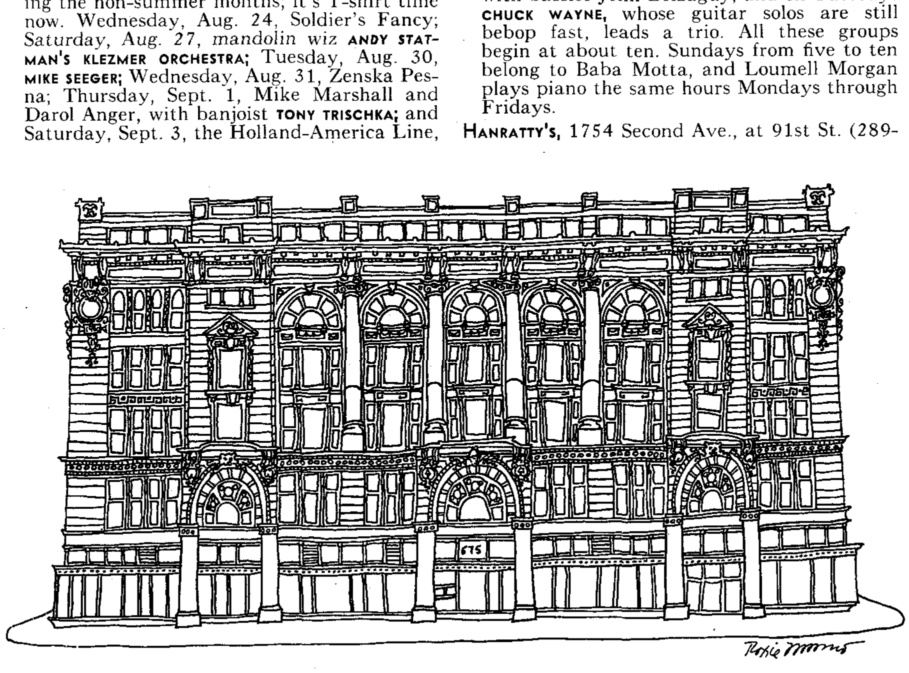
Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A nice, comfortable, unpretentious jazz club. The roster: Wednesday, Aug. 24, **WALTER DAVIS, JR.,** the all-smiles hard-bop pianist, and a quintet; Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 25-28, Kilimanjaro; Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 30-31, pianist **JOE ALBANY'S** quartet; and Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 1-3, vibraharpist **JAY HOGGARD'S** band. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty, midnight, and two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer-pianist Buddy Barnes, who was once Mabel Mercer's accompanist, performs a program called "To Mabel Mercer with Love" Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. **MILT JACKSON,** who plays fulfilling blues on his Radio City Music Hall of a vibraharp, teams up with bassist **RAY BROWN** to lead a quartet here through Sunday, Aug. 28. The rest of the lineup: Tuesday, Aug. 30, Keith Loving; Wednesday, Aug. 31, French hornist **JOHN CLARK;** Thursday, Sept. 1, Joe Coleman; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 2-3, intense, vertiginous pianist **MC COY TYNER** and his band. Music from ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club, but now you can hear increasing amounts of jazz and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Wednesday, Aug. 24 (at nine), **STORMIN' NORMAN AND SUZY,** the Sorrows, the Corvairs, and Julie Gold; Thursday, Aug. 25, Diamond Dupree, Blue Sparks from Hell, and Spellbound; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 26-27, trumpeter **AHMED ABDULLAH;** Monday, Aug. 29, drummer **JIMMY MADISON** and a quintet that will feature trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI;** Wednesday, Aug. 31, trumpeter **JACK WALRATH'S** quintet; Thursday, Sept. 1, vibraharpist **HARRY SHEPPARD;** and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 2-3, violinist **LEROY JENKINS.** Shows start at ten. On Sundays after ten, the place is given over to a jazz-rock jam session. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park



Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—JIMMY LYON is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll into the night. Friday, Aug. 26, the Flirts; Saturday, Aug. 27, the Waitresses; Friday, Sept. 2, the Dice; and Saturday, Sept. 3, the Pa-dant-iks. Music after eleven-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. SY OLIVER and his orchestra play for listening, dancing, and gawking out the windows Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom; the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 24-25, KING SUNNY ADÉ; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 26-27, Altered Images; Thursday, Sept. 1, MAX ROMEO; Friday, Sept. 2, the dB's; and Saturday, Sept. 3, the Europeans and Pulsallama. Shows usually begin after midnight.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor. The players: Wednesday, Aug. 24, Ear Candy, a funk nonet; Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 25-28, CONTINUUM, featuring SLIDE HAMPTON, KENNY BARRON, JIMMY HEATH, RON CARTER, and ART TAYLOR; Monday, Aug. 29, the Ed Palermo big band; Tuesday, Aug. 30, trumpeter SHUNZO ONO'S septet; Wednesday, Aug. 31, singer Connie James; Thursday and Friday, Sept. 1-2, lilting guitarist DOC POWELL; and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 3-4, saxophonist BOB MINTZER'S group. Music from ten.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Sambas and other musical sounds from Rio, Bahia, Salvador, and the jungle. On weekends, patrons can become percussionists: they are given previously emptied and mysteriously resealed Brahma beer (it's Brazilian, of course) cans partway filled with rice and tantalizingly shakable. Wednesday, Aug. 24, Tony (Thunder) Smith; Thursday, Aug. 25, and Tuesday, Aug. 30, the LLOYD MC NEILL sextet; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 26-27, LOREMIL MACHADO AND THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND; Monday, Aug. 29, Adesanya; Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1, JORGE DALTO & THE INTERAMERICAN BAND, with CARLOS PATATO VALDEZ on percussion; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 2-3, PÉ-DE-BOI. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Saxophonist ROSCOE MITCHELL, a founding member of the Art Ensemble of Chicago, is here with his own SOUND ENSEMBLE through Saturday, Aug. 27; Sunday, Aug. 28, will belong to THIAGO DE MELLO & AMAZON; on Monday, Aug. 29, pianist, bandleader, composer, and sage GIL EVANS and his orchestra will return; and starting Tuesday, Aug. 30, the ABDULLAH IBRAHIM quartet will take over with some fine, flowing African rhythms. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Memphis rhythm-and-blues singer and pianist ROSCO GORDON holds forth Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 24-27, and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 2-3. Shows begin at about nine.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side: Wednesday, Aug. 24, the Gift and the Motivation; Thursday, Aug. 25, the Mitchell Lewis band and the Models; Friday, Aug. 26, Laura Kaye, the Looker, and the Loners; Saturday, Aug. 27, Taxi Dancers and the Loners; and Wednesday, Aug. 31, the Legendary Earthlings. Recorded music for dancing Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine to (yawn) four.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, Mondays are salsa nights: on Aug. 29, WILLIE COLON and his orchestra and CHARANGA AMERICA share the stage, along with guest jazz soloist flutist DAVE VALENTIN. Music from about nine. The great BETTY CARTER is working here through Sunday, Aug. 28, and her shows begin at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Music on the Terrace is handled by pianist JUNIOR MANCE and bassist MARTY RIVERA Wednesdays and Thursdays from nine-thirty to one and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to three.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. Tenor saxophonist, flutist, singer, and raconteur JAMES MOODY winds up a week's visit on Sunday, Aug. 28; on Tuesday, Aug. 30, altoist LEE KONITZ will bring in his fine continuation-of-the-cool nonet. Mondays are MEL LEWIS big-band nights. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A nice bar with tile floors, a pressed-tin ceiling, a bandstand bounded by a brass rail, and a hairpin turn (which leads to the dining room). Trumpeter HARRY (SWEETS) EDISON performs with a trio through Sunday, Aug. 28; on Tuesday, Aug. 30, pianist TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI will begin a rare New York duo appearance, and her bassist will be GEORGE MRAZ. Shows at nine and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. Hank Johnson can be heard Mondays through Wednesdays; Tom Charlap has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-and-bebop music admirers and players. The schedule: Don Lanphere through Saturday, Aug. 27; Sunday, Aug. 28, from three until one, a benefit for radio station WKCR-FM; Monday, Aug. 29, pianist JOE ALBANY; Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 30-31, GEORGE KELLY'S JAZZ SULTANS; and starting Thursday, Sept. 1, saxophonist Haywood Henry. Music from nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

The Hollies—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Aug. 25, at 8.

Barry Harris & the Festival All-Stars and **Art Blakey & the Jazz Messengers**—Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 26-27, at 11.

The Temptations and **the Four Tops**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday, Aug. 26, at 8 and midnight.

Jaki Byard and the Apollo Stompers—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday through Sunday, Sept. 2-4, at 10 and midnight.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

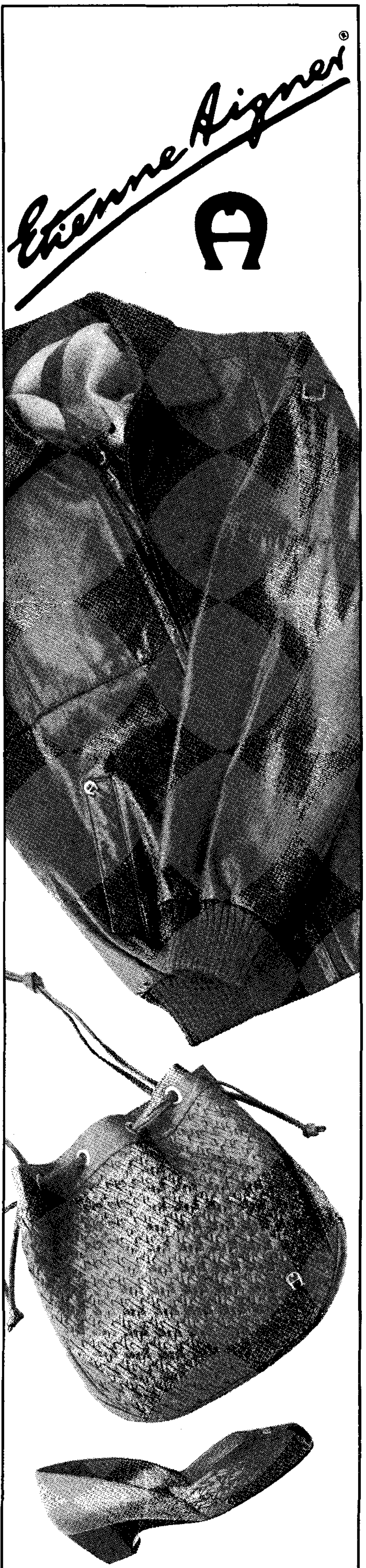
GALLERIES

John Ahearn—Wall sculptures reflecting life in the South Bronx (some of the castings were actually made in the streets), the liveliest a double-Dutch jump-rope tableau. There are also four pieces by Rigoberto Torres, who collaborates with Ahearn. Through Friday, Aug. 26. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Tom Butter—A sixteen-foot sculpture of translucent, colored fibre glass which has taken root in the Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden like some flamboyant botanical sport. Through Sept. 30. (Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Doug Hilson—Striking, life-size portraits made by deft erasures on a canvas blackened with graphite. Through Sept. 10. (Steinbaum, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Robert Laurent (1890-1970)—About twenty drawings and four or five sculptures dating from the twenties to the fifties. Through Sept.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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17. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Creative Time—This well-known art booster is presenting two separate projects this summer. At **battery park city,** Gate 18, Chambers and West Sts.: Art on the Beach (bring your beach pail) consists of six outdoor installations, each one devised by an artist-architect-performer team to serve in turn as the setting for the respective performers, who will be offering their programs on Sunday evenings as the summer marches on. On Aug. 28, at 6:30: Daniel McCusker (dance). (Exhibition hours are Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30. Admission to the performance is five dollars.) . . . **art in the anchorage,** Cadman Plaza West and Front St., Brooklyn: Ten art installations shown in an indoor space under the Brooklyn Bridge. (Admission is two dollars; hours are Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . ¶ On Wednesday, Aug. 24, and Wednesday, Aug. 31, at 8, Kirk Nurock will perform, among other musical works, "Sonata for Piano and Dog." For tickets, call 571-2206.

Group Shows—At the **borgenicht,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: One sculpture each by eleven artists whose works run the gamut from a tabletop barnyard tableau featuring two sheep and a hen, by Angelo Ippolito, to forged-steel abstractions suggestive of birds in flight, by Martin Chirino. Through Wednesday, Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 4.) . . . **federal hall national memorial,** 26 Wall St., at Broad St.: A show mounted by the Whitney Museum which examines the influence of comic-strip artists, such as Milton Caniff, Al Capp, and Walt Kelly, on American painting from the past two decades. Terry and the Pirates, Li'l Abner, and Pogo are placed in the company of works by Jasper Johns, Roy Lichtenstein, Keith Haring, Andy Warhol, and others. There are also cartoons by Saul Steinberg and Ad Reinhardt. Through Friday, Aug. 26. (Closes at 3.) . . . **fourcade,** 36 E. 75th St.: A stimulating show of new drawings by gallery artists Dorothea Rockburne, Michael Heizer, Malcolm Morley, and others, plus a few that are less new, by Gorky, Giacometti, Klee, and Le Corbusier. Through Sept. 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . **knowlton,** 153 Mercer St.: Abstract and semi-abstract landscapes and urban scenes by Gregory Amenoff, Porfirio Di Donna, Peter Flaccus, and George Peck. Through Friday, Aug. 26. . . . **the urban center,** 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.: Roughly thirty-five paintings and works on paper made in New York by such artists as William Glackens, Milton Avery, Howardina Pindell, and Saul Steinberg frame an exhibit that shows how the availability of work and living space has affected artists in Manhattan since the turn of the century. Background documents include maps and models. Through Sept. 17. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **zabriskie,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Three French artists—Pierre Buraglio (wood-and-glass constructions based on windows), Bertrand Lavier (painted filing cabinets and other recognizable objects), and Georges Rousse (color photographs of picaresque murals he paints inside abandoned houses). Through Sept. 10.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Arthur McKinley—This photographer got himself and his camera into a number of executive suites around Manhattan, and came up with a series of color prints providing views of the city (from the Mobil building across to the Chrysler building; from CBS to ABC) as seen by those at the top. Through Sept. 16. (Donnell Library, 20 W. 53rd St. Mondays and Thursdays, 9:30 to 8; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 9:30 to 6; Saturdays, 9:30 to 5:30.)

Ruth Orkin and Michael George—Two photographers showing their prints of Central Park in Central Park. Through Sept. 11. (The Dairy, in the Park between the zoo and the carrousel. Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4:30.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A hundred and fifty photographs from the National Archives catalogue people and events in American history from 1860 to 1960—Clara Barton, for instance, or the San Francisco earthquake. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ About forty prints, by O. Winston Link, of the old Norfolk & Western steam-powered locomotives *in action. Most of them* were taken at night. Through Sept. 22. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

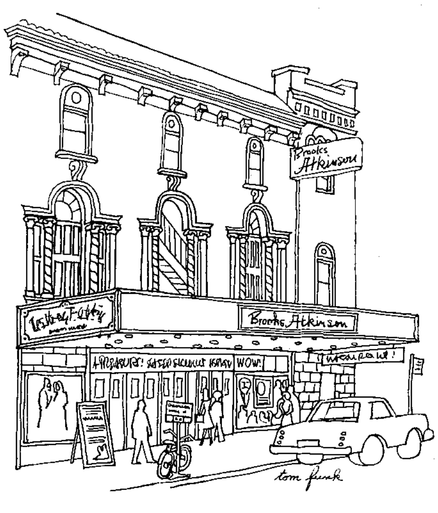
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Henry Moore retrospective show contains two hundred of his direct carvings in wood and stone, cast bronzes, drawings, and prints. Through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ An exhibit of works by American artist Charles Willson Peale includes the trompe-l'oeil portrait "The Staircase Group" and his "The Artist in His Museum." Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Sixty-four paintings and oil sketches of the English countryside by John Constable. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ A hundred or so portraits by French printmakers, sixteenth century to early twentieth. Starts Friday, Aug. 26. . . . ¶ "La Belle Epoque," a show of costumes in period settings. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—An exhibit that points up the working methods of Piet Mondrian by a display of cardboard compositions as he arranged them on the walls of his last studio. Also, the artist's last complete painting, "Broadway Boogie Woogie," and the painting that was unfinished at his death, "Victory Boogie Woogie." Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ "Some Contemporary Prints," a show offering just that; all of them are large and are recent acquisitions, and represent the efforts of (among others) Jennifer Bartlett, Francesco Clemente, Georg Baselitz, and Eric Fischl. Through Sept. 13. . . . ¶ A display of the color lithograph that Jim Dine made for the Metropolitan Opera's hundredth-anniversary poster. Also, nine trial proofs. Starts Thursday, Aug. 25. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Two shows of European paintings: Postwar works by long-established artists on the order of Balthus, Dubuffet, and Tàpies. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ An offering by representatives of the new wave who have attracted so much attention recently, such as Cucchi, Darboven, and Penck. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Grant Wood's painting "American Gothic," which made its New York début at the Whitney fifty years ago, is the centerpiece of a retrospective of the artist's works. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ "Minimalism to Expressionism: Painting and Sculpture Since 1965" is the title for a show of nearly sixty works; the artists range from, among others, Carl Andre and Agnes Martin (late sixties) to Lynda Benglis and Steve Keister (seventies) to David Salle, Joel Shapiro, and Nam June Paik (eighties). Frank Stella is represented by paintings from both the early and late camps. . . . ¶ In the lobby gallery, forty prehistoric bowls found in the Southwest which show that good design is timeless and that American Indians were good designers. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)



Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of the work of realist Philip Pearlstein offers more than a hundred paintings and drawings. Through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ A selection of prints and drawings acquired for the museum by the late curator Gene Baro. A few of the artists are Laura Shechter, Alex Katz, and Mark Stock. Through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ A diverse show honoring the Brooklyn Bridge. Through Sept. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—African textiles and their traditional manufacture constitute an exhibit that comes, for the most part, from the British Museum. Clothing, decorative cloth, puppets, looms, etc. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum I, 44 W. 53rd St.—A display of sculptural and functional wrought-iron works by artisans from around the world. Through Sept. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The three current shows bear on architecture in one way or another: Architectural photographs, including an 1840 daguerreotype, by Samuel Bemis, of Boston's King's Chapel burial ground, and a 1935 study of Rockefeller Plaza, by Alfred Stieglitz. Through Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century prints of urban architecture by Joseph Pennell, John Marin, Richard Haas, David Macaulay, and others. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ A hundred cast-iron toy penny banks in the shapes of such buildings as Westminster Abbey, the Flatiron Building, and Independence Hall. Through Oct. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of works by nine Jewish artists who emigrated to Great Britain in the first half of this century. It includes sculptures by Jacob Epstein and paintings by Jankel Adler and Josef Herman. Through Oct. 2. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays and Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A display of forty models, plus nearly twice as many drawings, for residences designed by seven West Coast architectural firms. Through Sept. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of more than a hundred and fifty Tiffany lamps from the collection of Egon Neustadt. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Currier & Ives lithographs. Through Sunday, Aug. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection show of letters, manuscripts, and first editions centers on famous literary figures who found inspiration in travel and includes an incunabulum, printed in 1491, of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales;" a diary excerpt, dated 1804, in which Washington Irving describes his first morning in Paris; and a first edition (1939) of "Journey to a War," W. H. Auden's account of a

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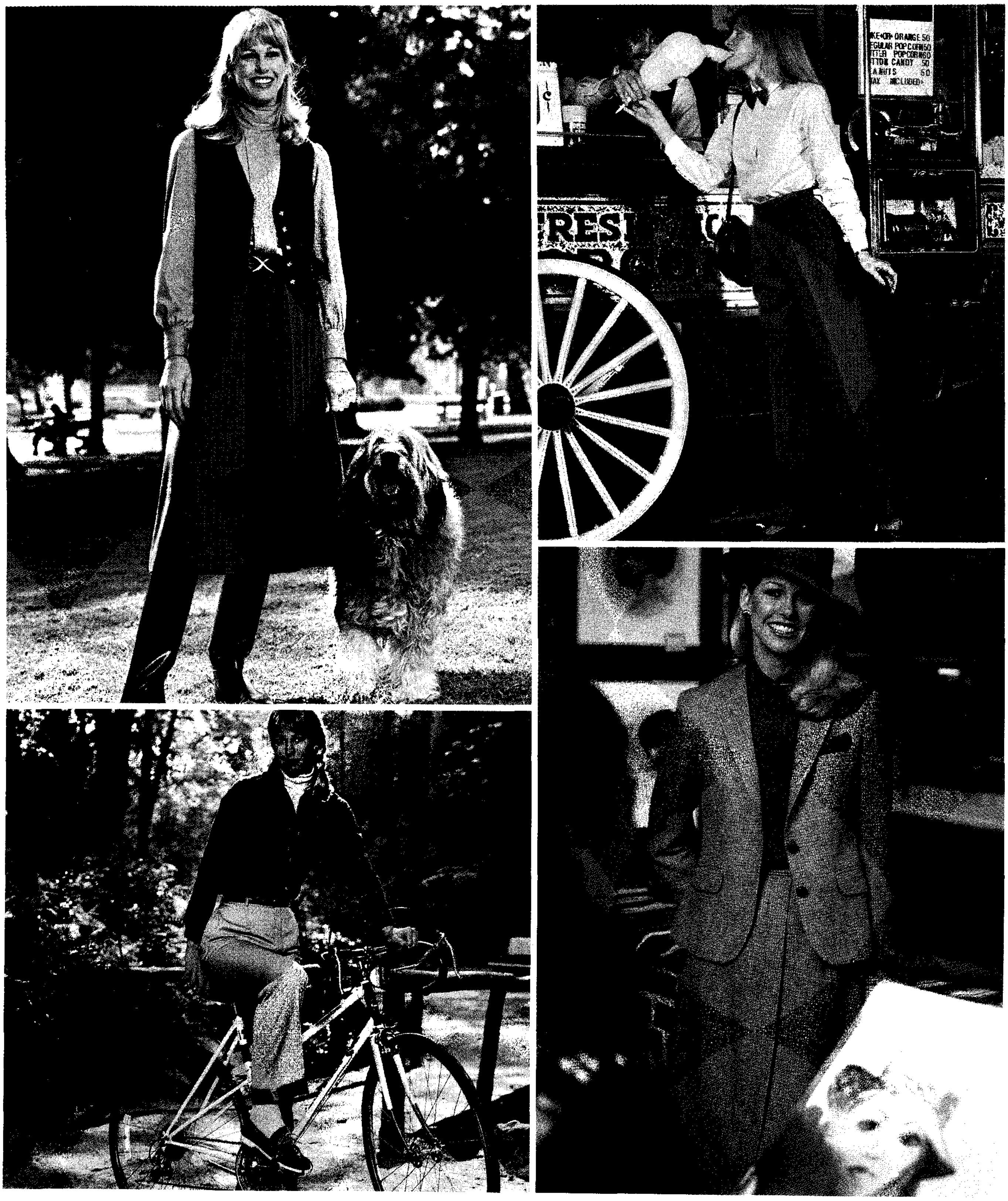

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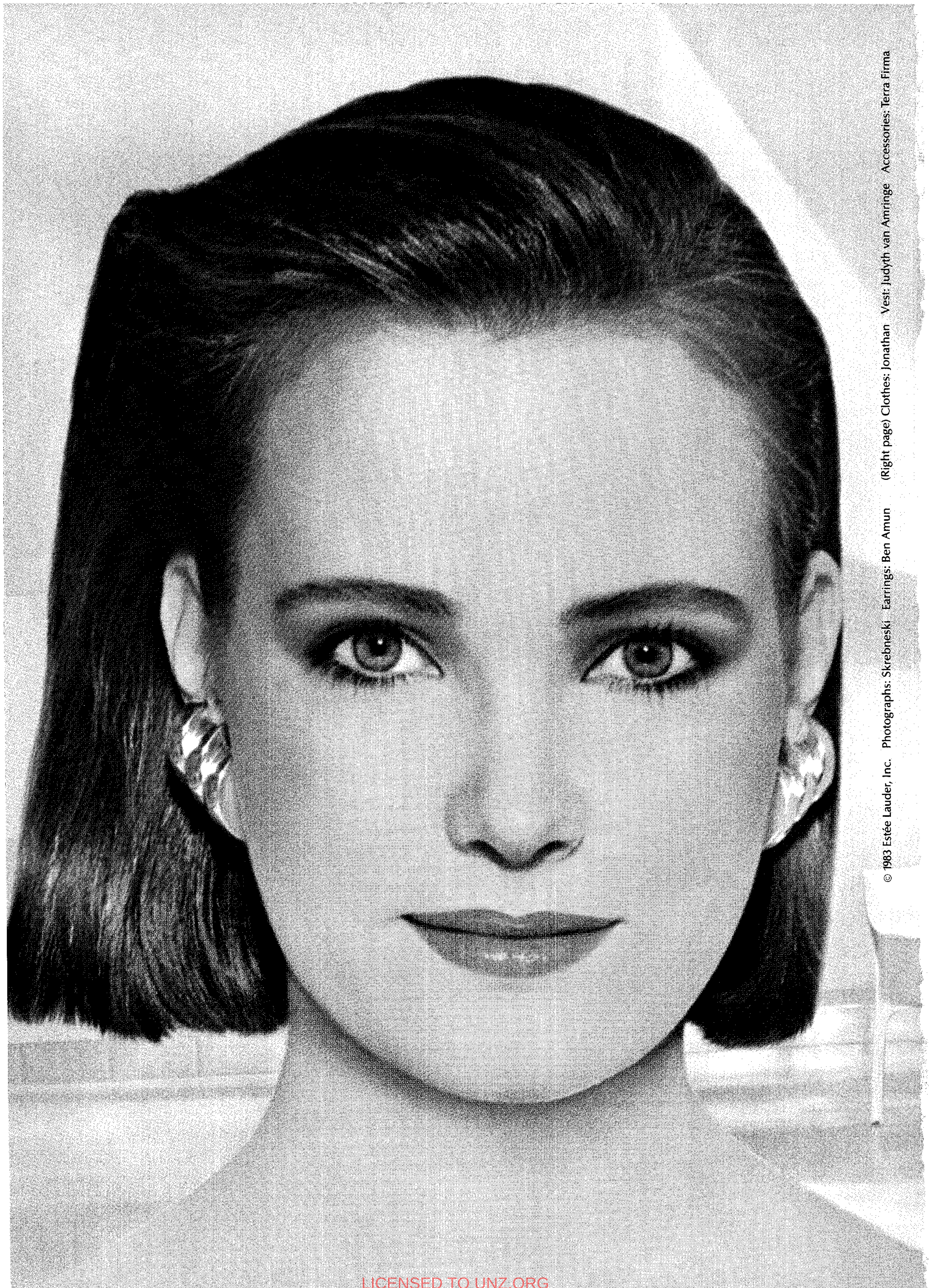

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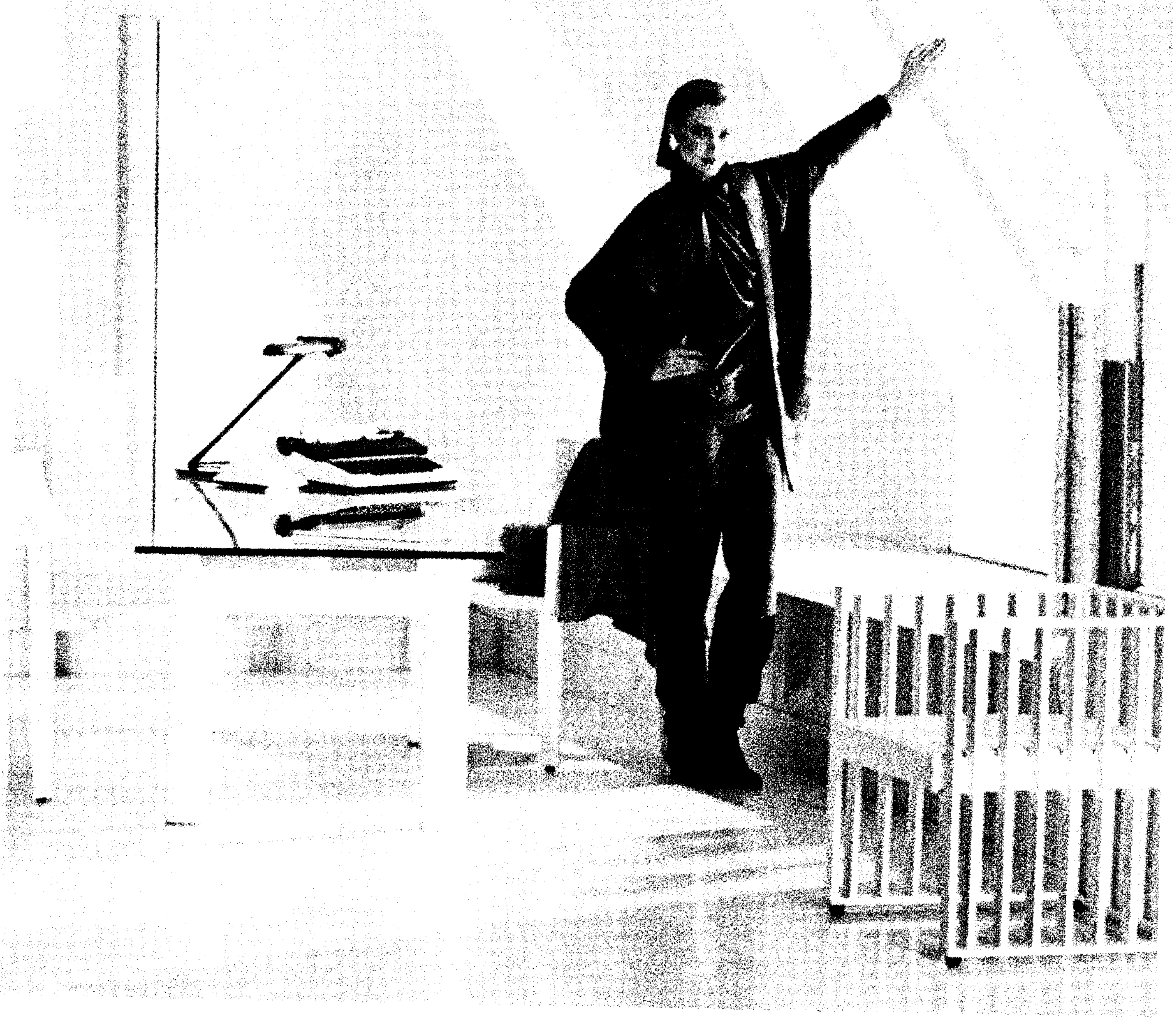
ESTEE LAUDER

DESIGNS

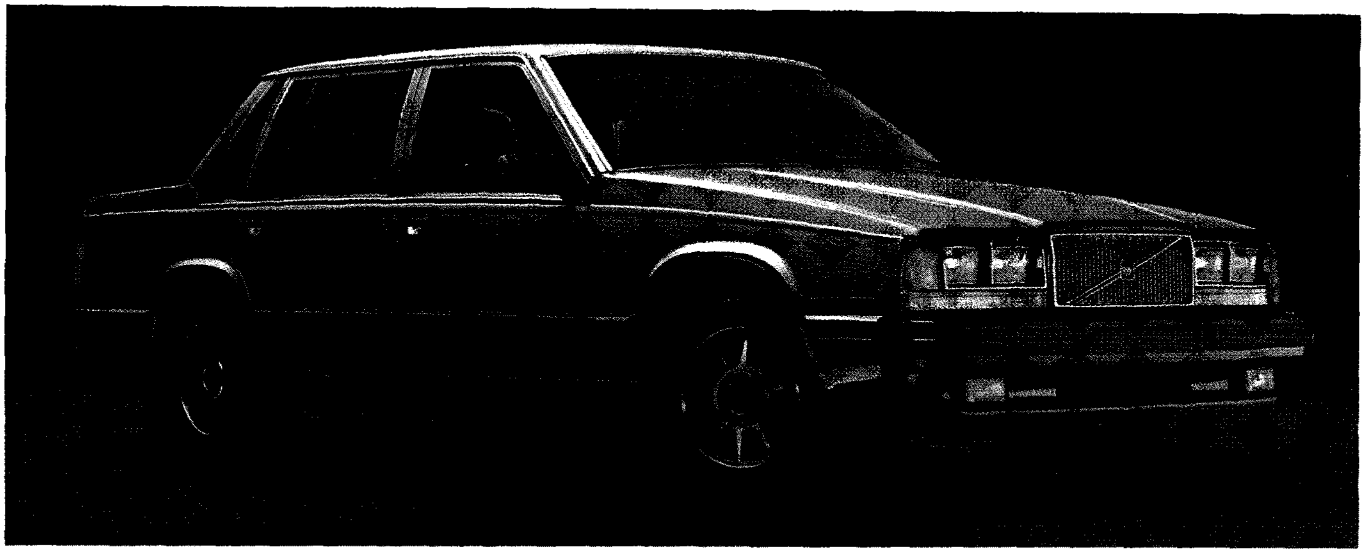
OF GRAPHICS

THE NEW ARCHITECTURE IN MAKEUP:
PALE SKIN ▪ DRAMATIC EYES ▪ INTENSE LIPS



WHEN YOU HAVE TEN YEARS TO BUILD A NEW CAR, YOUR MISTAKES END UP IN THE WASTEBASKET.

NOT IN SOMEBODY'S GARAGE.



When many companies design a new car, the pressures to get that car out into the marketplace are often so intense, the car gets churned out overnight.

And all too frequently, car buyers pay the price. They can end up with cars that are totally unimaginative, or poorly thought out, or inadequately tested.

In designing the new Volvo 760 GLE, one thing we gave ourselves plenty of was time. Ten long years. Time to challenge accepted notions about building automobiles. Time to try off-the-wall ideas. Time to make mistakes, then correct them. And above all, time to test, test, test.

What emerged from this process is a car that's remarkable indeed.

The Volvo 760 GLE is more aerodynamic than a Porsche 928, yet holds five adults. It has traveled through a high-speed slalom course faster than a Jaguar or Audi.

It has a climate control system so advanced, it can change the interior air five times a minute.

Prototypes of the 760 GLE were test driven a total of two million torturous miles. This testing led to hundreds of design improvements. And after we'd made the improvements, we tested again. And improved on the improvements.

So when the new Volvo 760 GLE is sitting in your garage, you'll own one of the most patiently-built cars in history.

And as everyone knows, patience has its rewards.

THE VOLVO 760 GLE

The closest thing yet to a perfect car.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

trip to China. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Contemporary artist Richard Yarde has put together a large installation here that recreates the Savoy Ballroom's bandstand and dance floor, populated with representations of musicians and dancers. Also, fifteen studies in watercolor. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ A selection from the museum's permanent collections includes more than seventy paintings, sculptures, prints, photographs, and drawings. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

Mostly Mozart Festival—Final performances of a season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, Aug. 24: Leonard Slatkin conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Richard Goode, piano; Heinz Holliger, oboe; and Aurele Nicolet, flute. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 25: Roger Nierenberg directing a performance of Mozart's opera "Zaide" in concert form, with Sylvia McNair, soprano; John Aler and Cornelius Sullivan, tenors; Alan Titus, baritone; Jan Opalach, bass; and Paul Collins, narrator. (No pre-concert recital.) . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 26-27: Leonard Slatkin conducting the orchestra, with Ken Noda, piano, and Joseph Swenson, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

"Il Pastor Fido"—The Concert Royal and the New York Baroque Dance Company presenting Handel's opera, as well as its 1734 prologue, "Terpsichore," with Ann Monoyios, soprano; Drew Minter, countertenor; and Catherine Turocy, dancer. Staged by Patrick Swanson and conducted by James Richman. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 25-27, at 8. For tickets, call 662-8829.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Aug. 25, at 2:30: The annual "Tanglewood on Parade" program, including offerings by the student departments of the Berkshire Music Center, as well as a concert (at 9) by the Boston Symphony, the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra, and the Boston University Tanglewood Institute Young Artists Orchestra, conducted variously by Seiji Ozawa, John Williams, Gunther Schuller, and Joseph Silverstein. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 26, at 7: Ivo Pogorelich in a piano recital. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 26, at 9: Charles Dutoit directing the Boston Symphony in a Haydn-Ravel program, with the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 27, at 8:30: Charles Dutoit conducting a Mozart-Chopin-Sibelius program, with Mr. Pogorelich. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 28, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing Mahler's Third Symphony, with Jessye Norman, soprano; the women of the Tanglewood Festival Chorus; and the Boston Boy Choir. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

Caramoor Festival—Final performances of the season—Saturday, Aug. 27, at 8:30: Andras Schiff, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 28, at 5:30: The New York Chamber Soloists in an all-Vivaldi program. (Katonah, N.Y. For information about tickets, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, Aug. 24: Franz Allers directing the Philadelphia Orchestra in a Lerner and Loewe concert, with Mary Shearer, soprano; John Walker, tenor; Brent Ellis, baritone; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 25: William Smith conducting a Moussorgsky-Prokofieff-Tchaikovsky program, with Michael Gurt, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 26: Brock McElheran directing a varied program, with Roberta Peters, soprano, and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 27: Eugene Ormandy conducting the final concert by the orchestra, a varied program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 29: Jefferson Starship. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 30: Loverboy. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 1: Willie Nelson. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 2-3: Liberace. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 4: Neil Young. . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 5: Santana. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

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Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Final performances of the season—Through Saturday, Aug. 27: Ann Marie De Angelo and David Peregrine, John Wey Ling and Joyce Cuoco, Laurie Ichino, and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 3: Jennifer Muller & the Works. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 4: Anton Dolin in a one-man play, "Conversations . . . Diaghilev, Nijinsky, etc.," by Maxim Mazumdar. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 2 and 8:30; and Sunday, Sept. 4, at 2. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Seattle, Wednesday, Aug. 24, at 8, and Thursday, Aug. 25, at 2. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Francisco, Friday, Aug. 26, at 8:05; Saturday, Aug. 27, at 7:35; and Sunday, Aug. 28, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Los Angeles, Monday, Aug. 29, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader), and Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 30-31, at 7:35. . . . ¶ San Diego, Friday, Sept. 2, at 8:05, and Saturday, Sept. 3, at 7:35.

College Football—Penn State vs. Nebraska. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Monday, Aug. 29, at 9.)

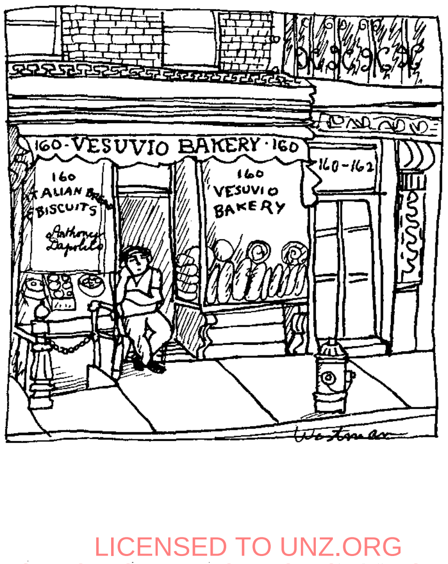
Professional Football—Giants vs. Miami Dolphins, in an exhibition game. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Friday, Aug. 26, at 8.)

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05, from Wednesday, Aug. 24, through Monday, Oct. 17. The Jerome Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 27; the Gazelle Handicap, Sunday, Aug. 28; and the Astarita and the Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 3. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 3. The Longfellow Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 3. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:20.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 24.

Running—The Fifth Avenue Mile will start at 4 on Saturday, Sept. 3, at 82nd Street and finish at 62nd Street.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Tampa, Sunday, Aug. 28, at 7. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Toronto, Friday, Sept. 2, at 8. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Tennis—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadow. Tuesday, Aug. 30, through Thursday, Sept. 8, at 11 and 7:30; Friday, Sept. 9, at 10:30; Saturday, Sept. 10, at 11; and Sunday, Sept. 11, at 4. For information about tickets, call 271-5100.)



Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 5. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 19.

Yachting—America's Cup at Newport: Challengers' final trials Sunday, Aug. 28, through Thursday, Sept. 8. . . . ¶ Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Port Washington. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 24-28.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **NON PASQUALE,** a pop opera, based on Donizetti's opera "Don Pasquale," with a libretto by Anthony Giles and Nancy Heikin, and starring Ron Leibman. The second of two productions by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Sept. 4. For information about tickets, call 861-7277.)

New York Philharmonic—James Conlon conducting. (Prospect Park, Brooklyn. Wednesday, Aug. 24, at 8.)

Music Festival on the Pier—Final performances of the Miller beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, Aug. 24: New Edition, Afrika Bambaataa & the Soul Sonic Force, Kurtis Blow, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 26: Marshall Tucker band. . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 29-30: Santana. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 1: Culture Club. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

South Street Seaport Museum—Final free concerts on Pier 16. Friday, Aug. 26, at 8: David Eyges trio. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 27, at 8: David Amram quintet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 28, at 6: Ted Curson & Company. (East River at Fulton St.)

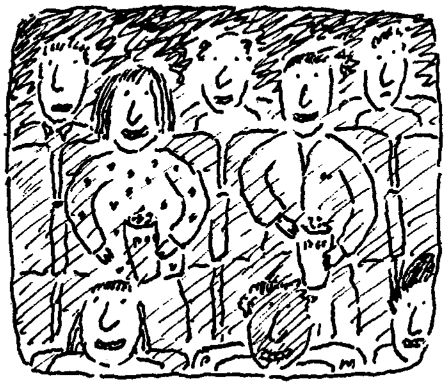
Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors—The final performances of a three-week festival of dance, chamber music, country music, jazz, and street theatre. **LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA:** Wednesday, Aug. 24, drama presentations by the Alternate Roots Southern Theatre at 11 (for children), 5, and 6:15. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 25, a jazz program by Leroy Jenkins' Sting at 12:15 and the Alternate Roots Southern Theatre at 5 and 6:15. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 26, Quintet of the Americas at 6:15. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 27, programs of magic, dance, and martial arts at noon; the Joan Miller Dance Players at 2:30; and a production by deaf performers of the Musign Theatre Company at 5. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 28, programs of dance and magic at noon and the Everyman Street Theatre Company at 2:30. . . . **DAMROSCH PARK:** Wednesday, Aug. 24, the Center Stage Community Playhouse production of "Fiddler on the Roof" at 8:15. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 25, country dancing at 8:15. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 27, the Richard Allen Center's Singers' Satellite at 8:15. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 28, an open rehearsal by the United States Army Band, Pershing's Own, at 4 and a performance by the band at 8:15. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 29, the Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble at 8:15. (For daily detailed information, call 877-2011.)

Walking Tours—Conducted tours of Brooklyn Heights, sponsored by the Municipal Art Society. Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 27–28, starting at Borough Hall, Brooklyn, at 2. (For information about tickets, call 935-3960.)

Brooklyn Bridge Centennial—"The Eighth Wonder," a twenty-five-minute *son-et-lumière* show about the planning and building of the bridge, using the recorded voices of Anne Jackson, Farley Granger, and Paul Roebling. The spectacle may be seen and heard at outdoor theatres on opposite sides of the East River, located in Manhattan at the end of Peck Slip, south of the bridge and north of the South Street Seaport, and in Brooklyn at the Fulton Ferry Landing, at the foot of Cadman Plaza. (Wednesdays through Sundays at 9 and 9:45. Closes Sunday, Sept. 4. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 17.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Aug. 28: "Terminal Station" ("Indiscretion of an American Wife;" 1953; directed by Vittorio De Sica), with Montgomery Clift and Jennifer Jones.
Aug. 30: Theatre closed.
From Aug. 31: The first programs in a series of films from Columbia Pictures.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Aug. 25: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.
From Aug. 26: "A Star Is Born" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Aug. 25: "Flashdance" (†) and "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).
Aug. 26–Sept. 1: "Flashdance" (†); and another feature, to be announced.
From Sept. 2: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Aug. 25: "Star Wars" (†) and "The Empire Strikes Back" (†).
From Aug. 26: "The Ruling Class" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Aug. 25: "Cujo" (Lewis Teague), with Dee Wallace.
From Aug. 26: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Zelig" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Trading Places" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 25: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield. From Aug. 26: "Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton.
Theatre 3: "Return of the Jedi" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Risky Business" (Paul Brickman), with Tom Cruise.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Aug. 25: "The Golden Seal" (Frank Zuniga), with Steve Railsback and Michael Beck.
From Aug. 26: "Strange Brew" (Dave Thomas and Rick Moranis), with Thomas and Moranis.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Risky Business" (Paul Brickman), with Tom Cruise.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Aug. 25: "Star Wars" (†) and "The Empire Strikes Back" (†).
From Aug. 26: "Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"La Passante" (Jacques Rouffio; in French), with Romy Schneider and Michel Piccoli.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 25: "Curse of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards), with Ted Wass. From Aug. 26: "Hercules" (Lewis Coates), with Lou Ferrigno.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through the afternoon of Aug. 25: "The Grey Fox" (†). From Aug. 26: "Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence" (Nagisa Oshima), with David Bowie.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 25: "Valentina" (Antonio Betancor; in Spanish), with Anthony Quinn. From Aug. 26: "Daniel" (Sidney Lumet), with Timothy Hutton.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Aug. 25: "Flashdance" (†).
From Aug. 26: "The Grey Fox" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Fanny and Alexander" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Metalstorm: The Destruction of Jared-Syn" (Charles Band), with Jeffrey Byron. In 3-D.
Theatre 2: "Cujo" (Lewis Teague), with Dee Wallace.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Zelig" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Trading Places" (†).
Theatre 2: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Star Chamber" (Peter Hyams), with Michael Douglas.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Aug. 25: "WarGames" (†).
From Aug. 26: "Flashdance" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Aug. 25: "Curse of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards), with Ted Wass (afternoon performances only); and "Getting It On" (evening performances only).
From Aug. 26: "Strange Brew" (Dave Thomas and Rick Moranis), with Thomas and Moranis.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Return of the Jedi" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 25: "Yor" (Anthony M. Dawson), with Reb Brown. From Aug. 26: "Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Metalstorm: The Destruction of Jared-Syn" (Charles Band), with Jeffrey Byron. In 3-D.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 25: "Cujo" (Lewis Teague), with Dee Wallace. From Aug. 26: "Hercules" (Lewis Coates), with Lou Ferrigno.
Theatre 2: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 30: "The Mirror" (1974; directed by Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian). From Aug. 31: "Below the Belt" (1980; Robert Fowler), with Regina Baff.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 25: "All Nudity Shall Be Punished" (1973; Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "I Love You" (1982; Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga. Aug. 26-27: "Antonio Das Mortes" (1970; Glauber Rocha; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman" (1971; Nelson Pereira dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in the Tupi language). Aug. 28-29: "Bye Bye Brazil" (1980; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker; and "Macunaima" (1972; Joaquim Pedro de Andrade; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). Aug. 30: "The Lion Has Seven Heads" (1970; Glauber Rocha; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Hunger for Love" (1969; Nelson Pereira dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "Conjugal Warfare" (1975; Joaquim Pedro de Andrade; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "The Given Word" (1962; Anselmo Duarte; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). Sept. 2-3: "Pixote" (†); and "Gaijin: A Brazilian Odyssey" (1981; Tizuka Yamasaki; in Portuguese, Japanese, Italian, and English).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield.

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 25: "WarGames" (†). From Aug. 26: "Strange Brew" (Dave Thomas and Rick Moranis), with Thomas and Moranis.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 25: "Curse of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards), with Ted Wass. From Aug. 26: "The Grey Fox" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 1: "L'Etoile du Nord" (Pierre Granier-Deferre; in French), with Simone Signoret and Philippe Noiret. From Sept. 2 (tentative): "The Twelve Chairs" (†).
Theatre 2: "La Traviata" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo.
Theatre 3: "Diva" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"WarGames" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Staying Alive" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Flashdance" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Aug. 25: "Kitty and the Bagman" (Donald Crombie; an Australian film), with Liddy Clark.
From Aug. 26: To be announced.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"I Married a Shadow" (Robin Davis; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Francis Huster.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Fanny and Alexander" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Star Chamber" (Peter Hyams), with Michael Douglas.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "La Nuit de Varennes" (†).
Theatre 2: "Berlin Alexanderplatz" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German). This fifteen-hour film is being shown in five three-hour segments, changing weekly. Part III will be shown Aug. 24-30, Part IV will be shown starting Aug. 31.
Theatre 3: "Pauline at the Beach" (Eric Rohmer; in French).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 1: "La Traviata" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo. From Sept. 2: "The Leopard" (1963; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon, and Claudia Cardinale.
Theatre 2: "Ways in the Night" (Krzysztof Zanussi; in German).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Twelve Chairs" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 1: "L'Etoile du Nord" (Pierre Granier-Deferre; in French), with Simone Signoret and Philippe Noiret. From Sept. 2: "Don't Look Back" (†).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 25: "Flashdance" (†). From Aug. 26: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 25: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo. From Aug. 26: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 25: "Cujo" (Lewis Teague), with Dee Wallace. From Aug. 26: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 25: "WarGames" (†). From Aug. 26: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield.
Theatre 2: "Zelig" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 25: "Metalstorm: The Destruction of Jared-Syn" (Charles Band), with Jeffrey Byron. In 3-D. From Aug. 26: "WarGames" (†) and "Poltergeist" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 1: "Star Wars" (†) and "The Empire Strikes Back" (†). From Sept. 2: "Nightmares" (Joseph Sargeant), with Cristina Raines.
Theatre 3: "Flashdance" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 25: "Getting It On." From Aug. 26: "Strange Brew" (Dave Thomas and Rick Moranis), with Thomas and Moranis.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Private School" (directed by Noel Black), with Phoebe Cates and Betsy Russell.
Theatre 2: "Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong.
Theatre 3: "Superman III" (†).
Theatre 4: "Yor" (Anthony M. Dawson), with Reb Brown.
Theatre 5: "Risky Business" (Paul Brickman), with Tom Cruise.
Theatre 6: "Octopussy" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Flashdance" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "WarGames" (†).
Theatre 3: "Curse of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards), with Ted Wass.
Theatre 4: "The Man Who Wasn't There" (Bruce Malmuth), with Steve Guttenberg. In 3-D.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Return of the Jedi" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 25: "Krull" (Peter Yates), with Ken Marshall. From Aug. 26: "Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton.
Theatre 2: "Trading Places" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Class" (Lewis John Carlino), with Jacqueline Bisset and Rob Lowe.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Flashdance" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "Metalstorm: The Destruction of Jared-Syn" (Charles Band), with Jeffrey Byron. In 3-D.
Theatre 2: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Cujo" (Lewis Teague), with Dee Wallace.
Theatre 2: "Getting It On."

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 25: "Star Wars" (†) and "The Empire Strikes Back" (†). From Aug. 26: "Hercules" (Lewis Coates), with Lou Ferrigno.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 25: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo. From Aug. 26: "Strange Brew" (Dave Thomas and Rick Moranis), with Thomas and Moranis.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Aug. 28: "Breathless" (1959; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.
Aug. 29: Theatre closed.
From Aug. 30: A week-long program of jazz films.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through Aug. 28: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune and Takashi Shimura.
Aug. 29: "Jazz on a Summer's Day" (1960; Bert Stern), a documentary of the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival and the America's Cup observation trials.
From Aug. 30: "The Seven Samurai."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Aug. 24: "Senso" (1955; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Farley Granger and Alida Valli; and "The Stranger" (1967; Luchino Visconti; in French), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina.
Aug. 25: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson.
Aug. 26-27: "Playtime" (1968) and "Mon Oncle" (1958; in French), both films directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.
Aug. 28-29: "Jane Eyre" (1944; Robert Stevenson), with Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles; and "Les Misérables" (†).
Aug. 30: "Ikiru" (1952; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Takashi Shimura; and "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail" (1945; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).
Aug. 31: "Variety Lights" (†) and "Nights of Cabiria" (†).
Sept. 1: "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948; Preston Sturges), with Rex Harrison, Linda Darnell, and Edgar Kennedy; and "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend" (1949; Preston Sturges), with Betty Grable and Rudy Vallée.
Sept. 2-3: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953; in French) and "Jour de Fête" (1950; in French), both films directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 25: "Making Love" (1982; Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean, Kate Jackson, and Harry Hamlin; and "Score" (1974; Radley Metzger), with Calvin Culver and Gerald Grant.
Aug. 26-27: "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer; and "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.
Aug. 28-30: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†) and "American Gigolo" (†).
Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin; and "The Virgin Spring" (1960; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom, Birgitta Volberg, and Birgitta Pettersson.
Sept. 2-3: "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law, and David Hemmings; and "Emmanuelle" (1974; Just Jaeckin; in French), with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Aug. 24: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "The Missouri Breaks" (1976; Arthur Penn), with Marlon Brando and Jack Nicholson.
Aug. 25: "Christiane F." (1982; Ulrich Edel; in German), with Natja Brunkhorst; and "The Wicker Man" (1974; Robin Hardy), with Christopher Lee and Britt Ekland.
Aug. 26-27: "The Loved One" (1965; Tony Richardson), with Robert Morse and Jonathan Winters; and "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden.
Aug. 28: "Yojimbo" (1961, in Japanese) and "Red Beard" (1965; in Japanese), both films directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
Aug. 29: "L'Adolescente" (1982; Jeanne Moreau; in French), with Simone Signoret; and "Murmur of the Heart" (1971; Louis Malle; in French), with Léa Massari.
Aug. 30: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Still of the Night" (1982; Robert Benton), with Roy Scheider and Meryl Streep.
Aug. 31: "My Favorite Year" (1982; Richard Benjamin), with Peter O'Toole, Mark Linn-Baker, Jessica Harper, and Joseph Bologna; and "Diner" (1982; Barry Levinson), with Daniel Stern and Steve Guttenberg.
Sept. 1: "The Exorcist" (1973; William Friedkin), with Ellen Burstyn, Max von Sydow, Lee J. Cobb, and Linda Blair; and "Roller Boogie" (1979; Mark L. Lester), with Linda Blair.
Sept. 2-3: To be announced.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Aug. 24: "The Magnificent Seven" (1960; John Sturges), with Yul Brynner, Eli Wallach, and Steve McQueen; and "Ride the High Country" (1962; Sam Peckinpah), with Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott, and Mariette Hartley.
Aug. 25-27: "Rocky" (1976; John G. Avildsen) and "Rocky II" (1979; Sylvester Stallone), both with Stallone, Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith.
Aug. 28-29: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; and "Airplane!" (1980; Jerry and David Zucker and Jim Abrahams), with Robert Hays, Julie Hagerty, Robert Stack, and Lloyd Bridges.
Aug. 30-31: "House of Wax" (1953; André de Toth), with Phyllis Kirk, Vincent Price,

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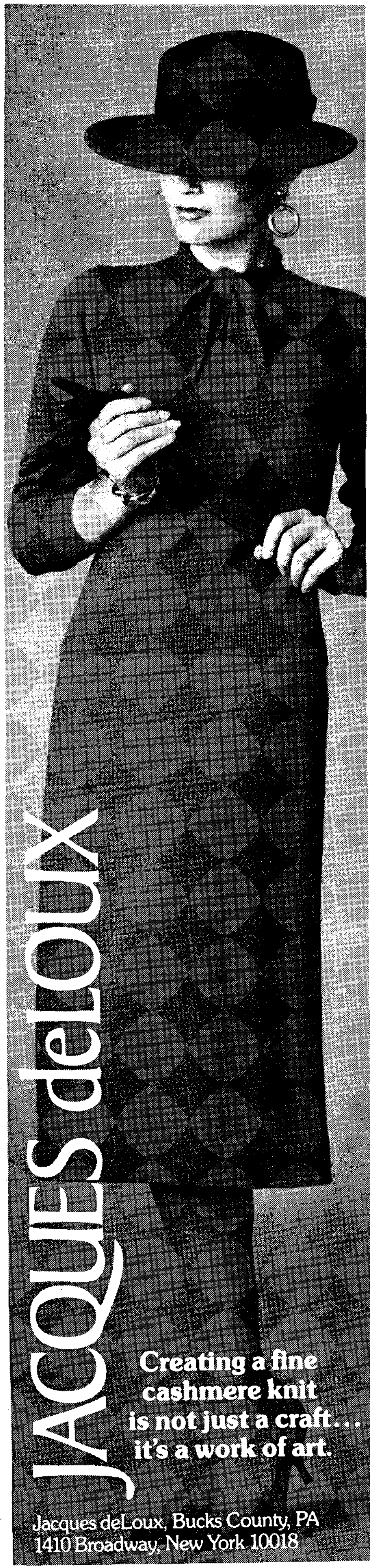
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MADE IN USA

Carolyn Jones, and Paul Picerni; and "The Pit and the Pendulum" (1961; Roger Corman), with Vincent Price, John Kerr, and Barbara Steele.

Sept. 1-3: "From Here to Eternity" (1953; Fred Zinnemann), with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr; and "Suddenly Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Aug. 25: "An Unmarried Woman" (1978; Paul Mazursky), with Jill Clayburgh, Alan Bates, and Michael Murphy; and "Shoot the Moon" (1982; Alan Parker), with Diane Keaton and Albert Finney.

Aug. 26-27: "The Exorcist" (1973; William Friedkin), with Ellen Burstyn, Max von Sydow, Lee J. Cobb, and Linda Blair; and "Friday the 13th" (1980; Sean Cunningham), with Betsy Palmer, Adrienne King, and Harry Lillis Crosby III.

Aug. 28: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977; Pier Paolo Pasolini).

Aug. 29-30: "Phantom of the Paradise" (†); and "Rock 'n' Roll High School" (1979), with the Ramones.

Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "The Last Detail" (†); and "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson.

Sept. 2-3: "Papillon" (1973; Franklin Schaffner), with Steve McQueen and Dustin Hoffman; and "Midnight Express" (†).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Aug. 24: "Chan Is Missing" (1982; Wayne Wang), with Wood May; and "El Super" (1979; Léon Ichaso and Orlando Jiménez-Leal; in Spanish), with Raymundo Hidalgo-Gato.

Aug. 25: "Gaslight" (1944; George Cukor), with Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten, Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty; and "Sylvia Scarlett" (1936; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Edmund Gwenn, and Brian Aherne.

Aug. 26: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig; and "The River and Death" (1954; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

Aug. 27: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino; and "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino, Robert Duvall, Diane Keaton, and Robert De Niro.

Aug. 28: "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" (1969; George Roy Hill), with Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and Katharine Ross; and "The Sting" (1973; George Roy Hill), with Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and Robert Shaw.

Aug. 29: "I Love You" (1982; Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga; and "All Nudity Shall Be Punished" (1973; Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

Aug. 30: "A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man" (1979; Joseph Strick), with Bosco Hogan; and "Ulyssess" (1967; Joseph Strick), with Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves.

Aug. 31: "The Meadow" (1982; Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian), with Isabella Rossellini and Michele Placido; and "In the Name of the Father" (†).

Sept. 1: "The Philadelphia Story" (†) and "Little Women" (†).

Sept. 2: "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti; and "Nazarin" (1958; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal.

Sept. 3: "M*A*S*H" (1970; Robert Altman), with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman; and "Private Benjamin" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Aug. 24: "Black Hand" (1950; Richard Thorpe), with Gene Kelly and J. Carrol Naish; and "House of Strangers" (1949; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Edward G. Robinson and Susan Hayward.

Aug. 25-27: "Born to Dance" (1936; Roy Del Ruth), with Eleanor Powell, James Stewart, and Buddy Ebsen; and "Shall We Dance" (1937; Mark Sandrich), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore.

Aug. 28-29: "My Sister Eileen" (†); and "Live, Love and Learn" (1937; George Fitzmaurice), with Rosalind Russell and Robert Montgomery.

Aug. 30-31: "The Out-of-Towners" (†) and "The Odd Couple" (†).

Sept. 1-3: "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson; and "The Clock" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370).

Aug. 24: "Vengeance Is Mine" (1979; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese); and "Eijanaika" (1982; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese), with Shigeru Izumiya.

Aug. 25: "Gunga Din" (1939; George Stevens), with Cary Grant and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and "The Man Who Would Be King" (1975; John Huston), with Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer.

Aug. 26-27: "Dial M for Murder" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock; in 3-D), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams; and "I Confess" (1953; Alfred Hitchcock), with Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter, Karl Malden, and Brian Aherne.

Aug. 28: "The King and I" (1956; Walter Lang), with Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner.

Aug. 29: A program of cartoons by Chuck Jones and Tex Avery.

Aug. 30: "The Girls on the Beach" (1965; William N. Whitney), with Martin West, Noreen Corcoran, and Peter Brooks; and "It's a Trad, Dad!" (1962; Richard Lester).

Aug. 31: "Zatoichi, the Fugitive" (1964; Tokuzo Tanaka; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu; and "The Betrayal" (1966; in Japanese), with Raizo Ichikawa.

Sept. 1: "Oscar Wilde" (†); and "The Fan" (1981; Edward Bianchi), with Lauren Bacall and James Garner.

Sept. 2-3: "Performance" (1970; Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg), with Mick Jagger and James Fox; and "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 24: "Don't Bother to Knock" (1952; Roy Baker), with Richard Widmark, Marilyn Monroe, and Anne Bancroft; and "Niagara" (1953; Henry Hathaway), with Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten, and Jean Peters.

Aug. 25: "Suddenly Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan.

Aug. 26-27: "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.

Aug. 28: "1900" (†).

Aug. 29: "Elvira Madigan" (†); and "Intimate Lighting" (1965; Ivan Passer; in Czech).

Aug. 30: "The Omen" (1976; Richard Donner), with Gregory Peck, Lee Remick, and David Warner; and "The Fury" (1978; Brian De Palma), with Kirk Douglas, John Cassavetes, Carrie Snodgress, Charles Durning, Amy Irving, and Andrew Stevens.

Aug. 31: "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson; and "The Night and the City" (1950; Jules Dassin), with Richard Widmark and Gene Tierney.

Sept. 1: "The Spiders, Parts I and II" (1919; Fritz Lang; a German silent film); and "The Last Laugh" (1924; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Emil Jannings.

Sept. 2-3: "The Uninvited" (†); and "The Innocents" (1961; Jack Clayton), with Deborah Kerr and Michael Redgrave.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—Aug. 25 at 2:30: "Les Portes de la Nuit" (1946; directed by Marcel Carné; in French, with no English subtitles), with Yves Montand, Pierre Brasseur, Nathalie Nattier, and Serge Reggiani. . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 6: "La Beauté du Diable" (1950; René Clair; in French, with English subtitles), with Gérard Philipe, Michel Simon, and Simone Valère. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 2:30: "Falbalas" (1945; Jacques Becker; in French, with no English subtitles), with Raymond Rouleau, Micheline Presle, and Gabrielle Dorziat. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 6: "Le Silence de la Mer" (1947; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French, with English subtitles), with Nicole Stéphane and Howard Vernon. . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at noon: "The Road to Life" (1931; Nikolai Ekk; in Russian, with English subtitles), with Nikolai Batalov. . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 2:30: "L'École Buissonnière" (1949; Jean-Paul Le Chanois; in French, with English subtitles), with Bernard Blier. . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 5: "Le Silence Est d'Or" (1947; René Clair; in French, with English subtitles), with Maurice Chevalier, François Périer, and Dany Robin. . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at noon: "The Road to Life." . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 2:30: "La Beauté du Diable." . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 5: "Les Amants de Vérone" (1949; André Cayatte; in French, with no English subtitles), with Anouk Aimée, Serge Reggiani, Pierre Brasseur, Martine Carol, and Marcel Dalio. . . . ¶ Aug. 29 at 2:30: "Farrebique" (1947; Georges Rouquier; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Aug. 29 at 6: "Le Silence de la Mer." . . . ¶ Aug. 30 at 2:30: "Sylvie et le Fantôme" (1946; Claude Autant-Lara; in French, with English subtitles), with Odette Joyeux, François Périer, Julien Carette, and Jacques Tati. . . . ¶ Aug. 30 at 6: To be announced. . . . ¶ Sept. 1 at 2:30: "Monsieur Vincent" (1947; Maurice Cloche; in French, with English subtitles), with Pierre Fresnay, Lise Delamare, and Gabrielle Dorziat. . . . ¶ Sept. 1 at 6: "The Leopard" (1963; Luchino Visconti; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Burt Lancaster, Claudia Cardinale, and Alain Delon. . . . ¶ Sept. 2 at 2:30: "Au-delà des Grilles" (1949; René Clément; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean Gabin and Isa Miranda. . . . ¶ Sept. 2 at 6: "Minne l'Ingénue Libertine" (1950; Jacqueline Audry; in French, with English subtitles), with Daniele Delorme. . . . ¶ Sept. 3 at noon: "Ruggles of Red Gap" (1935; Leo McCarey), with Charles Laughton, Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles, and ZaSu Pitts. . . . ¶ Sept. 3 at 2:30: "Thérèse Raquin" (1953; Marcel Carné; in French, with English subtitles), with Simone Signoret, Raf Vallone, and Sylvie. . . . ¶ Sept. 3 at 5: "La Marie du Port" (1950; Marcel Carné; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean Gabin and Blanchette Brunoy. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

New York Film Festival Retrospective—The final programs in a series of fifty-two international films originally shown during the first ten years of the Festival (1963-72): Aug. 24 at 6:30: "Boy" (1969; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese). . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 9: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider. . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 6:30: "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish). . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 9: "The Battle of Algiers" (1965; Gillo Pontecorvo; in French and Arabic). . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 6:30: "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 9: "Recruits in Ingolstadt" (1971; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German); and "Walkover" (1965; Jerzy Skolimowski; in Polish), with Skolimowski. . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at noon: "L'Amour Fou" (1968; Jacques Rivette; in French), with Bulle Ogier and Jean-Pierre Kalfon. . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 5: "Zorns Lemma" (1970; Hollis Frampton) and "Not Reconciled" (1965; Jean-Marie Straub; in German). . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 7:30; "Mickey One" (1965; Arthur Penn), with Warren Beatty, Hurd Hatfield, and Alexandra Stewart. . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 9:30: "Heat" (1972; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro and Sylvia Miles. . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 2: "Charulata" (1964; Satyajit Ray; in Bengali). . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 4:40: "The Deserter and the Nomads" (1968; Juro Jakubisko; in Czech). . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 6:30: "Images" (1972; Robert Altman), with Susannah York. . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 9: "In the Summertime" (1971; Ermanno Olmi; in Italian). (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

American Gigolo (1980)—Richard Gere as a suave, beautifully dressed, and deeply uninteresting male prostitute, who earns a nice dollar, plus perks (he drives a black Mercedes convertible and buys his fancy vines at Jus-chi's boutique, in Beverly Hills), from his ability to bring sexual pleasure to some rich, spoiled older women who frequent the Polo Lounge, Perino's, and the pools and patios of Malibu, Bel Air, and Palm Springs. Writer-director Paul Schrader probably had something serious in mind here, but he seems to lose interest in his glum hero along the way, and the story trails off into vacuity and violence. With Lauren Hutton, Nina Van Pallandt, Hector Elizondo, and K. Callan. (Cinema Village; Aug. 28-30.)

The Clock (1945)—A sweetly charming, if maybe too irresistible, Second World War romance, featuring Judy Garland and Robert Walker. There's a very shrewd, very wet script—Robert Nathan, working with Joseph Schrank, spread his trembling sensitivities upon the already shaky story by Paul and Pauline Gallico. Fortunately, the director, Vincente Minnelli (this was his first job of straight—non-musical—direction), gave it a very distinctive innocent quality, so that it doesn't seem intolerably calculated. Robert Walker plays a gentle country boy, a corporal with two days of leave in New York before going overseas. He meets Judy Garland, a New York office worker, in Pennsylvania Station and they go sightseeing together. They're separated in a crowded subway and each is panicked by the fear of never seeing the other again; when they find each other, they decide to get married—immediately. The film has a love-hate relationship with New York City. It makes each of the young lovers feel alone and frightened. Yet together they can enjoy it. Amazingly, the film was all shot in the studio, using street sets and back projection; even the old Penn Station, where so much of the action takes place, is a set. The film is beautifully rhythmed and it isn't all romance: the edges are filled with comic characters—Keenan Wynn and Moyna Macgill are the most memorable. Also with James Gleason, Lucille Gleason, and Marshall Thompson. (Minnelli and Garland were married shortly after the completion of this film.) (Regency; Sept. 1-3.)

Diva (1981)—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/19/82) (Quad Cinema.)

Don't Look Back (1967)—Bob Dylan in an affected *cinéma-vérité* film by Donn Pennebaker that features songs and put-downs. With Donovan and Joan Baez. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 2.)

The Draughtsman's Contract—Set on an English estate in the summer of 1694, this formalist tease by the writer-director Peter Greenaway is a fantasia of conceits about perspective, and about the relationship between the artist, his art, and the world. It's also a victimization fantasy: the draughtsman (Anthony Higgins), a lover of landscape, is attacked and destroyed by those who love only property. The film is mannered and idiosyncratic; the speeches are so arch and twitty they seem to be pitched higher than a dog whistle, and the people talking are popinjays in perukes shaped as geometrically as the shrubs at Marienbad. This impishness congeals, because there's no dramatic motor in the sequences. For Greenaway, a movie is a set of theorems to be demonstrated by tableaux. His mind may be active but his camera is dead. With Janet Suzman and Anne Louise Lambert. (8/22/83) (Cinema II.)

Elvira Madigan (1967)—Thommy Berggren gives a skillful, sensitive performance as the handsome young cavalry officer who falls fatally in love with a circus girl (Pia Degermark, who is so exquisitely fresh that she doesn't need to act) in Bo Widerberg's lushly beautiful movie about romantic insanity, set in the late nineteenth century. The lovers, who live only for each other, cut themselves off from society, and prefer to die rather than risk growing apart. Based on an actual double suicide; Widerberg wrote the script, directed, and also edited. Cinematography by Jorgen Persson; the music is Mozart's "Piano Concerto No. 21," played by Geza Anda. In Swedish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 29.)

The Empire Strikes Back (1980)—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga (see "Star Wars" and "Return of the Jedi") is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor. George Lucas was the producer and presiding writer this time, and he and director Irvin Kershner have kept things moving at near-Hyper Drive speed. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (Gramercy, Gotham Cinema, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin; through Aug. 25. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Sept. 1.)

Fanny and Alexander—Ingmar Bergman's festive and full-bodied dream play—a vision of family life as a gifted boy might have perfected it—replacing his strict family (Bergman's father was a clergyman) with a generous-hearted theatrical clan. In what Bergman says is his final movie, his obsessions are turned into stories, and he tells them to us—he makes us a beribboned present of his Freudian-gothic dream world. The movie is scaled big; it runs for three hours and ten minutes, and its lovingly placed warm gingerbreading is enormously enjoyable. But the conventionality of the thinking in the film is rather shocking. It's as if Bergman's neuroses had been tormenting him for so long that he cut them off and went sprinting back to Victorian health and domesticity. In Swedish. (6/13/83) (Cinema I, and Cinema 3.)

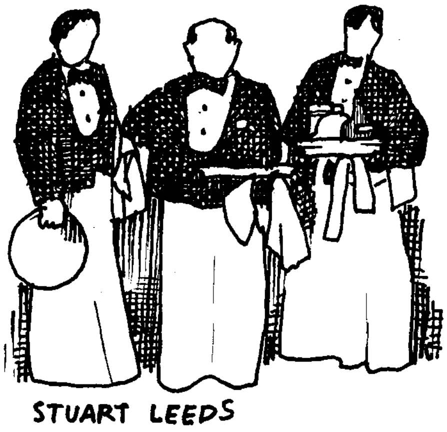
Flashdance—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III." The heroine (dewy-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream in which she's a ballerina. The music throughout is synthesizer pop; basically the movie is a series of rock videos. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. With Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers" who do the only real dancing in the movie. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (Festival, Olympia Quad, Embassy 1, and New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Aug. 25. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Aug. 26.)

The Grey Fox—The story of a legendary gentleman bandit, Bill Miner (Richard Farnsworth), who served thirty-three years in San Quentin for robbing stagecoaches and then, when he got out, took up robbing trains. This first feature directed by the Canadian Phillip Borsos at twenty-seven, after a number of highly regarded documentaries, has spectacular work by the British cinematographer Frank Tidy. Farnsworth is a superb camera subject, with a lulling sexual presence, and he and Jackie Burroughs, who plays a red-haired suffragette, do some highly photogenic flirting. Borsos appears to have a dandy's approach to crime and social injustice, but he's an inspired image-maker, and the film manages to be an art Western without making you hate it. Based on a script by John Hunter. With Wayne Robson as the little boozer Shorty. (8/8/83) (Baronet; through the afternoon of Aug. 25. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith, and Greenwich Playhouse; starting Aug. 26.)

In the Name of the Father (1971)—A gaudy, splintered piece of work in which a satanically clever boy at a Jesuit school outwits the priests at their own game of power-by-diabolism when he asks for more science and less Dark Ages obscurantism, though his subsequent cruelty actually drags science back to the day of the thumbscrew. A beautiful-looking, muddleheaded film, directed by Marco Bellocchio. In Italian. (Metro Cinema; Aug. 31.)

The Last Detail (1974)—After fourteen years in the Navy, Buddusky (Jack Nicholson), the tattooed signalman, lives on ingrained resentment, quick anger, and booze. The screenwriter Robert Towne shaped the role to Nicholson's gift for extremes, and it was the best full-scale part Nicholson had had up to that time. The movie is the record of the beer-soaked journey that Buddusky and a gunner's mate (Otis Young) take when they're assigned to escort a morose eighteen-year-old seaman (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The film is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue. It's often very funny. It's programmed to wrench your heart, though—it's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed. With Michael Moriarty, Carol Kane, Luana Anders, Clifton James, Nancy Allen, and Gilda Radner. Cinematography (grainy and gloomy) by Michael Chapman. Adapted from Darryl Ponicsan's book. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Aug. 31-Sept. 1.)

Little Women (1933)—There are small flaws—a few naïve and cloying scenes, some obvious dramatic contrivances—but it's a lovely, graceful film, and surprisingly faithful to the atmosphere, the Victorian sentiments, and the Victorian strengths of the Louisa May Alcott novel. Katharine Hepburn gives an inspired performance as willful Jo; she has a joyous tomboy abandon when she first enters Laurie's mansionlike home and cries out, "What richness!" She strikes absurdly romantic poses, and they're enchanting. Joan Bennett is very amusing as vain, selfish, pretentious Amy; Frances Dee is Meg (she's charmingly funny when she's being proposed to by John Lodge, as the tutor); Edna May Oliver is Aunt March; Douglass Montgomery is Laurie (at times, full face, he resembles John Updike; too bad his bright lipstick makes his teeth look an uncanny white); Paul Lukas is the gentle, older man who courts Jo. The cast also includes Henry Stephenson, Samuel Hinds, Mabel Colcord as Hannah, and Nydia Westman. Directed by George Cukor, for the most part imaginatively and with unusual delicacy (the sequence with the play that Jo stages is particularly fine). The dismal score is by Max Steiner, and Spring Byington as Marmee is sugary and sacrificial (she's a pain), and Jean Parker, as frail Beth, is not the world's greatest actress—she simpers a lot, though she's very touching when she goes to thank her gruff benefactor (Stephenson) for the piano he has sent her. Screenplay by Sarah Y. Mason and Victor Heerman. (Remade in 1949, at M-G-M.) (Metro Cinema; Sept. 1.)



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Midnight Express (1978)—Puts the squeeze on us right from the start. It's single-minded in its manipulation of the audience: this is a clear-cut case of film technique split off from any artistic impulse. The film is based on the story of Billy Hayes, a vacationing American college student who was caught smuggling two kilos of hashish out of Turkey and imprisoned. But its juiciest episodes are inventions; the screenwriter, Oliver Stone, and the director, Alan Parker, have subjected their Billy (Brad Davis) to the most photogenic sadomasochistic brutalization that they could dream up. The film is like a porno fantasy about the sacrifice of a virgin. It rushes from torment to torment, treating Billy's ordeals hypnotically in soft colors—muted squalor—with a disco beat in the background. The prison itself is more like a brothel than a prison. All of this is packaged as social protest. With John Hurt as Max, Randy Quaid as Jimmy, Bo Hopkins as Tex, Paolo Bonacelli as Rifki, Mike Kellin as Billy's father, and Paul Smith as the Turkish head guard, Hamidou, who looks like a Picasso bull. Music by Giorgio Moroder; shot in Malta. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Sept. 2-3.)

Les Misérables (1935)—"Uninspired" is too kind a word; this mild version of Victor Hugo's massive atrocity story, featuring Fredric March as Jean Valjean and Charles Laughton as Inspector Javert, is bottom drawer. The director, Richard Boleslavsky, can't seem to get things moving, and the outrages lack inspiration—even the sewers seem namby-pamby. The look of the actors, their makeup, their manner of speaking are all howlingly wrong. With John Beal, Rochelle Hudson, Frances Drake, Cedric Hardwicke, Florence Eldridge, Jessie Ralph, John Carradine, Ferdinand Gottschalk, and Leonid Kinskey. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 28-29.)

My Sister Eileen (1942)—Ruth McKenney's *New Yorker* stories about her and her younger sister's experiences in Greenwich Village were turned into a Broadway hit, and then into this less than dazzling romantic comedy (and later into a Broadway musical, which was also filmed, in 1955). As Ruth, leggy Rosalind Russell is too boisterously aware that she's the life of the party, and as Eileen, Janet Blair is very pretty but not much else. (The actual Eileen McKenney married Nathanael West and died with him in an automobile crash in 1940.) Alexander Hall directed. With Brian Aherne, Allyn Joslyn, George Tobias, June Havoc, Elizabeth Patterson; and Richard Quine, who directed the 1955 version, which Bob Fosse choreographed. (Regency; Aug. 28-29.)

The Night of the Shooting Stars—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (Quad Cinema.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—Possibly Federico Fellini's finest film, and a work in which Giulietta Masina earns the praise she received for "La Strada." The structure is a series of episodes in the life of Cabiria (Masina), a shabby, aging, dreamy little Roman streetwalker—a girl whose hard, knowing air is no protection against her fundamental gullibility, which, we finally see, is her humanity and her saving grace. A famous actor (Amedeo Nazzari) picks her up and takes her to his luxurious villa; she goes to a cheap vaudeville show, and when the magician hypnotizes her, the innocent dreams of her adolescence pour out; a young man in the audience (François Périer) meets her and proposes to her, etc. Though the film seems free and almost unplanned, each apparent irrelevance falls into place. (It was the basis for the American musical "Sweet Charity.") In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 31.)

1900 (1977)—Bernardo Bertolucci's utopian folly is about two boys born in the North Italian region of Emilia-Romagna on the same day in 1901. Alfredo (Robert De Niro) is the heir to the vast landholdings of his grandfather (Burt Lancaster), and Olmo (Gérard Depardieu) is the bastard grandson of the patriarch (Sterling Hayden) of the peasant clan that lives on those holdings and labors for a share of the crop. "1900" is a romantic moviegoer's vision of the class struggle—a love poem for the movies as well as for the life of those who live communally on the land. (The belief that permeates the movie is that Communism will preserve the folk culture of the peasants.) It has all of Bertolucci's themes and motifs; one could call it the Portable Bertolucci, though it isn't portable. It's like a course to be enrolled in, with a guaranteed horror every hour. The cast includes Dominique Sanda, Alida Valli, Donald Sutherland, Stefania Sandrelli, and Laura Betti. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; music by Ennio Morricone. The European version ran over five hours; the version that Bertolucci (under duress) prepared for the United States runs four hours and five minutes, plus intermission. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 28.)

La Nuit de Varennes—Descended from a long line of "Gallic romps," this is a creakingly cultured historical pageant set in the time of Louis XVI. As the decaying Casanova, Marcello Mastroianni (who is made to look toweringly tall) has a couple of superb moments—one with Laura Betti as a jolly touring opera singer, and one with Andrea Ferreol as a wealthy woman who declares her passion for him. Jean-Louis Barrault looks great as the scandalously popular, often pornographic writer Restif de la Bretonne, but the role has been written to make Restif a darling old reprobate, and Barrault just keeps smiling. Also with Hanna Schygulla as a royalist countess; Jean-Claude Brialy, who is almost a comic archetype as her devoted hairdresser; Harvey Keitel as Thomas Paine; and Daniel Gelin and Jean-Louis Trintignant. Written by Sergio Amidei and the director, Ettore Scola. A French-Italian co-production, in French. (3/21/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Octopussy—This is probably the most casual of the James Bond series, and in some ways it's more like the Bob Hope and Bing Crosby

"Road" comedies than it is like the Bonds. Bond—Roger Moore—gets most of his effects here by the spark in his worried, squinched-up eyes; he may not be heroic, but he's game. This fourteenth in the Bond series (or thirteenth, if you don't include the spoof "Casino Royale") is set against a tourist-paradise India. It rattles along agreeably, even though the director, John Glen, seems to lose track of the story, and neither he nor the writers (George MacDonald Fraser, with Richard Maibaum and Michael G. Wilson) appear to have thought out the women's roles. The picture doesn't deliver on the chic perversities suggested by the inelegant title (and some of the décor). As Octopussy, the beautiful amazon Maud Adams is disappointingly warm and maternal. With Kristina Wayborn as the tall greasy-lipped blonde, and Louis Jourdan, Kabir Bedi, Steven Berkoff, Vijay Amritraj, and David and Tony Meyer as the knife-throwing twins. (6/27/83) (Criterion Theatres.)

The Odd Couple (1968)—Neil Simon's funny play, more or less taken to the screen by moving van. There is a brilliantly mopey performance by Walter Matthau as the card-playing divorced husband driven mad by a male crony who comes out in housewifeliness like measles. Jack Lemmon is the fusspot, Gene Saks the director. (Regency; Aug. 30-31.)

An Officer and a Gentleman (1982)—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the millworker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 25. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; Aug. 28-30.)

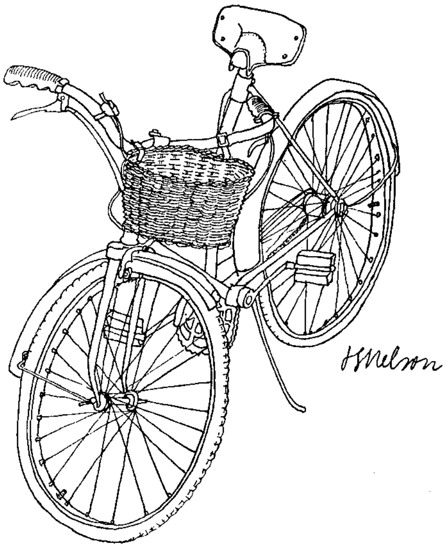
Oscar Wilde (1960)—This version, directed by Gregory Ratoff and starring Robert Morley, isn't all it should be (and neither is the version starring Peter Finch, which was made at almost the same time). Still, there are harrowing and touching moments in the film when nerves are made to jump like fleas. Ralph Richardson's performance as an eminent English barrister is worth watching, and Morley's theatricality has a fascination, though Ratoff's directing doesn't set it off well. With John Neville as Lord Alfred Douglas, and Edward Chapman as the Marquess of Queensberry. (Thalia; Sept. 1.)

The Out-of-Towners (1970)—The tribulations of a pair of innocent immigrants from Ohio to New York City, written and directed with an audience of similar innocents in mind, by Neil Simon and Arthur Hiller. Starring Jack Lemmon and Sandy Dennis. (Regency; Aug. 30-31.)

Phantom of the Paradise (1974)—This satire of horror movies is also a rock musical comedy. The writer-director, Brian De Palma, has an original comic temperament; he's drawn to rabid visual exaggeration and to urbane slapstick comedy. William Finley is the idealistic young composer who is robbed of his music, busted for drugs, and sent to Sing Sing, all at the instigation of Swan (creepy Paul Williams), the entrepreneur of Death Records, who has made a pact with the Devil for eternal youth. The composer escapes from prison, is maimed by a record-pressing machine, and turns into the Phantom, who haunts Swan's new rock palace, the Paradise, where the girl he loves (Jessica Harper) becomes a star. This mixture of "The Phantom of the Opera" and "Faust" isn't enough for De Palma. He heaps on layers of acid-rock satire and parodies of "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "Psycho," and "The Picture of Dorian Gray"—and the impacted plots actually function for him. The film is a one-of-a-kind entertainment, with a kinetic, breakneck wit. The cinematographer, Larry Pizer, keeps the images full to overflowing, and the set designer, Jack Fisk, supplies striking takeoffs of the frenzied décor of German silent films. The singer Beef is played by Gerrit Graham, who gives the single funniest performance; Harold Oblong, Jeffrey Comanor, and Archie Hahn turn up together as three different groups—the Juicy Fruits, the Beach Bums, and, with black-and-white expressionistic faces, the Undeads. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Aug. 29-30.)

The Philadelphia Story (1940)—Philip Barry wrote this romantic comedy for Katharine Hepburn, shaping it for her tense patrician beauty and her eccentricities, and she had her greatest popular triumph in it on Broadway (in 1939) and on the screen. There's conventional Broadway shoddiness at its center: the material plays off her public personality, pulling her down from her pedestal. As Tracy Lord, a snow maiden and a phony—which is how the movie public regarded Hepburn, according to the exhibitors who in 1938 had declared her "box-office poison"—she gets her comeuppance. The priggish, snooty Tracy is contemptuous of everyone who doesn't live up to her high standards (and that includes her father, played by John Halliday, and her ex-husband, played by Cary Grant); in the course of the action she slips from those standards herself, learns to be tolerant of other people's lapses, and discovers her own "humanity." Shiny and unfelt and smart-aleck-commercial as the movie is, it's almost irresistibly entertaining—one of the high spots of M-G-M professionalism. There isn't much real wit in the lines, and there's no feeling of spontaneity, yet the engineering is so astute that the laughs keep coming. This is a paste diamond with more flash and sparkle than a true one. The director, George Cukor, has never been more heartlessly sure of himself. The cast includes James Stewart, who took the Academy Award for Best Actor for his performance as the journalist who has a sudden romantic fling with Tracy, and Ruth Hussey, John Howard, Roland Young, Mary Nash, Henry Daniell, and Virginia Weidler. The additions by the adaptor, Donald Ogden Stewart, are brief and witty; Hepburn's gowns are by Adrian. (Metro Cinema; Sept. 1.)

Pixote (1980)—A shockingly lyrical Brazilian film about the life of abandoned children who learn to pick pockets and grab purses and hustle—it's their only way of surviving. Thrown into a reformatory, the ten-year-old Pixote watches as several of the larger boys gang-rape a kid not much older than he is, and his truculent baby face is indifferent, but he's a little camera taking it all in. A group of boys, including Pixote, break out, and he and three others snatch enough purses and wallets to make their way to Rio de Janeiro and begin dealing cocaine. Outsmarted by the adult criminals, the kids buy an aging, drunken prostitute from a pimp and go into business with her: she brings men home, and they rob them at gunpoint. As the director, Hector Babenco (who appears in a prologue), sees it, Pixote is a snub-nosed infant asserting his wants, and when they're denied he changes into a baby gangster—a runt Scarface, who kills innocently, in the sense that he doesn't understand the enormity of the crime. The thesis is too pat, but two of the characters—Lilica (Jorge Julião), a flamingly nelly seventeen-year-old transvestite homosexual, and the whore Sueli, the whoriest whore imaginable (Marília Pera)—transcend it. Dusky and aquiline-faced, Marília Pera has an Anna Magnani-like presence—horrifying and great. Her display of passion wipes the little non-actor kids off the screen. She's the whore spawned out of men's darkest imaginings, and in her scenes the movie achieves a raw, garish splendor. The script, by Babenco and Jorge Duran, is based on the novel "Infância dos Mortos," by Jose Louzeiro; cinematography by Rodolfo Sanches. In Portuguese. (11/8/81) (Film Forum; Sept. 2-3.)



Poltergeist (1982)—Steven Spielberg's suburban gothic about a family besieged by nasty, prankish ghosts is no more than an entertaining hash designed to spook you. It's "The Exorcist" without morbidity, or, more exactly, it's "The Amityville Horror" done with insouciance and high-toned special effects. Because Spielberg is a dedicated craftsman and a wit, he can make a much better low-grade, adolescent entertainment than most directors. But he isn't really thinking in this film—he's just throwing ideas and effects at us, and there's no rationale for the forms that the poltergeists (there seem to be multitudes of them) take on or for what they do. If the picture succeeds to a degree, it's because of the warmth of the family itself in its tract home, full of toys, in a fast-expanding new subdivision. The cool, jazzy mother (Jobeth Williams) and the blandly handsome father (Craig T. Nelson) are terrific, groovy people—they're kids at heart. When the ghostly manifestations start in the kitchen, what happens seems so benign that the mother reacts as if her household objects were staging a vaudeville show for her—she's turned on by it. The four-feet-three-inch actress Zelda Rubinstein, as the psychic Tangina who comes to "cleanse" the house, gives the movie new life and makes a large chunk of it work. With Beatrice Straight, who, as a doctor of parapsychology, bores the audience blind and brings the film to a momentary halt, and, as the two younger kids, Oliver Robins and Heather O'Rourke. The credits indicate that Tobe Hooper is the director, but Steven Spielberg wrote the initial story, rewrote the other writers' work on the script, storyboarded the shots, produced the picture, and supervised the final edit. It appears that he also took over, in considerable part, on the set. (6/14/82) (Olympia Quad; starting Aug. 26.)

Private Benjamin (1980)—A women's-liberation service comedy, in which Goldie Hawn plays a spoiled honey bunch—a rich blond Jewish girl from Philadelphia—who becomes a real woman in the Army. The script goes from one formula to the next, and it reworks the pranks of generations of male service comedies, but the director, Howard Zieff, refurbishes the stale material with smart small touches, and Goldie Hawn has such infectious, frothy charm that she manages to get laughs out of ancient routines about a tenderfoot going through the rigors of basic training. Her likableness makes the picture moderately amusing until the last third, when she gets involved with a dream prince (Armand Assante) who turns out to be a thickheaded chauvinist, and she has to be liberated all over again; the picture seems to be stuck in a revolving door. This is the sort of feminist movie in which almost every man is an insensitive boor or a fool, yet the heroine gets what she wants by manipulation and the shrewd use of sexual blackmail—which we're meant to find adorable. Basically, it's just Daffy Duck-TV sit-com. With Albert Brooks, Eileen Brennan, Harry Dean Stanton, Hal Williams, Toni Kalem, Damita Jo Freeman, Mary Kay Place, P. J. Soles, Robert Webber, and Sam Wanamaker and Barbara Barrie as the heroine's parents. Written by Nancy Meyers, Charles Shyer, and Harvey Miller. (Metro Cinema; Sept. 3.)

Return of the Jedi—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star Wars" trilogy (see "The Empire Strikes Back" and

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Star Wars") might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. And every timethere's a possibility of a dramatic climax, the director, Richard Marquand, trashes it. But children who have lived their imaginative lives with the Star Wars characters for six years may be so eager to get the payoffs to the story that they'll hardly notice. (5/30/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in stereotypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Gramercy; starting Aug. 26.)

A Star Is Born (1954)—Grandiose, emotionally charged musical version of the 1937 tear-jerker about Hollywood, which featured Janet Gaynor as the fresh young star and Fredric March as the washed-up star she marries. This time, Judy Garland and James Mason are the leads (although she looks tired and worn, and he gives such a remarkable performance as the decaying actor that he brings a bloom to the movie). This updated version is a terrible, fascinating orgy of self-pity and cynicism and mythmaking. Garland's jagged, tremulous performance is nakedly intense; her (overproduced) musical numbers include the capering "Born in a Trunk" and the dark, heavy torch song "The Man That Got Away." With Charles Bickford, Jack Carson, and Tommy Noonan. George Cukor directed, from Moss Hart's acerbic rewrite of the original (which Dorothy Parker had worked on). George Hoyningen-Huené served as color consultant, and the strikingly sumptuous color design gives the film deep, neurotic, emotional tones. (The 1976 remake, with Streisand and Kristofferson, switched the milieu to the rock world.) (R.K.O. Century Art; starting Aug. 26.)

Star Wars (1977)—One of the two or three biggest box-office successes in movie history—probably because for young audiences it's like getting a box of Cracker Jack that is all prizes. Written and directed by George Lucas, the film is enjoyable in its own terms, but it's exhausting, too—like taking a pack of kids to the circus. The loudness, the smash-and-grab editing, and the relentless pacing drive every idea from your head, and even if you've been entertained, you may feel cheated of some dimension—a sense of wonder, perhaps. Lucas has got the tone of bad movies down pat: you never catch the actors deliberately acting badly; they just seem to be bad actors, on contract to Monogram or Republic, their klunky enthusiasm polished at the Ricky Nelson school of acting. In a gesture toward equality of the sexes, the high-school-cheerleader princess-in-distress (played by Carrie Fisher) talks tomboy-tough—Terry Moore with spunk. With Mark Hamill as Luke Skywalker, Harrison Ford as Han Solo, and Alec Guinness as Ben Kenobi. (See "The Empire Strikes Back" and "Return of the Jedi.") (Gramercy, Gotham Cinema, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin; through Aug. 25. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Sept. 1.)

Staying Alive—Ludicrous. As producer-writer-director, Sylvester Stallone turns everything into a fight, and this sequel to John Badham's "Saturday Night Fever," with John Travolta once again playing the dancer Tony Manero from Brooklyn's Bay Ridge, is a weirdly stripped-down-for-action musical. The whole movie seems designed to pound the audience into submission. Stallone doesn't bother much with characters, scenes, or dialogue. He just puts the newly muscle-plated Travolta in front of the cameras, covers him with what looks like oil slick, and goes for the whambams. Travolta still has his star presence; he holds the screen more strongly than ever—but too flagrantly. The film gives the audience such a pounding that if it weren't for the final two minutes of Travolta on the street, moving to the theme music from "Saturday Night Fever," people might not have the strength to crawl out of the theatre. With Cynthia Rhodes, Finola Hughes, and Julie Bovasso, who has a couple of remarkable scenes as Tony's mother. (8/22/83) (Ziegfeld.)

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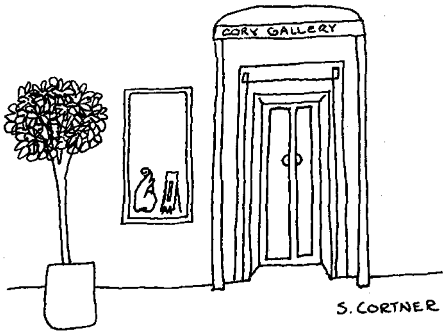
Superman III—Gus Gorman (Richard Pryor), a computer wizard, is ordered by his boss (Robert Vaughn), the slimy-suave head of a conglomerate, to work out the elements of kryptonite, the only substance that can destroy Superman (Christopher Reeve). Gus fakes one element, and his near-kryptonite doesn't kill Superman; it demoralizes him, and he begins to perform dirty deeds. Richard Lester, who directed (he also did "Superman II"), provides agreeable visual humor, and the film begins promisingly, but Lester wants us to see Superman as a virtuous clod, and this drains the mythic life out of the movie. As Lana Lang, the girl from Smallville who has had a crush on Clark Kent since high school, Annette O'Toole is the only member of the cast who appears to believe in her role yet stays in a comic-book frame. Also with Gavan O'Herlihy, Pamela Stephenson, Annie Ross, and—fleetingly—Jackie Cooper, Marc McClure, and Margot Kidder as Lois Lane. The script is by David and Leslie Newman. (7/11/83) (Criterion Theatres.)

Trading Places—Dan Aykroyd plays a snooty young blueblood and Eddie Murphy plays a con man–beggar. The two don't exactly trade places; they're traded, by a pair of heartless, rich old brothers (Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche) who have made a heredity-versus-environment bet—something we've been spared in movies of the past few decades. John Landis has directed this comedy in a mock-thirties formal style; it's eerily arch and static. But the picture has its big, chugging structure working for it; the whole apparatus picks up speed toward the end and comes to a rousing, slapstick finish. With Denholm Elliott, Jamie Lee Curtis, Paul Gleason, and Kristin Holby. From a script by Timothy Harris and Herschel Weingrod. (7/11/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews State.)

The Twelve Chairs (1970)—Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed this comedy-fable, has given himself only a small role at the beginning, and the picture never quite recovers from the loss of him. The plot, which is about three men hunting for a fortune stuffed into one of twelve chairs, is set in pre-revolutionary Russia. This gives Brooks an opportunity to show his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods—such as burlesque and the mad Russian accents of early radio—but, gifted as he is, he still doesn't go beyond gag comedy. The exteriors, which were shot in Yugoslavia, have a sprightly, picturesque Grandma Moses atmosphere; the whole enterprise is a little forlorn, though. Not bad, really—just so-so. The three leads are Ron Moody, who has a great moment toward the end clutching a piece of chair; Dom DeLuise; and Frank Langella, who comes across as supercilious in the witlessly written role of the handsome aristocrat. Based on the same Ilf-and-Petrov novel as the 1945 Fred Allen picture "It's in the Bag." (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Sept. 2, tentative.)

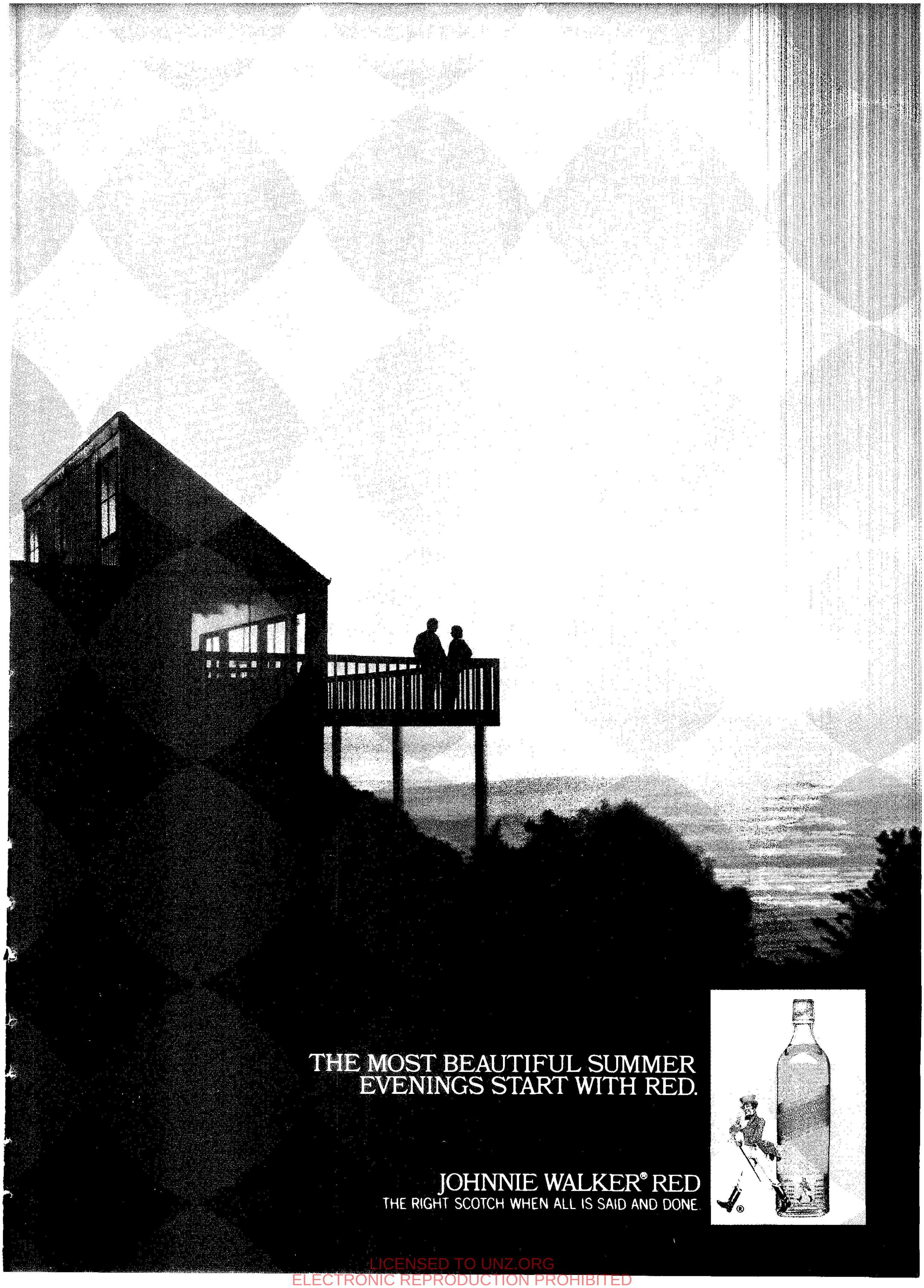


The Uninvited (1944)—Ray Milland and Ruth Hussey are the brother and sister who buy a house on the Cornish coast only to find it inhabited by a spooky evil presence. Sexy-eyed Gail Russell never could act worth a damn, but she had an eerie luster, and she's lovely as the mysterious young girl who helps in the exorcism. The picture was popular, though it doesn't come anywhere near fulfilling one's initial hopes that it will be a first-rate ghost movie. Lewis Allen directed; from Dorothy Macardle's novel "Uneasy Freehold," adapted by Dodie Smith and Frank Partos; musical score by Victor Young. With Cornelia Otis Skinner (playing the usual Gale Sondergaard role), and Donald Crisp, Alan Napier, Dorothy Stickney, and Barbara Everest. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 2-3.)

Variety Lights (1949)—This first film directed by Federico Fellini (working with Alberto Lattuada as co-director) has a backstage story with a theme that he returned to later in the big, trashy phantasmagoria "Juliet of the Spirits." Giulietta Masina plays the aging mistress of the head of a touring company; he goes off with a younger woman, then returns to her. It's a very simple and, in some ways, tawdry film, but Fellini shows his extraordinary talent for the dejected setting, the shabby performer, the fat old chorine, the singer who will never hit the high note. Though he deals with "artists," he doesn't deal with talent or artistry; his specialty is revealing the shoddiness of theatrical life and the forlorn hopes of the performers. For Fellini, the magic of show business is in self-delusion. He achieves some of his most memorable images in the sequence with a troupe on a back-country road at night and in the stageshow representing the glorification of a sex goddess. With Peppino de Filippo, Carla del Poggio, Folco Lulli, and John Kitzmiller. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 31.)

WarGames—The film begins as a comedy about a teen-age boy in Seattle who is caught up in the fascination of computers and video games; he has all this miracle-working technology and not a thought in the world about what to do with it. Matthew Broderick plays the role with great charm, but when this boy accidentally plugs into the Defense Department's war-games system and gets into what he thinks is just another video game—Global Thermonuclear War—the machines take over. There's also the noise of speechmakers—the director, John Badham, loses his easy touch, and the picture goes flooey. It's at its worst when John Wood is on screen as a saintly computer scientist who's so brainy and bitter that he rolls his eyes from side to side and wears his hair in bangs. With Ally Sheedy, Dabney Coleman, Barry Corbin, and Eddie Deezen as Mr. Potato Head. From a script by Lawrence Lasker and Walter F. Parkes. (6/13/83) (Guild, and Embassy. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, Greenwich Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Aug. 25. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Aug. 26.)

Zelig—Woody Allen's intricately layered parody: a mock documentary about a celebrity of the twenties, the Human Chameleon, who takes on the characteristics of whatever strong personalities he comes in contact with. The film seems small, and there's a reason: there aren't any characters in it, not even Zelig. Allen shafts the almost universally accepted idea that everyone is someone. This is a fantasy about being famous for being nobody. The whole movie is an ingenious stunt: it has been thought out in terms of the film image, turning the American history we know from newsreels into slapstick by inserting the little lost sheep Zelig in a corner of the frame. Zelig's story couldn't have been told any other way—the pathos would have been crushing. The documentary fakery dries it out and keeps it light. Zelig is always just glimpsed and the movie darts on. It's made up of artful little touches. With Mia Farrow as Zelig's analyst. (8/8/83) (Murray Hill, Beekman, and New Yorker.)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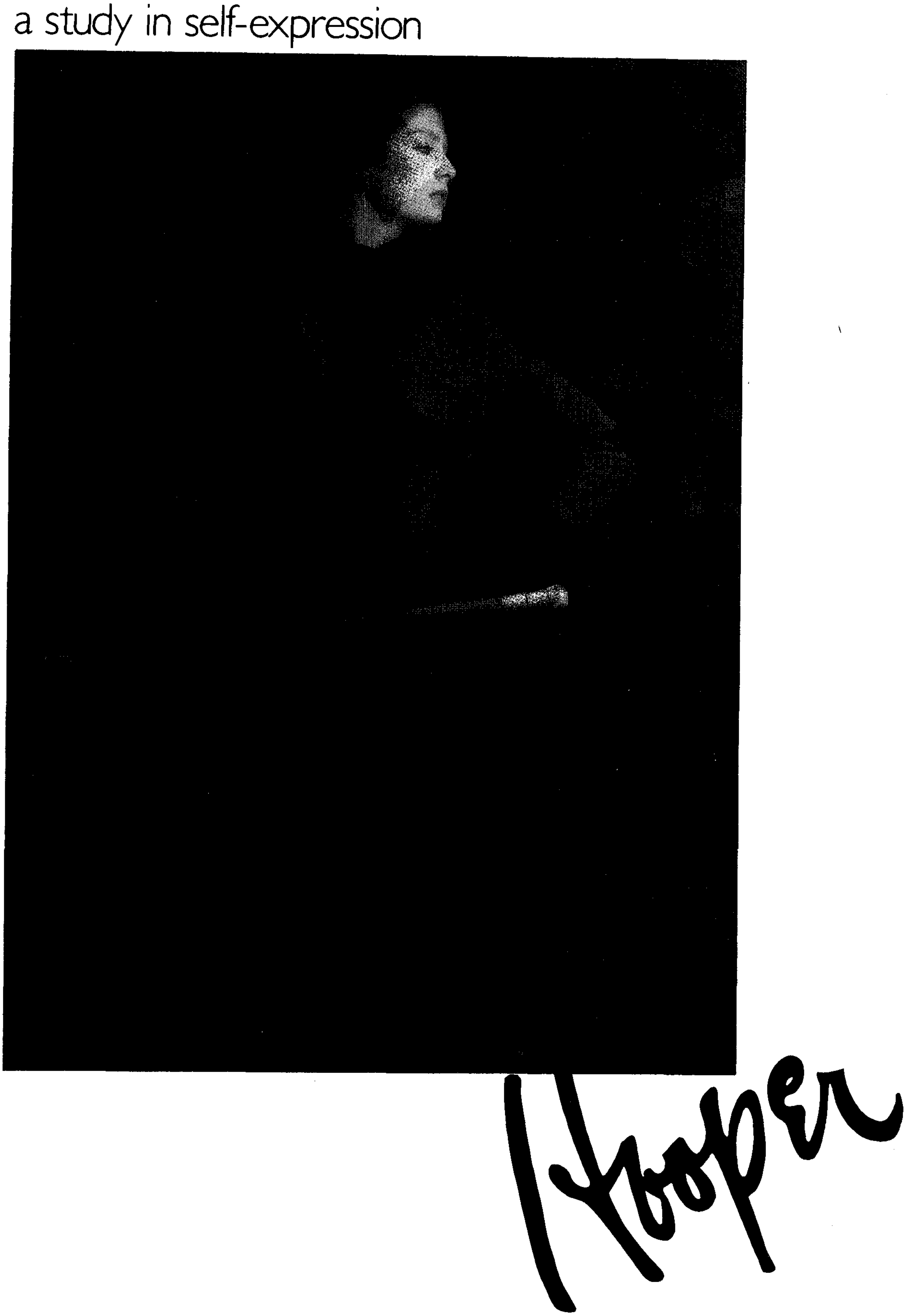
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE of the more engaging aspects of the American way of life is the long-standing tradition that persons who have made great fortunes by questionable means subsequently atone—either themselves or through their heirs and successors—for their misdeeds by endowing educational institutions that then use the money to finance denunciations of the very misdeeds that made the philanthropy possible. The outcome, presumably, is that students of a new generation go out into the commercial world armed with a higher moral vision, which has been forged from the lower or nonexistent moral visions of the past. Thus society advances, or ought to, in the general direction of Heaven on earth. Recently, this elevating mechanism was improved upon by Chief Judge Warren K. Urbom, of the Federal District Court, in Lincoln, Nebraska. Judge Urbom, faced with sentencing the Missouri Valley Construction Company, of Grand Island, which had pleaded guilty to rigging state highway-construction bids in violation of the antitrust laws, decided that a fitting punishment would be to require the company to endow a chair of business ethics at the University of Nebraska. The judge went on to specify that the professor occupying the chair, which would yield an annual salary of around eighty thousand dollars, should be someone "of national standing," and that in his courses of instruction he should focus on business and professional ethics in general and bidding ethics in the engineering field in particular.

This codification of custom appears to represent an advance. The evolution of a business or a family from the state of practicing vice to that of preaching virtue is no doubt surer when it is enforced by a court order than when it depends solely on a sense of guilt. But perhaps Judge Urbom's sentence does not go far enough. For generations, it has been fairly common in the lecture rooms of distinguished American universities to find fiery liberal professors raking the nineteenth-century robber barons over the coals while lineal descendants of those robber barons sit, elaborately suppressing yawns, in the back row. The yawns are a forgivable public gesture toward family self-esteem; the crucial thing is the presence of the descendant at the lecture—a tacit affirmation that at least the price of listening must be paid for the easy life based on one's ancestors' misdeeds. But if judicial fiat is now to replace voluntarism as the force behind proper conduct on the part of industrial heirs, perhaps the judge should have added, "Executives of the Missouri Valley Construction Company will attend the ethics professor's lectures, sitting in the back row and suppressing yawns if they wish to do so."

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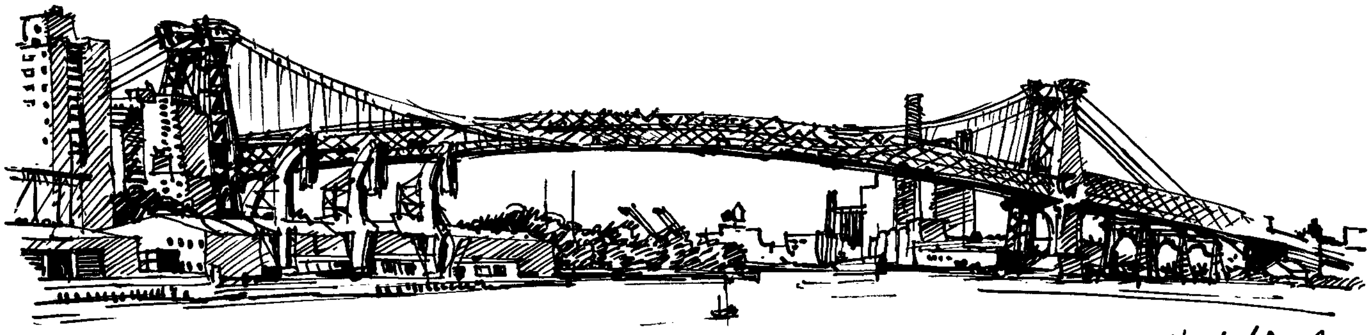
Beach Q & A

LANDING on Fire Island in midsummer, we found the main street of the village of Ocean Beach swarming with teen-age girls in pink off-the-shoulder sweatshirts and boys in rib-revealing demi-T-shirts. Outside the local video parlor, we spotted a young friend.

"What's new?" we asked him.

"What's new?" he said. "Hmm. O.K., I'll start off with the game arcade. Now, for one, there's a new game, pronounced Qubert but spelled Q-asterisk-b-e-r-t, and what it is is you are a little being with two legs and a nose like a tube, jumping diagonally all four ways on a pyramid made of square blocks, and the object of the game is to change the color of the tops of the squares by jumping on them. Little balls or stones—whatever you want to call them—drop on your head, and monsters bite you, and two creatures called Slick and Sam change the colors of the blocks back to what they were. One of the monsters—the hardest one—is Coily, a springy snake. If



he's near you, just jump on a flying saucer if one of those is near you, and the snake will try to jump on with you, but the flying saucer will have already taken you back to the top, so he'll plummet to his death. There's more to it, of course.

"Blue Print and BurgerTime are also great games, but you have to walk about a mile to get to BurgerTime, which is in the town of Ocean Bay Park, so it's not worth it unless you have to go there for some other reason, like pulling people's luggage in a wagon. I made six dollars on a wagoning job to Ocean Bay Park the day before yesterday.

"I've got to tell you about some of the people around here. Take, for instance, Sue. She's a Q*bert fanatic—best in the arcade—and she likes to talk real tough and hit you in the stomach. She sometimes gets very frustrated when she gets a bad score on Q*bert, and she takes it out on anybody watching her play. She's only about eight years old. Unless you say something very attention-captivating, she won't listen to you at all. Then, there's Chris, a very interesting fellow. Must have been on this island since he was born—he's about fourteen. I met him two years ago. Chris is always involved in everything possible for a kid his age to get involved in who lives on Fire Island, and sometimes he acts very mysterious. For instance, yesterday, the day of the Sandpiper Run, the footrace on the beach—which I'll tell you about some other time—there was a big stand that said 'Canada Dry' on it, with hundreds of cups filled with something or other. Chris was down there on the beach doing something with the Canada Dry stuff, so I asked him what was going on, and he acted like it was a huge secret. Also, in the arcade you can't spend ten minutes in there without him coming into the place and trying to borrow money. And those are the two most interesting people on the island, probably. Oh, and Zoe. She's the girl who wears purple eyeshadow and black nail polish.

"And there's a sort of health-food place where they have natural soda in five flavors—lemon, lime, cola, root beer, and ginger—and it tastes exactly like the real stuff, except it doesn't have any artificial ingredients or preservatives. And also there's a new fast-food place near here where the food is pretty good, except a woman made off with my chili and we waited so long to be served that my brother said, 'Let's not come here again. This place is a living hell, and the man behind the counter is the Devil.' "

That afternoon, at the edge of the ocean, we ran into another friend, a wet twelve-year-old wearing flippers and carrying a Boogie Board about four feet long, with a cord attached.

"How are the waves?" we asked him.

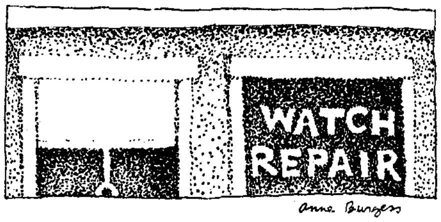
"Perfect!" he said. "Big, but they're breaking clean. This morning, it was big waves coming straight in. Then they started crossing, so it got rough. Now it's like the beginning, only bigger waves. They're coming in sets—big sets, like about fifteen waves in a row.

"Flippers are so you can catch the wave easier and pull out. You don't want to get too far in front, because then it lands on you. And the flippers help you get out into the water. You loop the bungee cord around your hand like a leash. You walk to a certain point with your board and battle out each wave till there's a lull in the action. Then you take three steps, flop down and dive with the board, kick as hard as you can, and then paddle. Ignore any pain till you're far out—you can't stop or you'll just get bashed. You get way far out, and then you slowly move in to the proper distance—about fifteen feet in back of where the waves are breaking. You see a set of waves and wait for the last one in the set, so if you miss it you won't get clobbered. You start paddling or kicking, so you'll have a slight head start of speed, and then you watch it, being careful to make your speed right so you get almost in the middle of the wave—halfway up the wave, that is. You don't want to be really in the middle. Then, depending on how much time you have, you can either continue going straight or cut to the right or to the left, depending on where the wave is breaking. If you want to slow down, you pull up on the board a little bit—not too much. If you want to go faster, you push down a bit, but not so that you get the nose under the water. Sometimes, if you go very fast, you'll fly out of the wave, out in front of it, and skim along the water, bouncing over small waves in front of you.

"And you've got to make sure that there's no one in front of you when you're starting your ride. When you're on the top of a wave and you try to pull back, sometimes, if you're too close to the edge, the suction behind the wave will pull you back down and twist you around and hold you under and bang you into the bottom. As soon as you get out, you have to be very careful to watch out for another wave coming. And sometimes, if you push down too far when you're inside a wave when it's breaking, the board will nose-dive and you'll flip around inside the wave. And if you happen to be on a wave and you know you can't pull back, instead of just falling off the wave you should lift up the board and kick hard, propelling yourself into the air. There's a chance you'll land on your side or back and get completely wiped out, but more often than not you'll land on the flat side—the bottom—of the board, and although you'll get quite a few jolts bouncing you'll stay far enough from the wave to not get the full force of it.

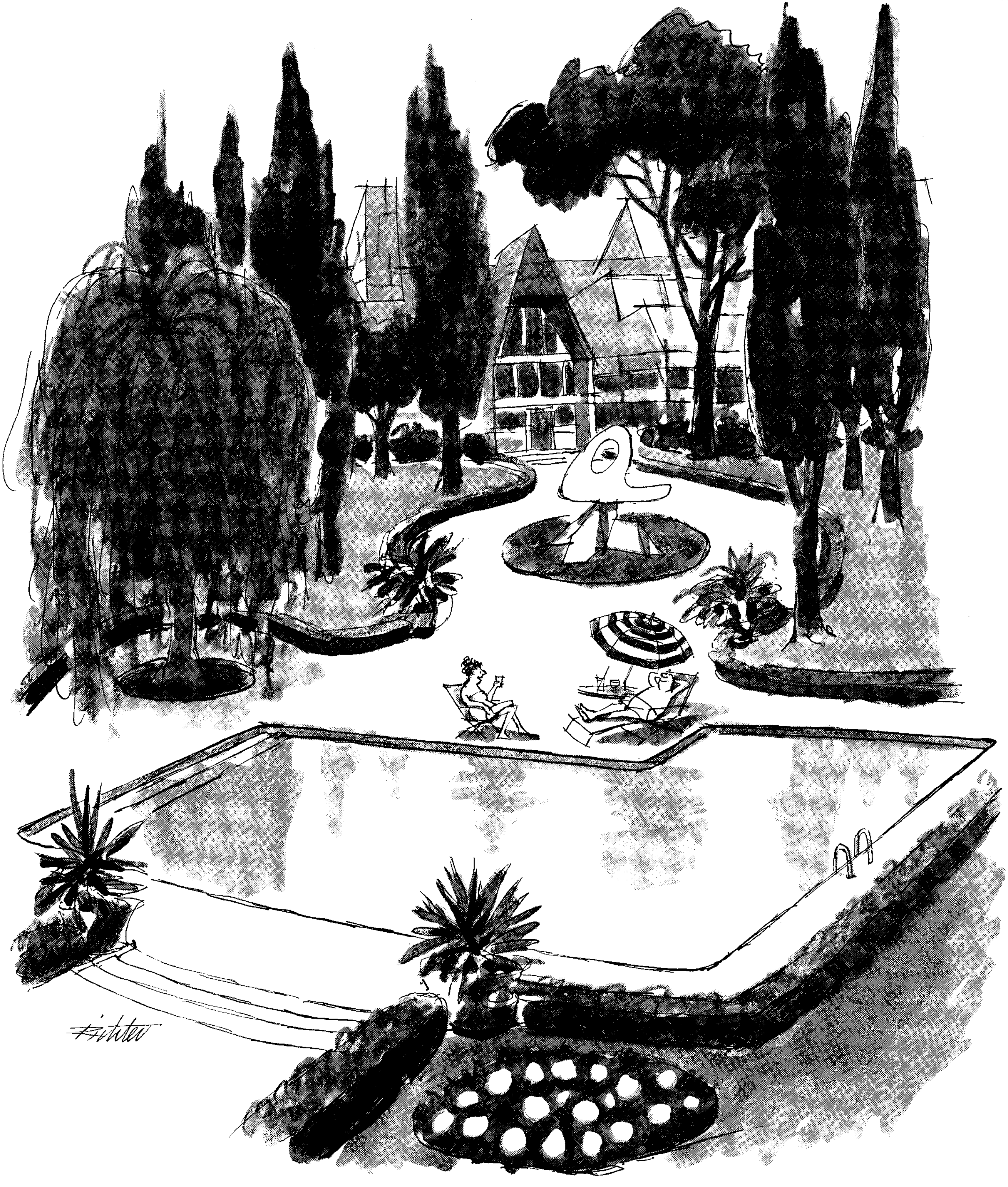
"Today wasn't a very special day. There was one wave that was pretty big but, more than that, was going very fast. When I got it, I accelerated and flew a couple of inches above the water, and, when I landed, just skidded across to the beach. This all happened at a very high speed, very fast—the whole ride. Another wave, trying to pull up on it, to get out, I realized I wasn't far enough up *on* it, so I would just crash. I tried to turn back. Suddenly, it was very calm for a split second, and then it pulled me down by my foot and, after a tiny split second, flipped me around and held me under for about eight seconds. I seemed to succeed for about a second, then suddenly it pulled my board so hard that the loop on the bungee cord around my hand shrank to miniature size and almost ripped my finger in half. It hurt. I went *wham!* and I bumped, bumped, bumped, bumped. A very painful day.

"What time is it, do you know?"



Military Presence

Appearances deceive. Times Square *seems* invulnerable. But if an invading force—enemies of democracy, perhaps, or representatives of a nation deficient in pornographic theatres—



"Now there's only one thing lacking—someone interviewing you."

• •

ever attacked that glorified area they would find but a single active-duty soldier of the United States Army there to repel them. Still, foreign powers, think twice: that lone defender, Sergeant Clarence Holmes, from his post behind a desk in the United States Armed Forces recruiting station, would prove a formidable adversary. No conventional arms for him, nor even any thermonuclear devices. Sergeant Holmes is pamphlet-equipped. And not with outdated, liquid-fuel pamphlets. Glossy, new-generation pamphlets. "You and the Army," "Count Your Benefits," "Married Couples' Decision Guide," "Skill Training," and "The Army College Fund" should slow up the initial attack. If the invaders breach his outer defenses, Sergeant Holmes can fall back on his bumper stickers: "Army. Be All You Can Be" and "There's Something Special About a Soldier." Should the situation deteriorate further, he can call in the heavy artillery—iron-on T-shirt transfers that urge things like "Go Army Reserve." Even disarmed, Sergeant Holmes can offer his name, rank, serial number, and a persuasive argument for enlistment. It is a safe bet, we think, that the Russians or whoever, given the chance to learn high-tech skills needed in today's job market *and* to earn low-interest college loans, would soon shed their old system of values and don the green of the United States Army. Provided, of course, that they didn't wash out in Sergeant Holmes' strict pre-screening. "We lose more than half our candidates right at the start," he told us on a recent Friday. "Too many criminal violations. Or they're overweight."

As it happens, Holmes doesn't have to deal with many invading hordes. The site of his glass-walled office—an island just below the confluence of Seventh Avenue and Broadway—makes an attack launched by real-estate speculators more likely, and during the morning we spent in his company most of the excitement was provided by an older woman wishing to know if this was where she could get half-price tickets for "A Chorus Line." There is also a steady stream of potential volunteers. Those who pass Holmes' initial scrutiny can sit back for a moment, gaze on the photograph of the multiple-launch rocket system "whose primary mission is the suppression of enemy artillery fire" and the portrait of George Bush, and ask questions of Sergeant Holmes, who served at Fort Dix, Fort Lee, and Fort Polk before arriving in Times Square. "The guys all want to know about boot camp. 'Do you think I'll make it?' 'Is it tough?' The females tend to worry about the little things. 'Are they going to make me cut my hair?' "

Many of the young men and women who saunter into Sergeant Holmes' office march out well on their way to becoming soldiers—or, more to the point, well on their way to becoming, say, 36 Kilos (Tactical Wire Operations Specialists). The promise of specialized training, Holmes says, attracts a large part of the all-volunteer Army. "They all want to know if they can get a special job. They're interested in computers, in aviation, in telecommunications. You don't hear too many of them saying they want to be in the infantry. And that's O.K. I'm the type of person, I like to help people. Some people, you almost have to beat them in the head before you can help them. I see all these people wandering around the streets, and I say to them, 'You can do better than *that*.' I get guys in here, I ask them when was their last job. Some of them say 1981. *1981!*"

•

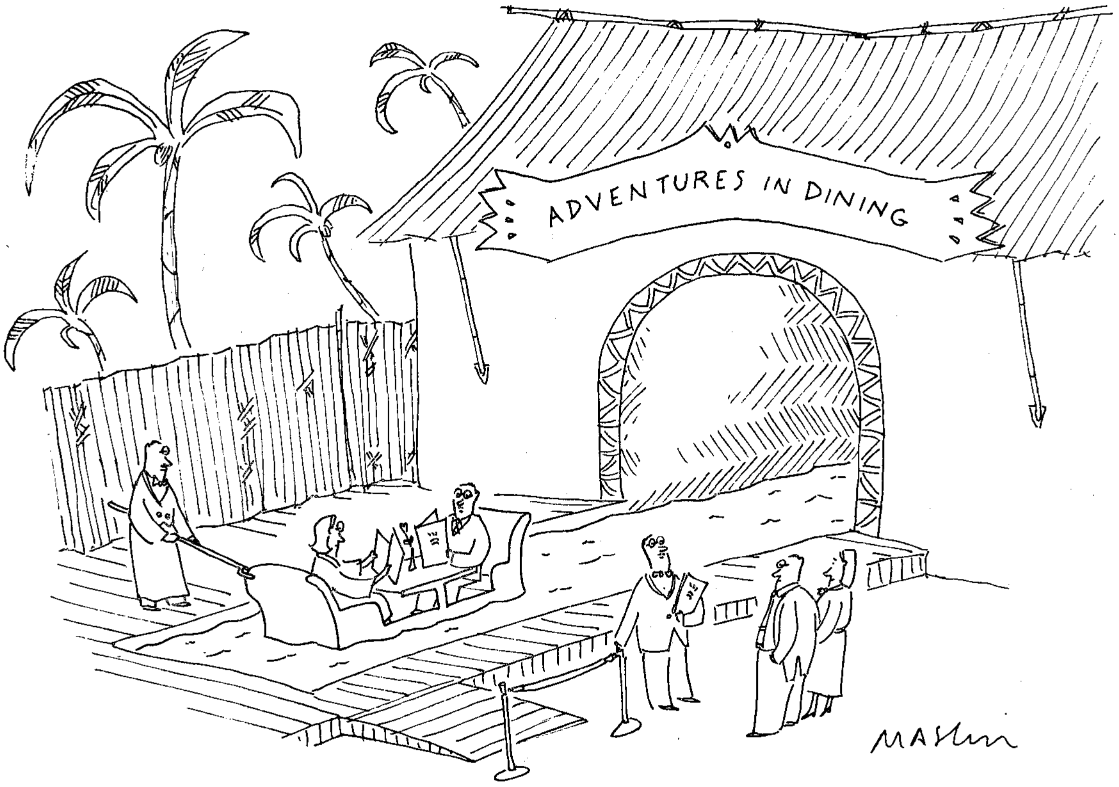
LATER that same Friday, at about 1430 hours, we reported to Mr. Robert Riddell, the executive director of New York City's U.S.O. center, situated on Forty-fifth Street a half-hearted toss of a stone from the recruiting booth. Mr. Riddell, who was in the first wave to hit Omaha Beach, struck us at once as being both of the nineteen-eighties and of the nineteen-forties—with some part of his psyche preserved intact, almost like those Japanese fellows they occasionally discover hiding out on Pacific islands. As a consequence, he proved to be one of the sweetest guys we've run across in a long time. In the space of forty-five minutes, our conversation, which started out dealing with the history of the U.S.O.—a worldwide nonprofit organization, unconnected to the Department of Defense and dating from the Second World War, that is dedicated to resting and relaxing American military personnel—ranged from the manners of the Boston Irish to the history of the Young Men's Christian Association, and included a number of nuggets like:

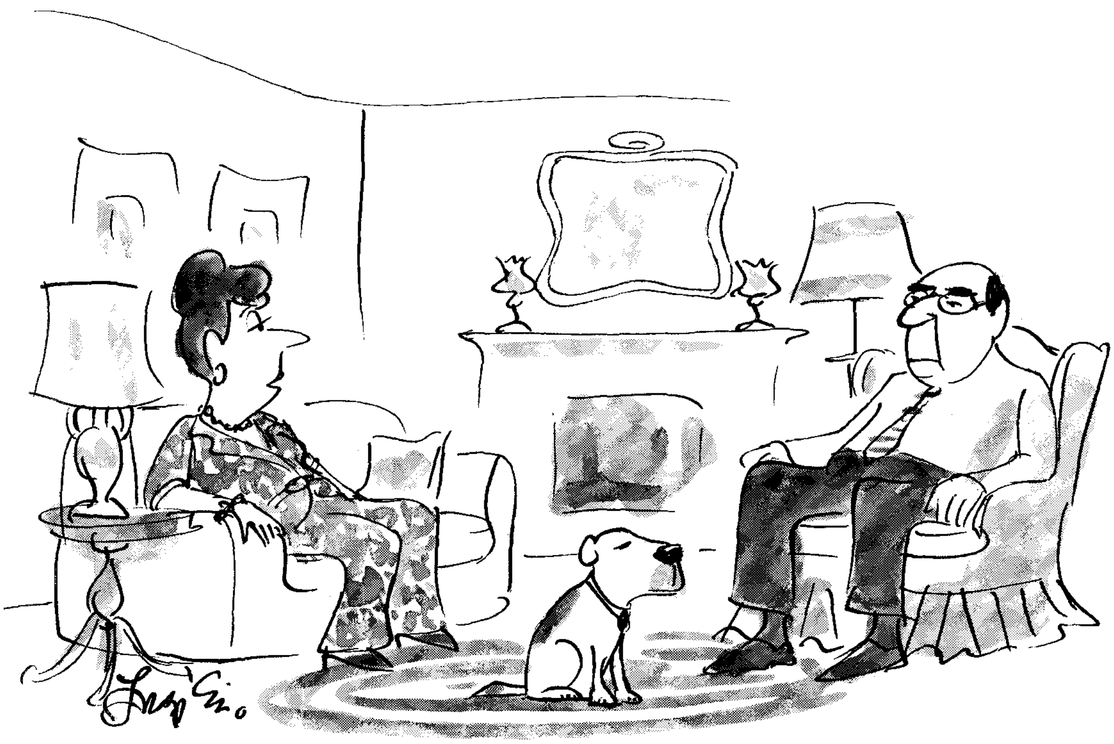
"Our mission here is to sell America and Americans to anyone who'll listen."

"The *beauty* of our nation is that we're alive and well, and that means we're always changing. You can see it in the food we eat—in the blocks around here there's Greek, there's Mexican, there's *everything*."

"The *beauty* of our nation is that a guy can come to New York and we can show him all these things we've got—tickets to the theatre, ballgames, you name it—and then he can say 'Thank you, but tonight I think I'll be a free soul and just walk around.' "

"There is a *greatness* in our national character, because we're healthy and growing. We're not the Latin language, which is *dead!*"





“If you ask me, all three of us are in different states of awareness.”

• •

If such sentiments sound corny, that says more about the rest of us than it does about Mr. Riddell, who was completely sincere and very moving.

Most of the time, though, Mr. Riddell avoids philosophy and instead, as head of the center’s professional staff, concentrates on the care and feeding of the nearly six hundred active-duty soldiers, sailors, Air Force men and women, and Marines who pass through each day. “As they enter, over here, they right away see these flags—that’s the U.S.O. flag, and that’s the West Point flag, and that, of course, that’s the Stars and Stripes. Now, over here, very discreetly, is the church directory, so these people, if they desire it, in their own inner self, they can see a list of all the churches. And down at the other end, here, is the food. Everything here is free. Our funds come from charity outfits and the public. We pour about a half-million cups of coffee a year. And Pepsi! Franks and rolls! And over here are the pamphlets about tourist attractions—we try to get any we can, because you never know what’s going to interest a person. To impose your interests on someone else, that’s a sin. No one ever leaves here hungry or thirsty. Or stupid!” said Mr. Riddell, with a big wink. The chief sightseeing draws change every few years, he added. “Forty years ago, the thing was Coney Island and Palisades Amusement Park. Now it’s the World Trade Center. The Statue of Liberty—that’s a perennial. And, believe it or not, what a lot of these guys won’t accept is that they’re *in* Times Square. They say, ‘I want to see Times Square. Where’s Times Square?’ We say, ‘Here it is, right here.’ They say, ‘Naaah.’ They want a marker or something. They think we’re holding out on them.” Mr. Riddell gave a booming laugh.

Some of the men and women who come into the U.S.O. are stationed at nearby bases, and frequently the crew of a ship visiting from some foreign Navy enjoys its hospitality, but the bulk of the business involves helping out servicemen and women who are in New York on their way somewhere else. “We had a family in here today, totally punched out. They were just off a flight from Saudi Arabia. He was totally disoriented, and his wife was jet-lagged out. It’s a pretty big shock, Saudi Arabia to Times Square,” Mr. Riddell said. “I can show you the toughest Green Beret major—no one can beat him in combat. But put him in a car coming up the Jersey Pike with his wife and kids, and he turns into a jellyfish. A *jellyfish*. He may not know about hotel reservations—anything. So we set him up, get him refreshed, and then we ask him what he wants to see. The greatest kicker for him may be just taking his wife up to look in the windows at Tiffany’s.” For those seeking stronger fare, the U.S.O. hands out theatre and movie tickets, passes to baseball games, and vouchers for low-priced dinners at midtown restaurants. “We don’t want to keep them within four walls,” Riddell says. “Forty years ago, the U.S.O. had just exactly the opposite idea—keep them inside the walls, in a well-lit environment. You’d have your local celebrity, a little band, you’d have a pot of coffee—that was the U.S.O. Of course, forty years ago so much of the nation was like strangers. In those days, we were very provincial. If you had a guy from California, you’d call him California. You could say, ‘Hey, Alabama, what’s up?’ Some guy would move to within seventy-five miles of where Daniel Boone was living, and he’d get all cranky and move away. That sort of stuck in my craw. Myself, I don’t much care for Daniel Boone. The big reason for the U.S.O. back then was to provide a place where people could mix, mix, mix. But anyway these days we have more of a cultural tone.”

The radio and the television set were both blaring as Mr. Riddell led us out of his office, past Herman Levine, a First World War veteran who is eighty-nine definitely going on ninety and who volunteers his time making lunch for “the boys.” Mr. Riddell said, “In a day, you can have the world come through here. In a week, it’s practically guaranteed. You get nurses from Greenland on their way home from evacuating a crash in the barren ice fields, and guys from jungle-warfare school in Panama. And the nicest sort of people. It’s for real—that’s why I come here every day. I could sit in a movie, but this is for real.”

ONE DAY

HENRY was twenty, and for almost fifteen years of his life he had understood that he didn't like his older brother, Gerald. His father, Carl, didn't care that Henry didn't get along with Gerald, but his mother, who thought the boys would grow into affection for each other, now asked more often what was wrong. Whenever Henry admitted that he disliked Gerald, his mother said, "Life is too short not to love your brother." On this particular visit, Henry had told her that he didn't actually dislike Gerald—he was indifferent. "This is no time to be indifferent," she had said. Gerald was in the process of getting divorced. He had been married to a woman named Cora. Probably the nicest thing Henry could remember about her was that she had once praised him excessively and convincingly for changing a tire. The most embarrassing thing happened the time he shared a canoe with her on a water ride at an amusement park; thrown against her as the canoe turned and tilted, he had twice reached out reflexively to steady himself and made the mistake of grabbing her breast instead of her arm.

Henry and Gerald had just arrived, separately, at their parents' house in Wilton. Gerald was already stretched out on a chaise, with his shirt off, drinking a gin-and-tonic, getting a tan. After Henry had done a little work around the yard, he reverted, as always, to being childish: he was drinking Coke and putting together a jigsaw puzzle.

It was Carl's birthday. Henry had given his father a pair of swimming trunks patterned with a mishmash of hibiscus, hummingbirds, and something that looked like brown bananas. His mother had bought his father more weights for his barbell. Earlier in the day, two boxes had been delivered from the store. After the delivery boy lowered them to the kitchen floor, he had shaken his hands and then examined his palms. "God help me," he said.

"Henry, darling," his mother, Verna, said now. She had come out of the house and stood in front of the picnic table, where he was assembling a puzzle that would be a pizza all the way when he finished. She put a mug of iced tea next to him on the table. There were no glasses in the house—only mugs. He had never asked why. When she said "Henry, darling," it meant that she was announcing her presence in case he wanted to talk. He didn't. He pushed two pieces together. An anchovy overlapped a piece of green pepper.

"Thank you for trimming the hedge," she said.

"You're welcome," he said.

"I think that Gerald is more upset about the divorce than he lets on. A friend of Daddy's called Gerald this morning to play golf, and he wouldn't."

Henry nodded. More to get away from Verna than to commiserate with his brother, he got up and walked across the lawn to where Gerald lay stretched out on the chaise, eyes closed. Gerald was only twenty-seven, but he looked older. There was a little roll of fat around the belt line of his khaki jeans. Henry knew that Gerald knew that he was standing there. Gerald didn't open his eyes. An ant was running around the rim of Gerald's gin-and-tonic. Henry brushed it in.

"Feel like going down to the driving range and hitting a couple of buckets?" Henry said.

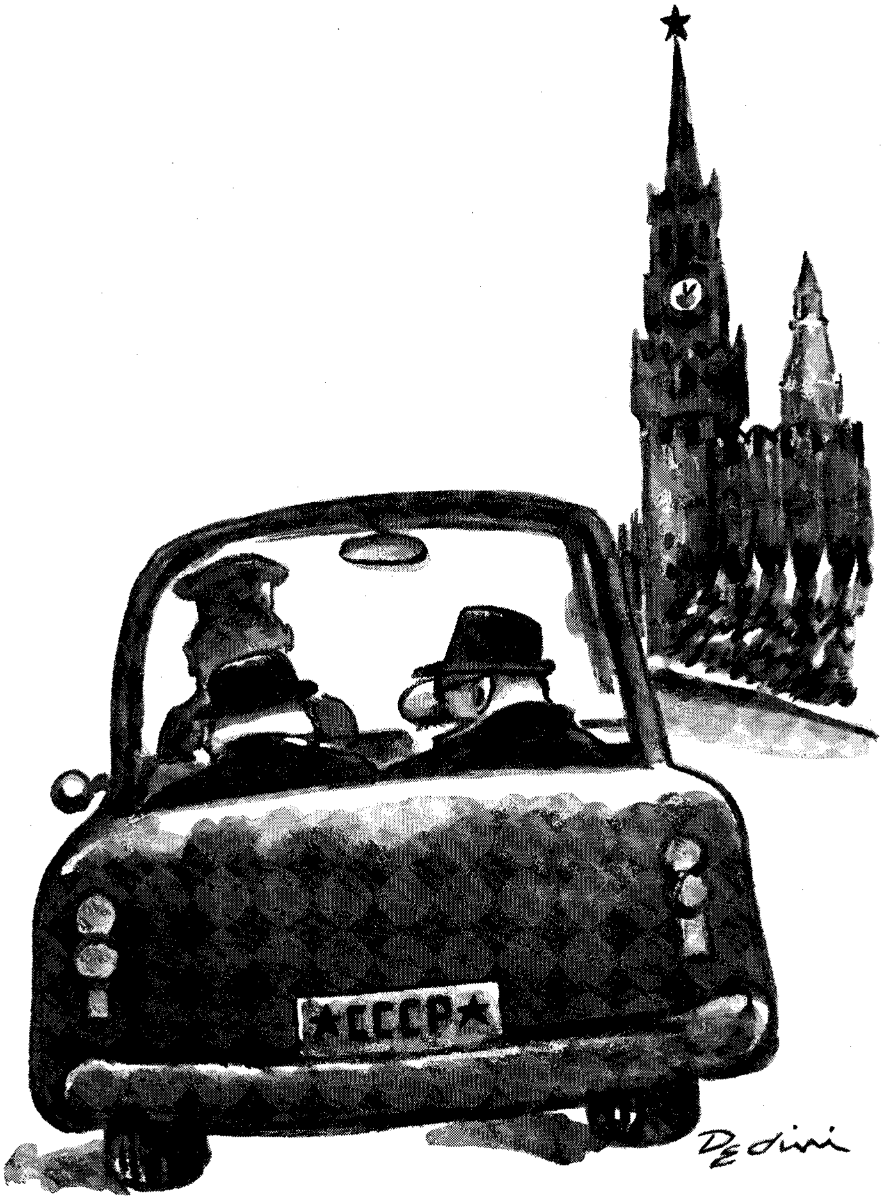
"You know what I feel like?" Gerald said. "I feel like going to bed with somebody who's beautiful and eighteen years old and who doesn't ask a million questions."

"You care if it's a girl?" Henry said.

"Ha, ha," Gerald said.

"What questions?" Henry said.

"About everything I ever did or thought before I got into bed with her, and what I'm going to act like and what I'm going to think the minute I stand up."



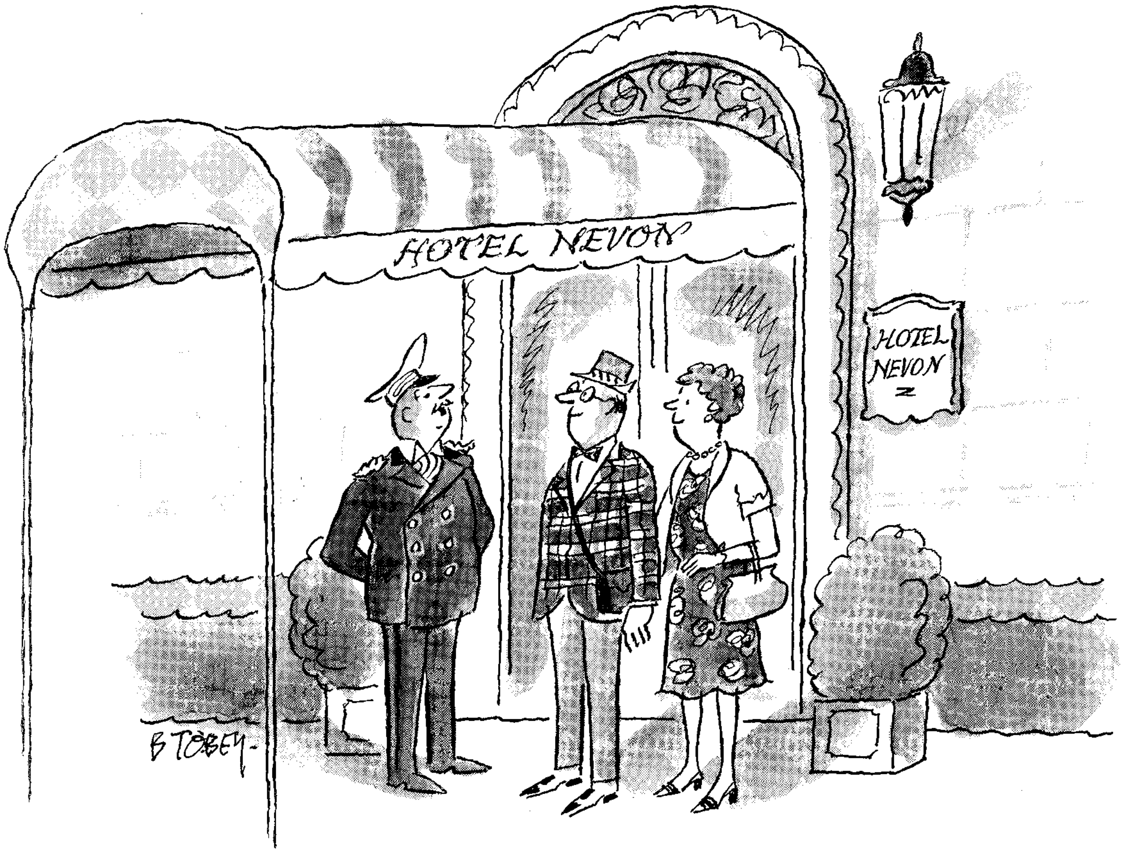
"Where have all the laughs gone?"

Henry sat on the grass, pulled a blade, and chewed on the end. Then he tossed it away and walked down the sloping lawn to where his mother stood, shaking insecticide onto rose leaves.

"He's pretty sad," Henry said. "But he's been thinking about things. He says he's going to church on Sunday."

"Church?" his mother said.

The sun shone through the green visor his mother was wearing. Her face was yellow.



"If you like atriums, don't miss the one at the Ford Foundation."

HENRY went back onto the porch to get out of the sun. Through the front screen he saw the newly cut grass, the level privet hedge that bordered the front lawn. In front of the walk, the street was empty. He tried to imagine Sally's rusty beige Ford parked there.

No one in the family approved of Sally, the woman he loved. She had been his graphic-design teacher. She was thirty-three, divorced, and had an eight-year-old daughter named Laurel, who wasn't at all charming; the girl wore thick glasses and usually stood behind, or right alongside, her mother. The child's skin, in full sun, was as pale as sand. She often had rashes and mosquito bites that she scratched until they got scabs. Henry and Sally had become lovers a few months ago, and recently he had been staying with her at the loft she was subletting in SoHo. This week, she and Laurel had gone to visit her sister in Providence, but they were coming back for Carl's birthday party, and in the morning the three of them would drive back to New York.

Henry looked out the other side of the porch. Gerald had gotten up and, with his gin-and-tonic mug in one hand, was fanning water out of a garden hose onto the roses.

"*No!*" Verna screamed, coming around the side of the house from the garden with a basket of freshly picked vegetables in one hand. "Didn't you see the white powder? For the *aphids*, Gerald. Don't—"

Gerald turned the hose on Verna.

"Gerald!" she shrieked.

"How come you call him Henry darling and I'm just Gerald?" he said. "Showing preference damages children."

"You're insane," Verna said, running toward the porch, cucumbers and lettuce spilling out of the basket.

Gerald was laughing loudly. Verna ran onto the porch, dropped the basket, and stomped into the kitchen. Henry considered going inside to find out if she still wanted him to love his brother. Gerald trained the hose on one chaise after another. Then he aimed it at the roses again, no longer laughing. His face had the rigidity of a soldier pointing a rifle. Henry watched until Gerald dropped the hose and headed for the spigot outside the porch to turn off the water.

"You're losing it, darling," Henry said.

SALLY'S daughter, Laurel, was too shy to stand up with the rest of the group for a birthday toast. She was half under the picnic table, petting a neighbor's cat.

"To me!" Carl said heartily, raising a thermos cap full of champagne.

Gerald had given him the thermos for his birthday. Carl was also wearing the swimming trunks, with knee-high black socks and black cordovans. "To the birthday boy at the end of his forty-ninth year, and"—he turned toward Sally—"to new friends." He raised the cup higher. "To the sailboat I'm buying," he said.

"What sailboat?" Verna said.

"A white one," he said.

"You're going to buy a *sailboat?*" Verna said.

"A white one," he said.

"Telephone!" Gerald said, running down the lawn toward the house.

"Why not a sailboat?" Carl said. "Business was very good this year, considering. No one asks me how business is. It's fine, thank you." He raised his cup. He had still not had a drink of champagne. Sally sipped her champagne. Henry's mug was empty. He walked over to the table, knocking the box top with the pieces of puzzle onto the lawn with his elbow as he took the bottle out of the cooler and poured. Champagne foamed out of his mug. He held it away from him, then licked his wrist.

"Excuse me," Sally whispered to Henry. "I'm going to the bathroom." She handed him her empty mug. Head down, she walked down the hill toward the house.

Carl, sitting on a chaise now, said, "I was really expecting a new sand wedge for my birthday."

Verna sat on the bench by the picnic table. "Perhaps when Gerald gets back we should have the cake," she said.

"I'll get the cake," Henry said, and walked toward the house. Laurel caught his eye and ran to his side when he opened the porch door. She was still holding the cat. It jumped out of her arms and ran under a bush. He wished she'd stayed with the others; he thought that Sally had gone to the bathroom because his family had made her uncomfortable, and he wanted to talk to her.

"Where's Mommy?" Laurel said.

"In the bathroom," he said, pointing.

"Anything. Anything, if only you'll have me back," Gerald was saying on the telephone. "Counselling—hell, I'd have electroshock therapy. Anything. *Anything*."

Henry stood in the hallway, looking at his brother. Gerald looked at him and smiled. "Wrong number," he said, and hung up.

"Mommy, the cat likes it here," Laurel said, skipping to the bathroom door. "It didn't go home or anything."

The birthday cake was on the kitchen table, sitting on top of a paper doily on top of a footed cake stand—a tall chocolate cake, with "Happy Birthday" written in loopy white icing. A packet of candles and a book of matches lay beside it, ready for the occasion. Henry tapped out some candles and began to press the little wicks upright, stiffening them between his thumb and forefinger.

"Mommy, that cat has a real short tail," Laurel said.

The telephone rang, and Henry picked it up.

"Gerald?" a woman said.

"No. This is Henry."

"Henry—it's Cora. Is Gerald there?"

"Did you just call?" he said.

"Yes."

"I think he's had a few drinks. Maybe you ought to call back later."

"I should have known better. I'm at the emergency room, waiting to have a broken ankle set. I fell off a damned stone wall. I called to see if he had that card with the insurance-policy number on it."

"Do you want me to go get him?" Henry said.

"No," she said. "I just remembered that even on the rare occasions when I can communicate with him it's never worth the price." She hung up.

Laurel walked on her heels through the kitchen, calling over her shoulder, "Mommy said I could play with the cat." Henry heard the door slam. He continued to push wicks upright. Then he arranged the candles in two concentric circles. Sally had been in the bathroom too long. He went to the bathroom door.

"Sally," he said.

"What?" she said.

"After we have the cake, let's leave, O.K.?"

"This is the way families turn out," she said.

"No, it isn't," he said.

"Rick got remarried this week. To that woman with the kid that we ran

THE AUGUST DARKS

Stealth of the flood tide, the moon dark
but still at work, the herring shoals
somewhere offshore, looked for
but not infallible, as the tide is,
as the August darks are—

stealth of the seep of daylight, the boats
bird-white above the inlet's altering
fish-silver, the murmur of the motor
as the first boat slips out
ahead of daylight

into the opening aorta, that heaving
reckoning whose flux informs the heart-
beat of the fisherman—poor,
dark, fallible-infallible
handful of a marvel

murmuring unasked inside the rib cage,
workplace covert as the August darks are,
as is the moon's work, masked within
the blazing atrium of daylight,
the margin of its dwindling

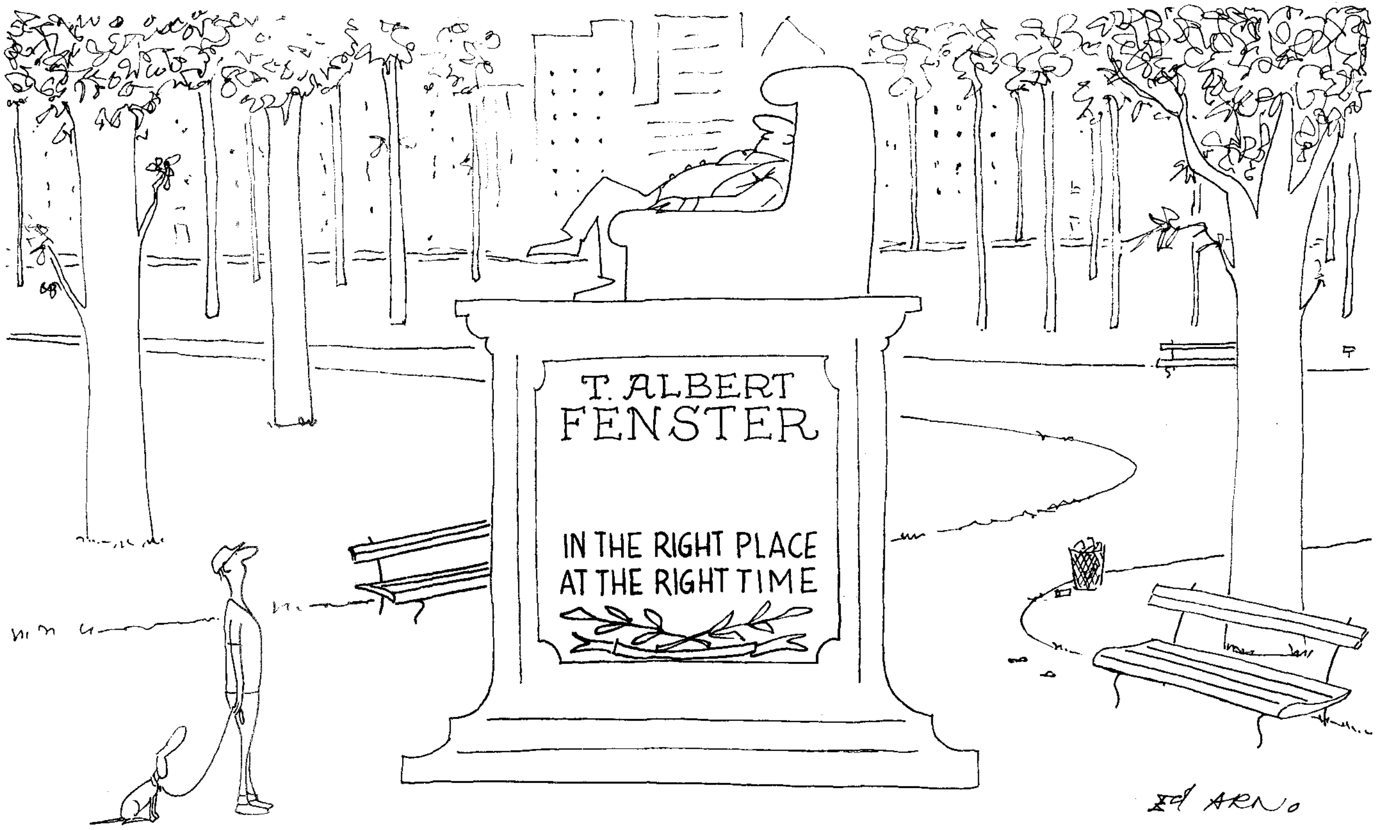
sanguine as with labor, but effortless—
as is the image, far out, illusory
at the dark's edge, of the cruise ship
moving, seemingly unscathed by effort,
bright as a stage set

for the miming of the tiara'd swan's danced
dying, the heartbeat's prodigies of strain
unseen, the tendons' ache, the blood-
stained toe shoes, the tulle
sweat-stained, contained

out where the herring wait, beyond
that surf-roar on the other side of silence
we should die of (George Eliot
declared) were we to hear it. Many
have already died of it.

—Amy Clampitt

• •


T. ALBERT FENSTER
IN THE RIGHT PLACE AT THE RIGHT TIME
Ed Arno

• •

into on Sixth Avenue. Laurel hates the kid. She's going to have to spend July with them."

He put his fingertips to the door. "It's only June," he said.

Sally laughed.

"Sally," he said.

"I don't know how to act around your parents," she said. "I'm not doing anything right."

"You do more things right than anybody I can think of," he said.

She sniffled. She had been crying. "What if I was really going to the bathroom? It would be embarrassing, with you standing right up against the door."

"Nothing's changed between us," he said. "This is one day. My father's in a bad mood. My brother's nuts. I told you about my brother."

"I have to pee," she said. "Please get away from the door."

LAUREL was sitting on a chair in the kitchen, facing the table and the cake. "I wish I could have that cat," she said.

Out the window Henry saw his father and brother wrestling. Verna was still on the bench, sipping champagne. The cat, standing by a tree, seemed to be watching what was going on. Henry saw Verna's face turn stony; she put her mug on the table and smacked her hands. The cat ran away, taking high leaps like a rabbit moving through tall grass. He picked up more candles and poked them into the inner circle of the cake.

"I'm not afraid of matches," Laurel said.

The birthday cake had gotten her attention. She swung her feet back and forth, eyes riveted on it. Her barrette had slipped; it was clamped below her ear, holding only a few strands of hair. Laurel picked up the book of matches. "Light one and give it to me," she said.

He struck a match and held it out to her. For a second, her fingers touched his. They were so thin that it didn't seem she could hold anything heavier than a match. He watched her, intent on seeing that she didn't burn her fingers—so intent that the whole ring was aflame and the match blown out before he realized the problem. The inner circle of candles was unlit, and now there was no way to light them. She knew it, too. "What should I do?" she said softly.

"Hurry up," he said, putting his hand on her back, tilting her forward. "Blow them out. Start again."

Laurel took a deep breath and blew out half the candles. She sucked in her breath and blew again. The others went out, and a little blue cloud rose above the cake. When the candles didn't flare up again—when he saw that this time they weren't those joke candles that somehow reignite themselves after a few seconds—he crouched and put his arm around Laurel. Outside, the light had almost disappeared. No one was coming toward the house yet, but things wouldn't stay the way they were much longer.

—ANN BEATTIE

•

BLOCK THOSE METAPHORS!

[*Kevin Phinney in the Austin* (*Texas*) *American-Statesman*]

In performance, the cast makes Shaffer's script over from a dormant behemoth into a seething, wrathful act. At the center is Jonathan Farwell, as ruthless a Salieri as ever need be. All of "Amadeus" rests on Salieri's shoulders, and Farwell wears this yoke like a jeweled crown.

No stones are left unturned finding the acerbic humor in Shaffer's book, most of them baubles that Farwell tosses to the audience with the disconcerted air of nobility. Ah, but when he is humbled, or rather, should be humbled in confronting God, Farwell's dignity raises the night to an even higher pitch.

Peter Kingsley, as Mozart, begins as a foulmouthed imp, and ends the play a sapling snapped by opposing hurricanes.

ILLUSION OF YOUTH

I AM deep in a trench, building the foundation for an addition to my house—digging, shovelling, measuring, laying concrete blocks, levelling, cementing—when I realize that I am not alone. Looking up, I see the broad figure of Jonathan, a painter friend, who is watching me with surprise, curiosity, pity, concern, misgiving, and God knows what else. “Why are you doing it?” he asks me.

“It gives me an illusion of youth,” I reply.

That will do for an answer. It is as accurate as any I can think of. For the same reason I sometimes will climb a mountain, or drive six hundred miles in a day, or sail a small boat out of the harbor, out of the bay, into the open sea, with its swells and currents—all for an illusion of youth. I am slipping into old age, and these efforts seem to slow its advent, almost arrest it.

But this addition is the largest single enterprise I have ever undertaken—certainly if measured in calories expended. My shirt is soaked with sweat. The mosquitoes are worse than they have been for years. I lose weight. My hands are like grappling irons. My tendons ridge at the wrists; my sinews play, and shadows dance down my forearms. I am a novice at this, but I have a little book, “How to Build an Addition,” which I often consult.

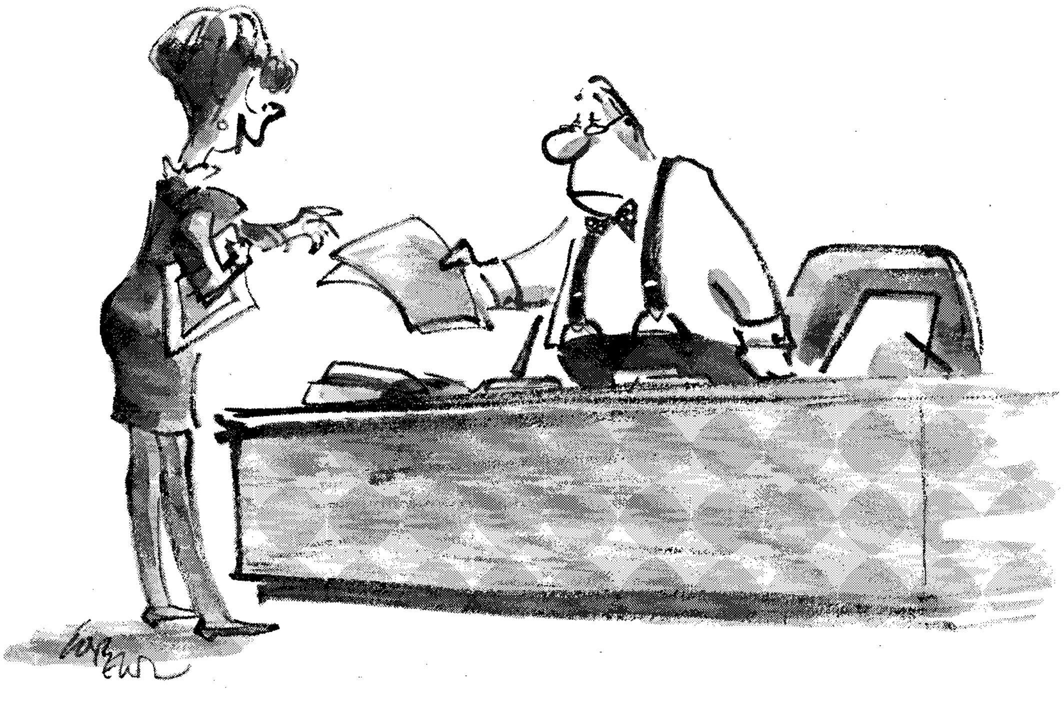
There are other reasons, too, for my building it. But I know that a single reason, or one excuse, usually sounds more convincing than many. I am also doing it to save money, since the cost of labor is so high, and for the exercise. And because, hard though the work is, I find it easier than reading or writing plays—what I am really supposed to be doing. I am not very good at measuring things, but I am strong, or I was strong—more than once I've been told I look like a laborer, a farmer—and maybe I was meant to be doing heavy work of this sort instead of wielding a pen, one of the lightest of tools (the very word means feather). And I am doing it to have a studio for the time I am here, a quiet place at the back of the house where I can work, though I know perfectly well that one good idea would give me the energy to do that almost anywhere, but it is just that felicitous idea that is lacking, and the energy it would impart.

“I mean, what are you going to use it for?” Jonathan says.

“A studio.”

That's what I say, what I said when I applied for a building permit. But I am not sure that I shall ever use it. It's just possible I may be building it not as a studio at all but as a rental unit, so that my wife, Jessie, will have an income if I leave her. Long ago, I read a line about married couples: “No sooner do they build an addition than they divorce.” I remember the words distinctly; they were printed at the top of a left-hand page. Why did they strike me so? Is it because they will apply to my wife and me? Am I building the addition so I won't feel so guilty about leaving her? But I have been through this sort of thing before. Years ago, when we bought this house, I set about fixing it so I could leave her in a house that, unlike our marriage, might last. But the fact is that twenty years have passed and I haven't left her, and I may not this time, either. Perhaps—more likely—I'm building it for our old age: a well-insulated, ground-floor room with a wood-burning stove, with a small bathroom and even smaller kitchen beside it, where we can live cheaply without having to go into the rest of the house in the winter, and certainly without climbing up the steep staircase to our separate bedrooms. She and I in one room, as we were in our youth, right after our marriage. Such opposite possibilities—on one side distance and divorce, on the other nearness and reunion.

And still another reason for building it may be so that the children will inherit from me something more than the old house. “The addition is an A-1 investment,” the little book says in its preamble. My father left more to me than I can leave them; his father more to him than he left me. But isn't this the usual way with fathers and children?



“Ooh, Mr. Billings! Suspenders! How cute!”

“WHY don't you get someone to help you?” Jessie asks.

“I like to work by myself. I don't work well with others.”

But my son, Daniel, fifteen, off his dishwashing job for the day, wheels one barrowful after another of concrete blocks for me from the front yard, where the truck has dumped them, to the back yard, where I am working. How easily he does it, how tirelessly he works. Ah, that's real youth, not just its illusion.

My hands are so grimy no amount of scrubbing will clean them. The lime of the mortar dries out my palms. It leaves a tingling, burning sensation. I should be wearing gloves, and I try to, but they get in my way and soon I discard them. The skin of my hands is so taut it seems to have shrunk, and I open and close them to stretch it. I take comfort: some people do this all their lives, their relief a cold glass of beer and the warmth of a woman, their roughened hands around breasts, between thighs. I long to rest my hands on such softness, and I think about the surface of things; four feet under the earth, I am in love with its surface. Why are people always looking for depth? Even a quarter of an inch down, you get dust, mud, cinders, while the surface is redolent with flowers, grass, trees. The surface of the sea shines, while its depths are murky and cold. A fraction of an inch below the surface of the skin, its beauty is lost even in the fairest of beings. There may be other wonders beneath, but not beauty. I've been looking far too deep for what is on the surface. Never mind; soon I'll be at ground level.

Six courses of concrete blocks to lay, and I am only on the first one. A wild, tireless urge to finish it assails me, but I must work carefully or I shall have to do it over. The how-to book insists that to avoid trouble later everything must be level, plumb, straight, accurately measured, and the corners square. For that, it says to follow Pythagoras' theorem: eight feet from the corner on one side, six on the other, and the hypotenuse must measure ten, or it's not a right angle, for $8^2+6^2=10^2$. So I've cut sticks of those lengths and keep checking. And I thought I'd never have any use for the theorem at school forty years ago, when my mind roved constantly out of squares and triangles into the limitless spaces beyond.

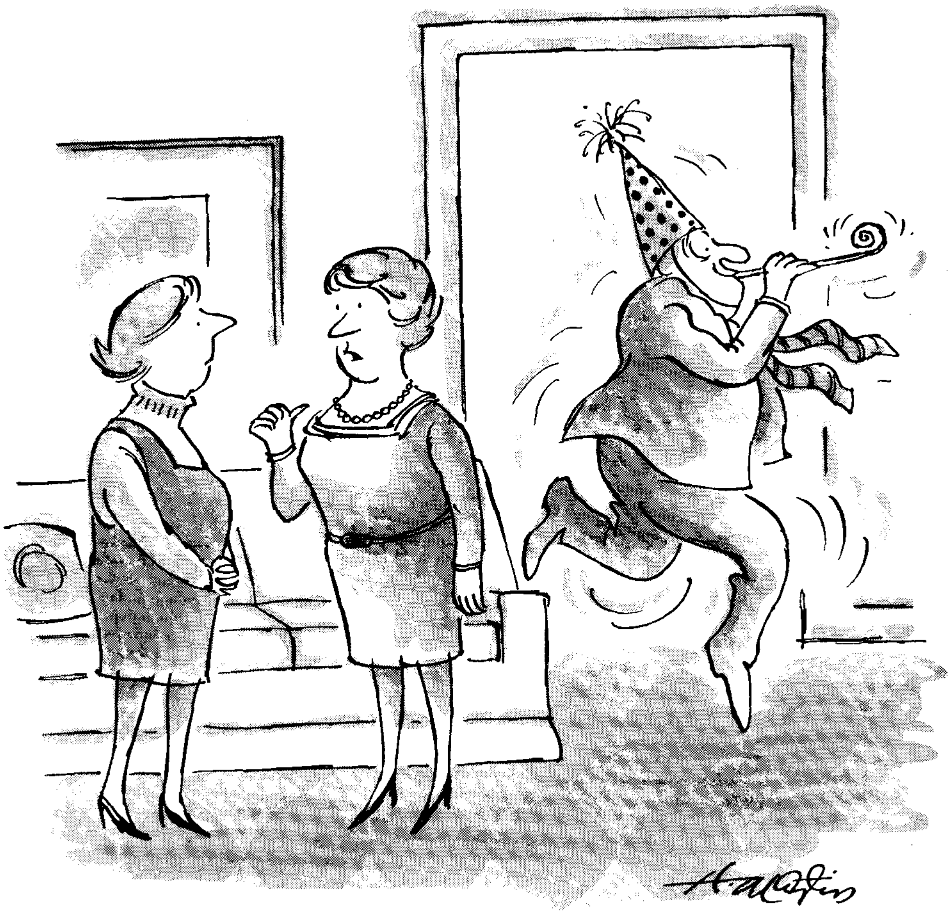
"How's your project going?" says Ray, down at the lumberyard.

"Well, I've got the first tier done."

"Good, that's the hardest. It'll go quicker after that."

He's a man nearly my age, gray-haired and sunken-cheeked, but absolutely cheerful. He walks briskly, sometimes runs with the alacrity of a recruit, then takes time to choose the best material for me. With expert eyes he examines a board for warpage and rot. "This one's pretty good," he says.

This going to the lumberyard makes me feel part of the life of the town. Inside the shop, the men joke and tell stories. One of them—a portly, good-natured man leaning against the counter—tells me he sold million-dollar I.B.M. computers before he retired, and, though this is probably true, at times I accept as factual what is not meant to be so. "I am very gullible," I reply when people explain.



"For Willard, life is a ball. For me, it isn't."

• •

THE second course *is* easier. But still I make mistakes, and often have to undo what I have done. These concrete blocks are wrist-breaking. Sometimes, when I feel weak, they seem bigger than they really are—gigantic, as if I were looking at them with a magnifying glass. I often wish I were working with stones of a more manageable size—pretty stones that I could gather at the beach, stones of various shades, wave-smoothed, of fine grain—instead of this dull, uniform gray of coarse composition, with its sharp corners and edges that are so rough on one's hands. Or even with bricks, as in the old days when the house was built. But, of course, blocks are faster to work with and cheaper than bricks.

The urgency to get things done keeps me going. Jessie wonders at my energy. It stems not from a sense of discipline—which I am far from possessing—but from the thought of the possible uses of this room. Still, I am not a fast worker, and the days go by, and the weeks. At the end of each day, I am so tired that rest is more restful than it has ever been, as good as food to the starved, or water to the thirsting. "My dire thirst, dearer you are to me than all the fresh waters of the streams," says D'Annunzio. So my exhaustion is dearer to me than soft pillows.

I AM laying the sixth and final tier of concrete blocks. Three hundred had been stacked in two tall piles on either side of the back yard, and now the piles are down to almost nothing. The blocks are all mortared, firmly in place, dry, solid as rock, in a deep, large, neat, gray rectangle—not very pretty. Jonathan, looking as serene as the skies he likes to paint, drops by to observe what I've done. "It looks like a swimming pool," he says, and tells me I should stop there, pour a concrete floor, and fill it with water. "I like to swim in the ocean," I say.

From now on the work should be easier and more pleasant. I'll be using lighter material—wood—and I look forward to the next stage. It will be like vaulting skyward compared to what I've been doing. But first I have to lay two concrete-block piers for the girder, and cement a dozen anchor bolts to the top course, or in a hurricane the building might be blown off its foundation. I follow the book to the letter. Much as I'd want to, I can't afford to be inventive, lacking as I am in experience.

Every step takes longer than I thought it would, and I ponder each new one, so this addition becomes very much a full-time occupation. I worry about it as I rest at lunch, or in bed at night. My thoughts these days don't rise far aboveground—I keep measuring things in my mind, over and over; small structural problems absorb me; I leaf through the book and try to calculate how long it will take me to finish the job. It is the end of July. Right after Labor Day I'll have to go and teach again, as I have done for years, alone, in a college, leaving my family here. The addition must be finished before then, or at least the roof put up, and I may not have enough time. I should have started earlier, but in June I had to clear the ground, fix the side of the house, and prepare it for where the addition will meet it.

I anchor the wooden bedplates to the foundation, set in the sills and the girder, then across it lay thirteen joists over which I nail the plywood, each of these steps taking me at least a few days. "Well, I've got the deck done," I tell Jessie at last, and we survey it from the window.

"It looks like a terrace," she says. "We could put deck chairs on it, and a table with an umbrella."

"It looks like a beautiful dance floor," says Livia, my younger daughter. "Why don't you leave it like that?"

"Soon it'll look like a room," I say, confidently.

IT is the middle of August. The weather turns rainy. I protect my deck with vinyl sheets, but still the water seeps through to the insulation I stapled under the floor. Then the sky clears. My neighbor, Stephen, a summer resident who has a gift shop next door, comes through a gap in the hedge to see how I am doing.

"When do you have to leave?" he asks.

"The tenth of September."

"You won't finish it by then," he says, as if he were stating a fact.

"No? You don't think so?"

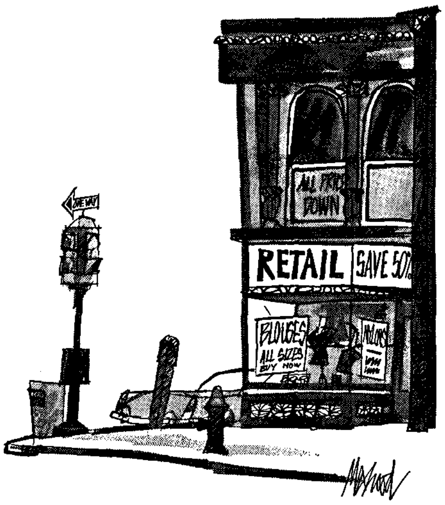
"No. You'd better get some help. I'd help you if I weren't so busy."

"Oh, I know, thank you. But I think I can do it. If I can just get the roof up."

"It takes time. Why don't you call T. & M.? They'll frame it for you, get the shell done and tarpaper it; then you can do the rest any time, even when you get back at Christmas."

"T. & M.?"

"Thorndike and Mills. They do a good job. Real professional people. Tell 'em I sent you," and he runs at the tap of a bell in his shop.



I pause and consider. If I am not going on to the end, this is the time to stop. I can't put the walls up without the roof, or the roof without asphalt shingles. But I can do it, I tell myself, and I count the days I have left. Eighteen. In eighteen days I can do it. I know just what to do, every step. I have to do it by myself—or it won't be my own. If I'm going to leave and leave something, let it be something I made.

I tell my wife what Stephen has said about getting a builder to finish the job.

"He's right," she says. "It's too big a job. Take a rest. You've been working all summer."

Her words and Stephen's are like sails that have come alongside and taken the wind out of my own.

"But it's the best part, the framing, the only part that's any fun. I've been grovelling in dirt; now at last I'm above it. The rest will all be high up in the air. I want to do it by myself."

"You can't. There isn't the time."

"I think I can do it by the tenth."

"What if it starts raining again?"

"Then I'd be stuck. But I could cover what I put up with vinyl."

"August, September is hurricane season. The wind may blow the vinyl sky-high."

"You're always so negative. I'd feel young again doing it."

THE INDIGO BUNTING

I go to the door often.
Night and summer. Crickets
lift their cries.
I know you are out,
you are driving
late through the summer night.

What will happen I do not know.
I have no claim on you,
I am one star
you use as guide, others
love you, the night
so dark over the Azores.

You have been working outdoors,
gone all week. I feel you
in this lamp lit
so late. As I reach for it,
I feel myself
driving through the night.

I love a firmness in you
that disdains the trivial
and regains the difficult.
You become part then
of the firmness of night,
of the granite holding up walls.

There are women in Egypt who
supported with their firmness the stars
as they revolved,
hardly aware
of the passage from night
to day and back to night.

I love you where you go
through the night, not swerving,
clear as the indigo
bunting in her flight,
passing over two
thousand miles of ocean.

—ROBERT BLY

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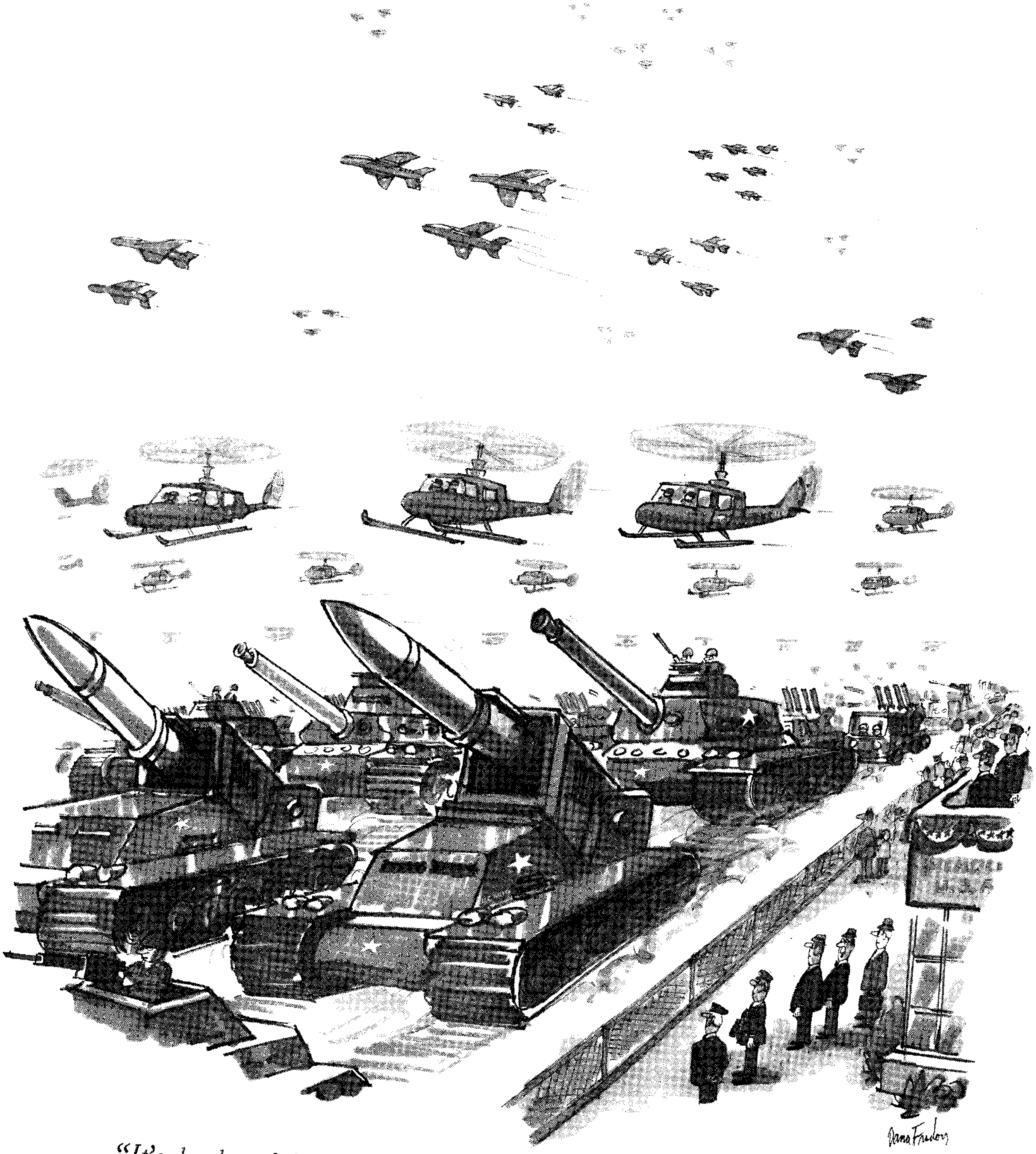


"It's hard to believe that everything doesn't have a military solution."

• •

"You've done the hardest part—the foundation."

"You can hardly see it. It's nearly all underground."

She is silent, and I go on, "And who knows what the builders will charge."

"Forget about money. Get an estimate. It can't hurt."

The voice of reason, the weight of things are against me. Discouraged, I look at the phone, and I pick it up reluctantly.

WALTER THORNDIKE has a very accommodating tone, a voice that betrays a smile, as I tell him what I've done, what is yet to be done, and the little time I have left. He and his partner will be over tomorrow.

They arrive. Thorndike is elderly, thin, with a beard; Derek Mills stout, middle-aged. The thin one is carrying a briefcase. Had they been young and vigorous, I would have felt better, less deprived—there's a certain irony in the thought that people near my age should replace me in my job. They size up the place while I tell them my ideas for the addition. What work I have done they don't praise, but neither do they criticize it. They measure and make notes. I tell them where I want the windows and doors, an opening for a stove, and the skylight. For this last they recommend an expensive Swedish make that opens and closes.

"We'll work on the estimate and let you know," says Walt. "There's a lot to be done."

"Can't you give me a rough idea?"

"No, we can't," he says. "We'll have to look up the cost of each item. It'll take a few days. But we'll get back to you." They drive off in their large, new pickup truck with the sign "T. & M. BUILDING CONTRACTORS."

"They're good, but they're not cheap," an acquaintance tells me, and I can picture Thorndike getting out his calculator and adding things up into a huge sum—yes, quite an addition. If it's going to take them days just to figure out the estimate, it will cost more than I can afford, and I wish I hadn't called them.

The next day, before they can go any further, I telephone again. "You see," I say in a hesitant, worried voice, "I don't know that I can pay very much. I was going to do it all by myself. I think that perhaps I'd better—"

"Name the figure you think you can pay," Walt interrupts me. "Just tell me your figure and we'll try to meet it."

"Well, I thought perhaps two thousand dollars for the labor," I say. And I expect him to laugh and return me to my deck, where the vinyl idles in the breeze, but he doesn't.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he says in a confident voice. "I've got it almost all added up. I'll call you back soon."

He calls within the hour. "We'll do it for two thousand four—that's for the shell, without shingling the walls. The materials come to twenty-six hundred more. How does that sound to you?"

"Well, let me just talk to my wife."

I go slowly into the kitchen and ask her.

"It's probably all right," she says. "Have them do it."

"Then I'll tell them to come."

And still I hesitate before I pick up the phone again.

"We'll be there in the morning," Walt says. "You're lucky you caught us at a time we're not too busy. We can put it up for you in a week."

In the morning, they come with two trucks, and they carry in all sorts of materials and tools. Derek has a little boy with him, a sweet child who soon begins playing in the yard.

From the window, like an invalid, I watch them at work. How methodical, how sure of themselves they are. No perplexed pauses, no hesitation. They arrange the studs for the walls, nail them together, and raise them, leaving just the right spaces for windows and doors. Each step is part of a well-coördinated plan, done over and over till it has become routine. Derek tells me he has built fifty houses, "and I don't know how many Walt's built. Even more." Everything fits. In a day the four walls are erected. Good heavens, it might have taken me over a week. And the next day I see the men up high against the sky, there where I wanted to be. I just hang around, now listless, now restless, as if my body did not understand why it should be kept inactive all of a sudden, when it had served me well. The third day, up go the beams for the roof—huge long two-by-tens, which the carpenters have cut with a table saw at just the right angle. All I have is a handsaw, a sabre saw, and a borrowed rotary saw that I handled warily at first. The fourth day, they nail the plywood to the walls and the roof. On the fifth, they set in three windows and the doors, on the sixth the skylight. On the seventh, they shingle the roof and tarpaper the walls. On the eighth, the shell is complete.

"YOU should let us shingle the walls, too," Derek says.

"Oh, I can do that. I've done quite a lot of shingling."

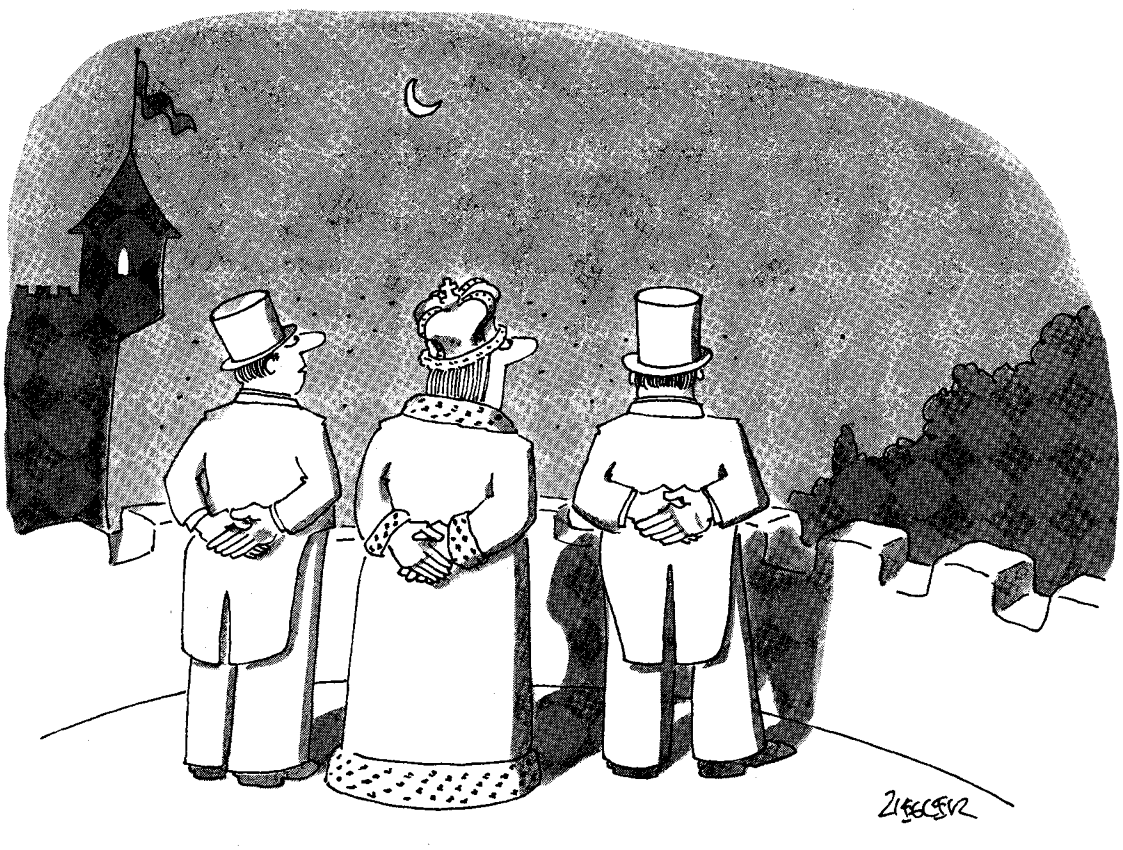
"Yes, I can see," he says, looking at the wavering rows on my shed.

"Those—well, some of them were done by my boy, who was learning."

"We could do the inside, the insulation—we put nine inches up top, six on the sides—and the drywall, and the finished floor. We do a good job."

"Oh, I'm sure."

"Everyone should do the work he can do. Now, yours—I wouldn't know where to begin."



"The tiny winged beings, Sire, are called gnats."

"Beginnings are hard."

"No, I mean I wouldn't know the first thing about it. But at this we're professionals."

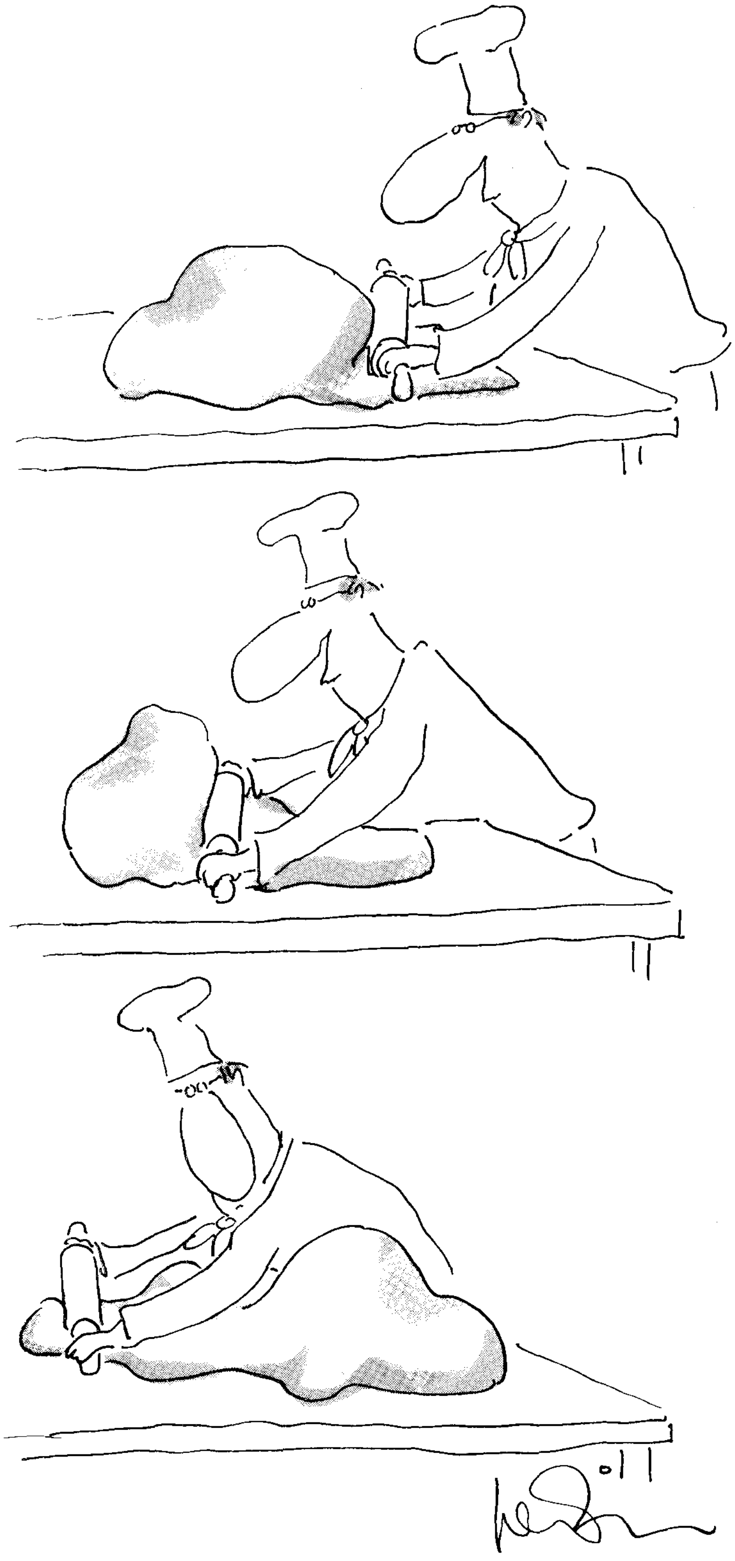
"I wish I had the money."

"We're easy. There's a woman who hasn't paid us since spring. Now, Walt, he seems hard, but he ain't. You talk to him."

"Well, I'll think about it."

"You do that," he says.

In the kitchen, I write them a check, and they are gone, which makes me feel better.



JONATHAN, who last saw the building at its "swimming pool" stage, is astonished. "You finished it!" he says.

"Not I. Two builders came. They put it up."

I am back at work. I begin to shingle the walls. Daniel and Livia help me a little, and so does Janet—a friend of Heather, my older daughter—who has done some carpentry in New York. Unafraid, up high on a ladder, she does it very neatly, in a manner that even Derek would approve. Why did I say I can't work with other people? I get along just fine with her.

And it is time for me to go. Two electricians come to wire the place. A young carpenter, out of work, offers to do the interior for a moderate price, and we agree. There's something of the nineteenth century about him; he calls my wife "dear lady" and me "my good man." But while I am away he starts a full-time job, and only comes to our house on and off, for a few hours at a time; when I return at Christmas for the long winter break the work isn't finished. I lend a hand. The plumbers put in a bath; a mason builds a brick platform for the stove I bought and sets its pipe up through the roof. My wife and I stitch together twelve Indian rugs into one large one for the wood floor. I build a five-step spiral staircase for the outside door, along the lines of one I saw at a friend's place. I am quite pleased with it—it has no supports on one side, and its simplicity lends it a certain elegance. Then the building inspector comes and approves all the work.

At last, everything is done. It has cost me more than I imagined—ten or twelve thousand dollars; I've lost count. But through the windows I can see a pond, crosshatched by trees, and birds flying, and I can hear their song. The sun shines through the skylight, and at night the moon and the stars. It is much more peaceful here than out front. The atmosphere seems just right for a studio, right for thought; in the proper mood, what bright work might it cradle, if not in me, then in others—my children, or theirs. A legacy of peace. I light the stove, and soon the room is warm. Jessie and I sit on two chairs and watch the fire.

"In the summer, you could even rent it," I say.

"What? Aren't you going to use it as a studio?"

"Yes, yes," I say vaguely, and again a thousand thoughts crowd my mind. Will our old age be spent here? She looks nice, even pretty, sitting by the fire, with its light reflected on her face, on her long hair, which seems airier, richer than usual. My wife, to whom I am knitted in so many ways, and yet have neglected so much. I stretch an arm out to her shoulder. The room smells good—fresh, and of firewood. I could stay; I could give up the idea of change, as I gave up building the best part of the addition, with its feeling of youth. Tame thoughts, and I want to be untamed.

"You need a good desk there by the window," Jessie says. "We'll put your bookcase to the left, and a sofa here."

But my eyes stray from where she's pointing; I gaze at the fire and I wonder.

—ARTURO VIVANTE

PERSONAL HISTORY

LEARNING—II

Intimations of Partition

"BOYS," our Muslim teacher Mr. Baqir said one day in June, 1946, at the Emerson Institute for the Blind, "tell me, what is the Hindu religion? Do Hindus have one god, like Allah? Do they have a prophet, like Muhammad? Do they have a holy book, like the Koran? No, there are as many gods, as many prophets, as many holy books as there are Hindus, which is to say"—he tapped his cane on the table, rat-a-tat—"Hindus have no gods [rat-a-tat], no prophets [rat-a-tat-tat], no holy books. They will worship anything—a cow, a monkey, a stone. It's not a religion at all but a jungle of lowly superstitions. Hindus have always eaten grass and have always been meek and servile, while we Muslims have always eaten beef and have always been bold and domineering."

I didn't like Mr. Baqir's attacks on Hindus, and several times I cried out "I don't eat grass!" and "I may not eat beef, but I eat mutton!" But then I stopped interrupting, because I didn't like the nervous sound of his cane; it was kept wet and supple, and any time we interrupted Mr. Baqir—or neglected to warn him of the approaching steps of Mr. Khanna, the principal—he was not above using it on us. He aimed his blows at our hands or arms. He did not have very good aim, and more often than not he missed. When he did score a hit, however, the skin would sting and burn, and lately he had redoubled the caning of us Hindu boys. His blows did make me feel meek and servile.

"We Muslims are natural rulers," he was saying. "We ruled the Hindus for hundreds of years under the Moguls. We have always trounced them, and we will trounce them now. But beware of the cunning, caste-ridden lot [rat-a-tat-tat-*tat*-tat-tat]. Beware of the infidel. He skulks like a jackal, but he's a dog with a fox's nature."

Mr. Baqir shouted at the fanwallah "A little harder, boy!" and puffed at his *biri* while apparently listening for the faster movement of the fan. The fanwallah pulled and relaxed the rope a bit more quickly, but he barely managed to stir the smoke-filled air.

"Semual, how many Muslims originally came here as conquerors?" Mr. Baqir asked.

Semual didn't know the answer, and Mr. Baqir went around the room. None of us had any idea.

"A handful," Mr. Baqir announced triumphantly. "But today there are ninety million Muslims in India—almost one-fourth of the population. And it has all been done by conversion—by the strength of the meat-eating faith of Allah. The jackals, the dogs!" Mr. Baqir's cane fidgeted in his hand as he inveighed against the Hindus.

I FIRST met Sohan at a family gathering in Mehta Gulli, across the road from our house. He was seventeen—five years older than I was—and was an acquaintance of one of my cousin-brothers. He had a meek voice, like a boy servant, but his words were bold. Every time someone spoke to him in English, he replied in Punjabi. Yet he announced that he was studying medicine at Sir Ganga Ram Medical College.

"You must know English, if you're studying medicine," Sister Umi said.

"It's not that I don't know the foreigners' tongue," Sohan said. "I choose to speak my mother tongue."

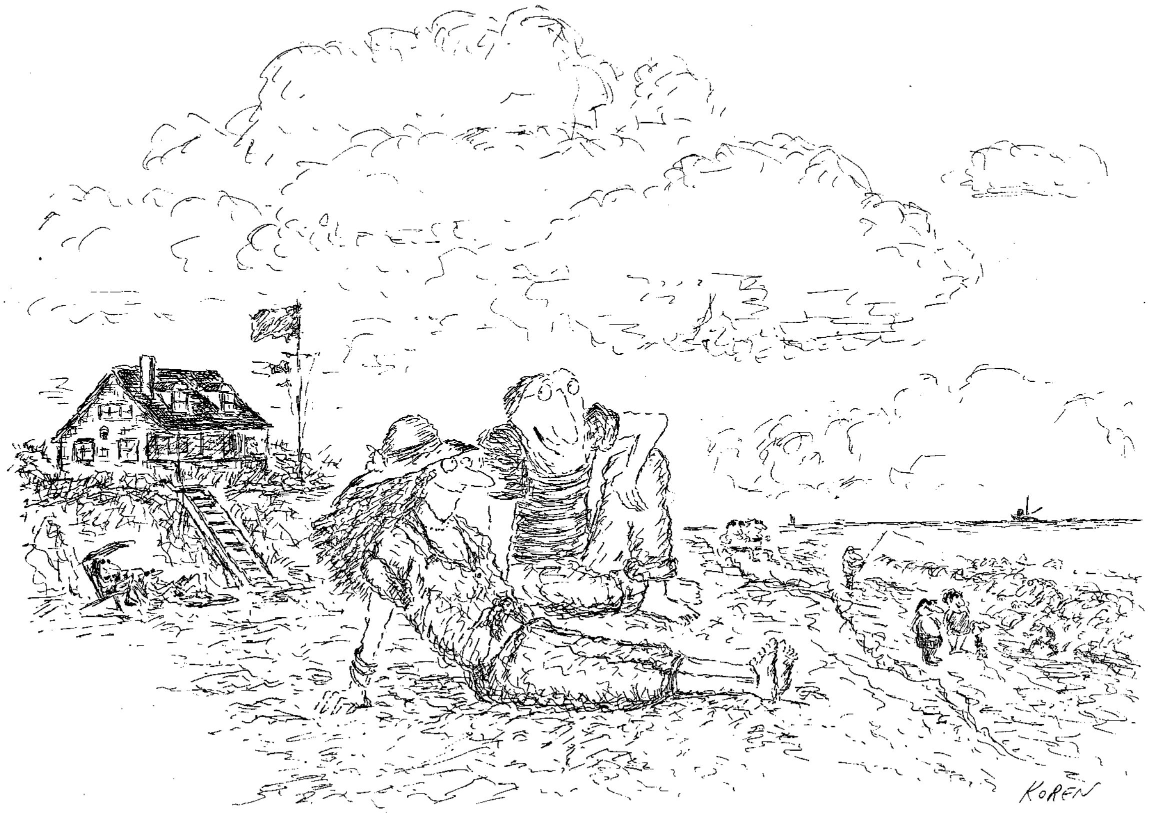
"Let's hear what your English sounds like!" someone cried.

"You'll have to speak good English to practice medicine," someone else said.

Sohan was not bothered. He asked Sister Umi where she went to school.

She told him.

"You go to a convent school," he said in Punjabi, slowly, as if he were explaining a difficult point to her. "You are taught there always to speak in English. They tell you practice makes perfect, or some such thing. Yet when you come to your mother, who doesn't know English, and she asks you in Punjabi 'Would you



"You're terrific, Katia. You think like 'The New York Review of Books' and look like 'Vogue.'"

The BEAR & PHEASANT Inn
STEVENSON

like some milk?' you say in English 'Yes, please.' " He said "Yes, please" in English, but in a shaky voice, like someone who had not had much practice. "You're ashamed to ask your own mother for some milk in your mother tongue, because you've been taught in your convent school that Punjabi is only good for servants and mothers. Well, the English are going to leave soon, and we'll be independent. Then you'll have to give your mother and your mother tongue the respect that is due them."

There was a little uncertain laughter around the room. Like Daddyji, I admired everything British, but still I liked what Sohan was saying. I felt that in our house Punjabi was spoken only as a concession to Mamaji, the servants, and me. I didn't like that. I wished everyone would speak Punjabi all the time, so that I could follow everything.

"When you become a doctor, I'd like to see you write prescriptions in Punjabi and consult with other doctors in Punjabi," Sister Umi said.

"The British brought us science and medicine," Cousin Leil, who planned to become a doctor herself, said. "It's only natural that we should use English for science and medicine."

"It is unnatural," Sohan said flatly. "We are Indians. We should use our own mother tongue for everything."

"Where are we going to find the vocabulary?" Cousin Leil asked.

"We can create it from Sanskrit," Sohan said.

"I would like to know which language your medical books, your lectures, your laboratories are in," Cousin Surinder said. He was planning to go to America right after he finished school, without going to college in India at all—something that was unheard of.

Sohan admitted that the books, the lectures, the laboratories were all in English, but said that English would be thrown out with the British.

As we were leaving, Sohan took me aside and asked, "You go to a blind school?"

"To the Emerson Institute for the Blind."

"Where do you live?"

"At 11 Temple Road."

"What time do you get home?"

"About five. Why?"

"Because I would like to take you to a special secret place."

The mention of a secret place made me think that maybe Sohan intended to take me to Hira Mandi—the Gem Market that Mr. Baqir talked about, where lived treasures of singing and dancing girls, who could never be approached by the blind—and maybe introduce me to Noor Jehan, the beautiful film star. But then I wasn't sure. Still, I wondered why he'd singled me out—my sisters' and older brother's Lahore friends generally tended to ignore me.

"Would you like to come to the secret place with me?" Sohan asked.

I nodded.

"I'll call for you at six tomorrow."

AFTER Gian Chand, our servant, had brought me home from school on his bicycle, I waited for Sohan, my hands and face washed, my hair combed, my shirt tucked into my knickers. He arrived at six, just as he had said he would, and we walked along Temple Road and the Mall Road. He didn't talk about Noor Jehan or anything like that—only about the Hindus and the Muslims. "Hindus and Muslims are both Indians," he said at one point. "We used to pull together like brothers. It's the British who have set us against each other. Don't you agree?"

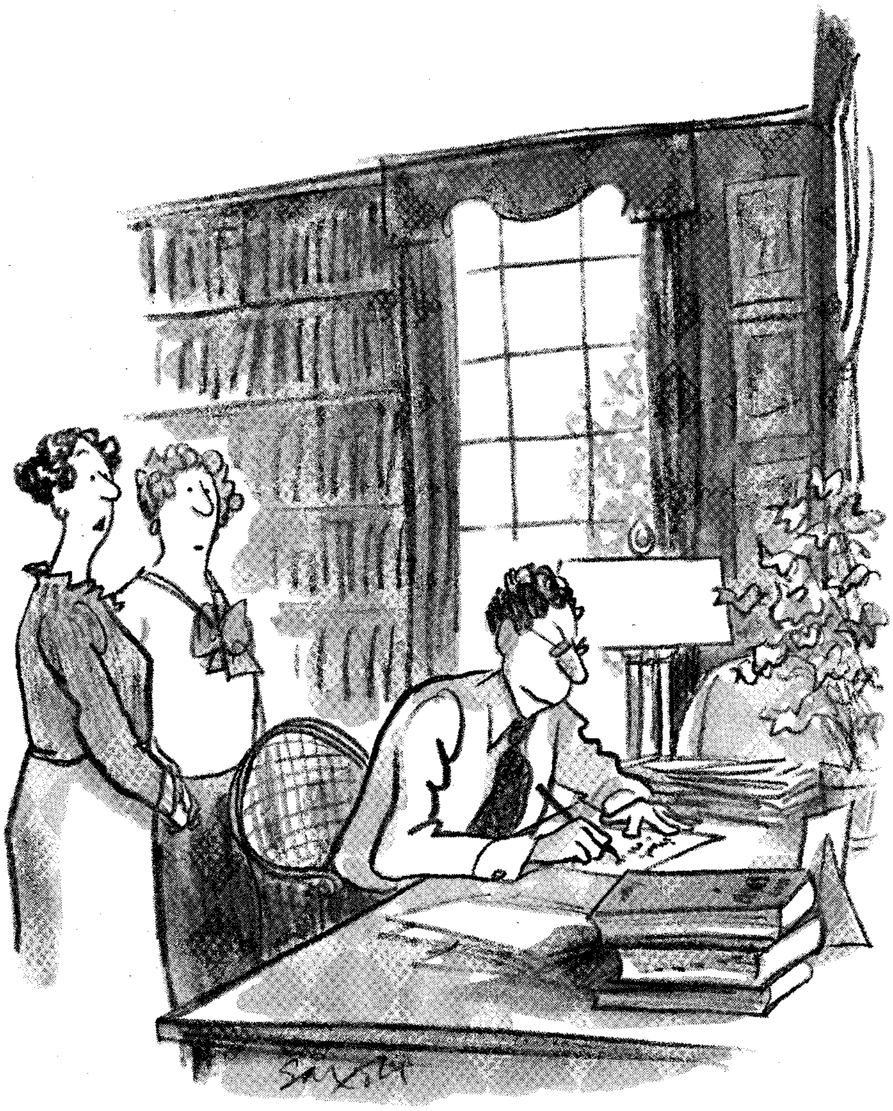
I was happy that he wanted my opinion, even though I was confused about what to say. "The British are nice, but they kick their peons in the chest," I finally replied.

"Then they are not nice."

I waited for him to bring up the subject of Hira Mandi, but he didn't.

After a few minutes, he abruptly turned off the road, saying, "Here we are at the parade ground." All around me were the voices of grown-up boys, as at a hockey or a cricket match.

Someone blew a police whistle, and we all formed lines for exercises, I next to Sohan, who showed me what to do. One exercise involved squatting and standing up; another, slapping our thighs, then jumping up and clapping our hands in the air; a third, running around the parade ground. I was unfamiliar with the exercises, and it



"Little do they know what they're in for when they say 'If you have any questions, please don't hesitate to write.'"

• •

seemed I was either squatting too early or standing too late, or clapping when I should have been hitting my thighs, or being a nuisance for Sohan—I ran holding his hand. But no one seemed to mind.

When we were tired and breathless, we all sat cross-legged on the grass and were addressed in Punjabi by a man. His voice came out of two loudspeakers mounted at opposite ends of the parade ground, one sounding a little after the other; this created the odd sensation of two men talking.

"The day of independence is fast approaching," the echoing voices said. "Boys, unite! Boys, show your elders the way! Gandhiji is teaching you passivity and nonviolence. His message is as old as Buddha, and as outdated as Buddha. We became slaves of the British because we were passive and nonviolent. Before that, we became slaves of the Moguls because we were passive and nonviolent. We will again become slaves of the Muslims—the new Moguls—if we remain passive and nonviolent. The British are strong because they fight. The Muslims are strong because *they* fight. There are only six million Sikhs in the world, but they are strong because *they* fight. We Hindus have been weak for a thousand years or more because we listened to Buddha. Throw off your slavery. Defend your motherland. Even as I speak"—the echo repeated, "Even as I speak"—"there are Indians right outside this parade ground who want to kill the mother cow, who want to take the precious gift of the gods and make a meal of it. A meal of the mother cow! For pleasure! Hare Ram! Hare Ram! God save us from such Muslim breath. Rise, Hindus, rise! Guard your supply of milk and yogurt. Guard your supply of dung and fuel. Guard your mother cow, whose look is love."

I hated milk and yogurt. Gian Chand cooked on coals, not on horrible dung. Mamaji kept a buffalo instead of a cow, because she considered buffalo milk more healthful. But, sitting in the open air, shoulder to shoulder with the other boys, listening to the echoing words, I felt like embracing a cow and calling her Mother.

The resounding man concluded by leading us in some Hindi prayers and hymns.

For a time, we all continued to sit on the grass.

"The Muslim League is out to ruin our independence," a boy behind me was saying. "Muslims are the Fifth Column in our midst. They will snatch the best part of India from us. They will snatch Lahore from us. They are fanatics. They will kill us, and grind our remains to fertilize the grass for fattening their cows, so that they will have more beef to eat." I thought in a rush of Mr. Baqir. I was sure that his breath was freighted with beef, that his cane smelled of it. I forgot how much, until then, I had always liked Muslims. "Unless we smash the Muslim League, and keep India one, a dark age will come. Divided, we won't be able to govern ourselves. Some other power will come and enslave us after the British leave."

As we were walking home, Sohan explained to me that we had attended a meeting of the Rashtriya Swayamsevak Sangh (National Voluntary Service Society), or R.S.S., whose purpose was to stop the Muslims from spoiling our independence. "When the day of independence comes," he said, "thanks to the R.S.S. our motherland—united and one—will start on a path of glory equal to that of England, America, or Germany."

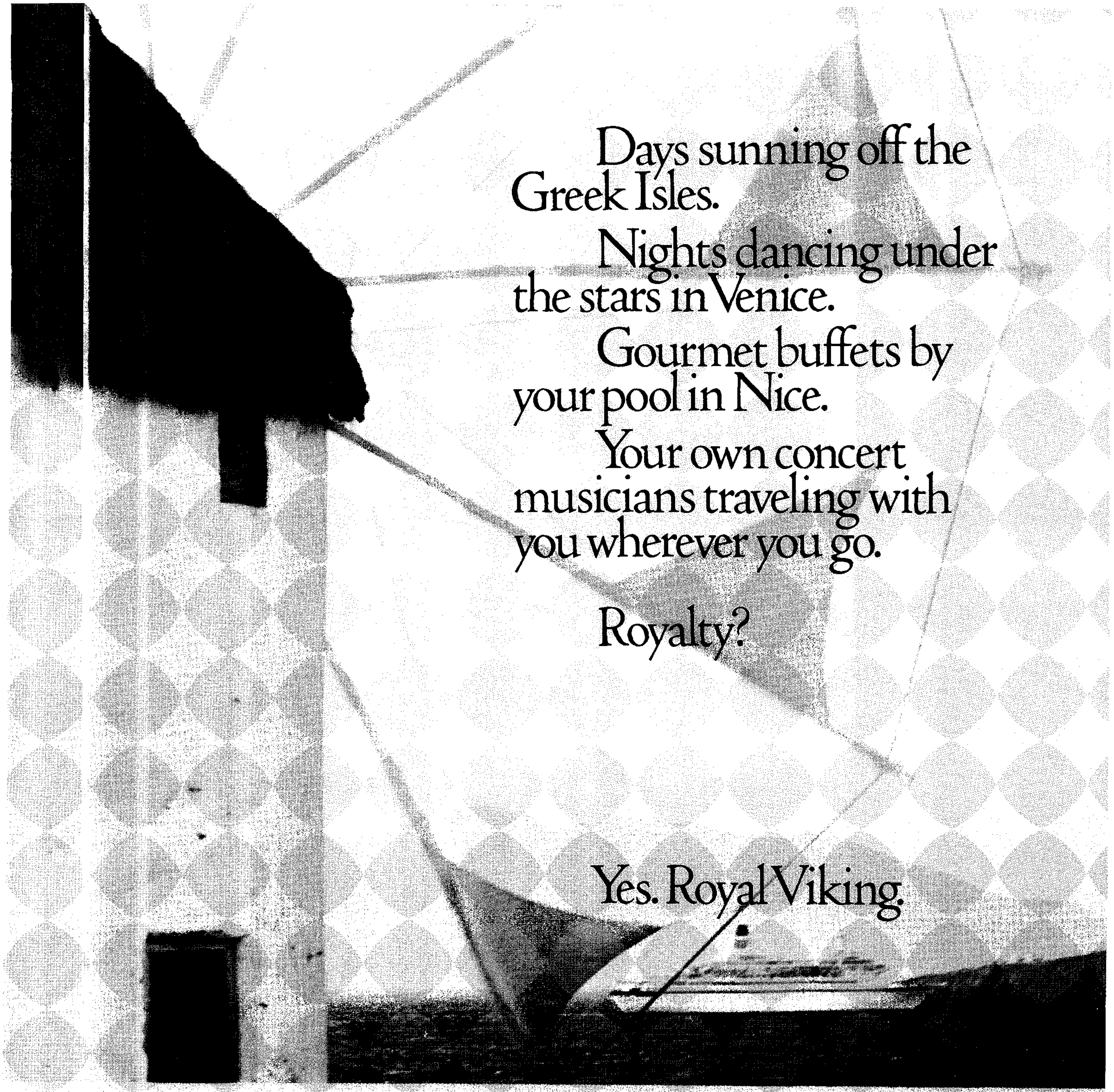
After that, at school, I scarcely listened to what Mr. Baqir said, or heard what raga our singing teacher, Mr. Chander, beat his drum to. I only waited for the evening, for Sohan and the R.S.S. meeting.

"Maybe, when India gets independence, we could get a place together," Sohan once said to me as we were walking to the R.S.S. meeting. "I could practice medicine, and you could go into politics."

"I'm not educated," I said.

"In politics, you don't need education. You just need courage, like a good soldier."

I felt that I was in the middle of a



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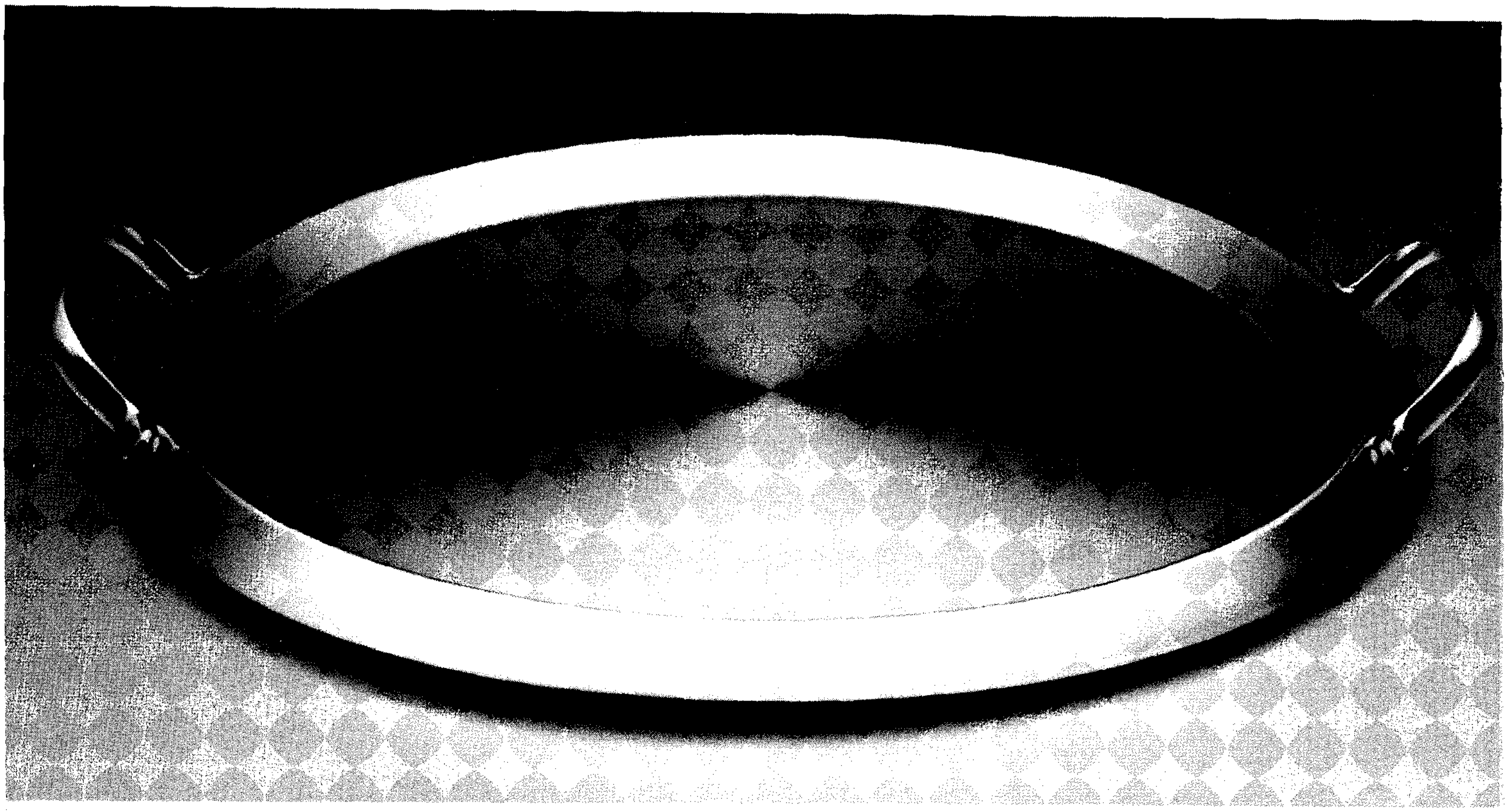

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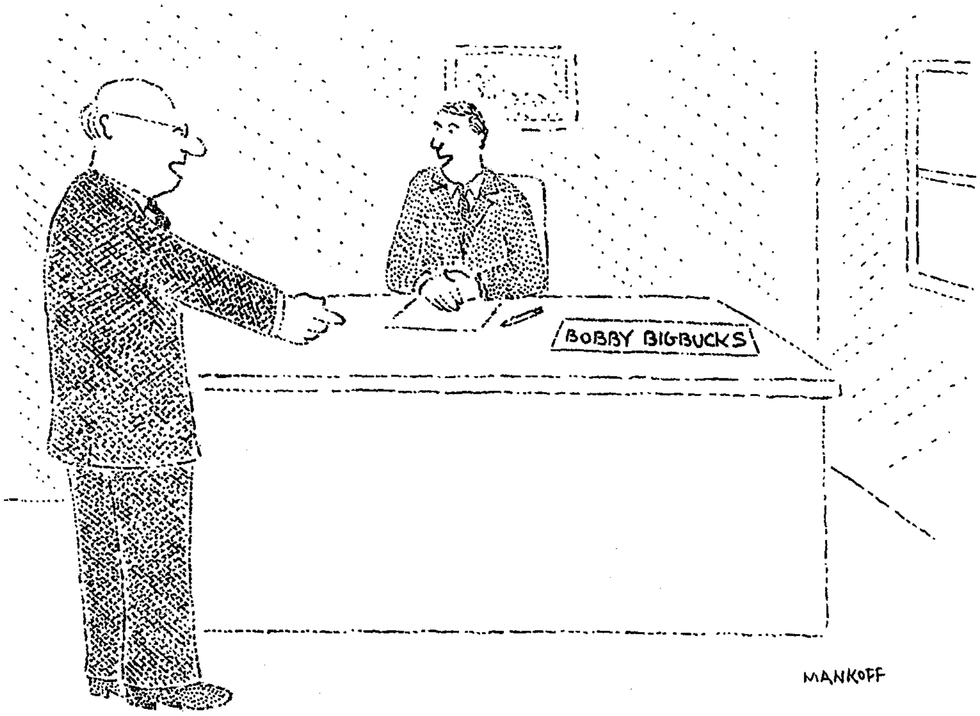
war—a twelve-year-old soldier who had been called to battle for my religion and my country.



"What's that all about, Janson?" *"It's my nom de commerce, sir."*

JANUARY, 1947

ONE evening, a servant announced, "Jhanda is on the veranda, but he doesn't have his fruit basket."

We were all surprised. We associated Jhanda only with the morning routine. As far back as we could remember, when we were in Lahore there was hardly a morning without Jhanda's call coming along the *gulli* promptly at ten: "Mangoes! Pomegranates! Litchis!"—or whatever fruit was in season. Mamaji and whichever aunties were around would rush out and select the choice fruit for the day. Sometimes, around the time of Muslim festivals, Jhanda would distribute free fruit to us children. But aside from his Muslim religion we knew nothing about him—where he lived, how many children he had, where he got his fruit. He was mostly a voice—nasal, kindly, and pitched just high enough to be heard above the street noises. "Mangoes! Pomegranates! Litchis!"

Now Mamaji went out onto the veranda, and we followed.

"Mistress, I have come under the cover of darkness," Jhanda said, falling at her feet. "I can no longer come to Hindu houses, or I and my loved ones will be denied burial rights."

Mamaji scolded him for thinking bad thoughts.

"It's the bad times, Mistress," he said.

Mamaji started wheezing, as she always did when she was upset. She walked with him to the gate as if he were a guest or a family member. We heard Jhanda's call no more.

•

GIAN CHAND brought me home from school on the bicycle, as usual, and as I was running through the drawing room to go and wash, Daddyji called to me. He patted a seat next to him on the sofa and told me to sit down. "We are living through dangerous times," he said. "Things are happening that I wouldn't have thought possible, and there are things I have to do that I wouldn't have imagined. I'm afraid you'll have to stop going to school."

I burst out crying.

Daddyji made me drink some water, and continued, "It's not safe for you to go there, it's not safe for Gian Chand to take you there. The bicycle route goes through many Muslim sections. Last night, I heard in the club that a Hindu was stabbed to death in the Sheranwala Gate. That couldn't be more than a furlong from your school."

I thought of the stories about Hira Mandi, of my music lessons, of my knitting classes with Mr. Khanna. I thought of the cleft in the tree in front of the school, and its scent of moss and resin. I heard in my head the slow, rocking sound of the fan in Mr. Baqir's class. The school suddenly seemed like a calming, restful, intimate place. I pleaded and argued, but Daddyji's mind was made up, and I couldn't change it.

So it was that after barely eight months of going to school I again had nothing to do. Being idle was even harder now than it had been before: I felt I had nowhere to go, no life of my own, nothing to look forward to but months, perhaps years, of sitting at home, and I was growing older every day—I was two months short of turning thirteen.

•

ONE evening, Daddyji came home from the office and said to me, "I've been procrastinating for days about telling you something, but I am afraid you won't be able to go to the R.S.S. meetings anymore."

"What!" I cried. "How can you say that!"

"The organization has got a very bad name for being anti-British and anti-Muslim. Children of government servants are not allowed to join political organizations. There are many Muslims in our Punjab department of public health—my superior is a Muslim, my subordinates are Muslims. They have their knives out for me, and they have begun talking about my son's being in the R.S.S."

Again I pleaded and argued, but I had to stop going to the R.S.S. meetings.

A few days later, I happened to tell Daddyji as he was sitting and reading his newspaper that Sohan and I were planning a picnic on the bank of the Ravi River when the weather got warm.

He put down the paper. "I meant to tell you—Sohan's activities have been noted in the papers," he said. "I don't think you should see him anymore. The Muslim League leaders have lists of all houses with R.S.S. connections, and those houses are slated for mob action."

"But he's the only sighted friend I've ever had!" I cried. "He's like a brother to me. We've been planning this picnic for days."

We talked for a long time, but I was not allowed to see Sohan, and he was sent word accordingly.

FEBRUARY

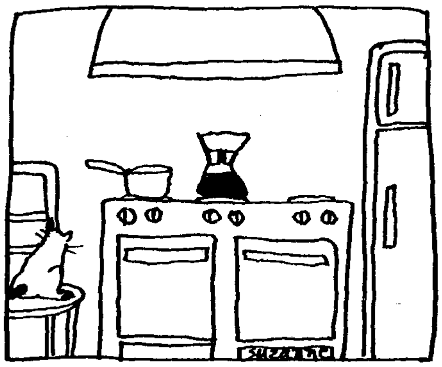
In the evening, when we were sitting down to dinner or getting ready to go to bed, we started hearing from the direction of Mozang Chowk (Intersection) the roar of a mob fading in and out, like a bad signal on a radio. Sometimes the roar would become a chant, and we could make out slogans: "Death to Hindustan!" and "Death to the infidels!" and "Allah is great!" and "Long live Pakistan!" Then we knew that the mob had formed itself into a procession and was getting ready to march. If the sound of the slogans became more distinct, we knew that the procession was moving toward our *gulli*, and we would silently rush around, turning off the outdoor light, bolting doors and windows, drawing curtains. Then we would try to go about our business as usual. Our actions were instinctive, but they were also deliberate and methodical, as if we had never known any other conditions.

Sometimes during the day, we would get reports of anti-Muslim mobs and anti-Muslim slogans, but the only mobs and slogans we ourselves ever heard were anti-Hindu; that was because we and our relatives all lived in a very well-to-do, essentially Hindu area that was in the shadow of Mozang Chowk and Mozang Bazaar, an extremely poor Muslim area. The government daily gave assurances that law and order would be maintained at all costs, and, indeed, at first we rarely heard of a mob's burning down a house or looting it. Then it turned out that government assurances were beside the point as far as we Hindus were concerned, because most of the Lahore police were Muslim, and Muslim policemen would fire shots or use tear gas or make a charge with sticks to disperse Hindu mobs but not Muslim mobs, regardless of government orders. When they were called on to disperse a Muslim mob, they would arrest a few leaders, drive them to a spot a few miles away, and release them. By prior understanding, Muslim League cars would be waiting at the spot to drive the leaders back. Soon the Muslim mob would be remobilized and regrouped. We heard reports that on occasion police even joined the mobs. As Hindus, we felt helpless, and every day we heard stories that one Muslim mob had abducted a Hindu woman and another Muslim mob had killed a Hindu child. Then Daddyji received assurances from several Muslim neighbors in our *gulli* that they would take responsibility for our safety and our property. In the daytime, we believed them, but at night, with the sounds of the Muslim mobs in our ears, we were not so sure.

One night when Daddyji was late in getting home, we heard a procession shouting Muslim slogans headed toward our *gulli*. We shut up the house, as usual, and ran upstairs to the terraced roof. We stood by the brick parapet overlooking the *gulli*, holding hands. As it happened, the procession passed our *gulli* by, and Daddyji got home safely, but, standing under the open sky, we all realized how defenseless we were, and that we would have to take steps to protect ourselves.

•

In our house and in Mehta Gulli, and also at 16 Mozang Road, where the Mehras, Mamaji's family, lived, we all liked the British, but we put the blame for what was happening on their perfidy. We imagined that for centuries India had been a tolerant place, where Muslims and Hindus lived together like brothers, toiling together shoulder to shoulder in the fields and celebrating each other's religious feasts. Then the British rulers had come and, we thought, had estranged us brothers by a policy of divide and rule. We all liked to quote one statement, made by Mountstuart Elphinstone, who had served as lieutenant-governor of Bombay and twice refused the offer of the governor-generalship of India: "*Divide et impera* was the old Roman motto and it should be ours." This statement seemed especially significant to us because it had been made by a very famous Englishman. We imagined that Elphinstone's colleagues and successors had kept to the course he recommended. Because the British blamed the Muslims for the mutiny of 1857, they had favored Hindus over Muslims for nearly the first fifty years of the raj, by giving them special opportunities for education and for gaining government positions. When, as a result, Hindus—always enterprising and adaptable anyhow—prospered, and left Muslims politically and economically far behind, the British reversed themselves and favored Muslims over Hindus; they portrayed "domineering Hindus" as a threat to the Muslim minority and Muslim culture, and encouraged the Muslims to found the Muslim League, in 1906, to advance Muslim interests. We recalled that at about the same time one particular Britisher, W. A. J. Archbold, who was the principal of the Muhammadan Anglo-Oriental College at Aligarh, urged a few suggestible Muslims to ask for a separate electorate to elect their own representatives to the government. When the Muslims did ask this, the government hailed the request as typical of Muslim sentiment; and in 1909, when it introduced reforms permitting Indians to elect members to the Central Legislative Council, which was to advise the Viceroy, it granted separate electorates to Muslims, thus drawing an overt political distinction between them and Hindus for the first time. Meanwhile, the Muhammadan College at Aligarh was becoming a training ground for Muslim leaders who preached the doctrine of a separate Muslim identity. We felt that the British could not have asked for better spokesmen for their divide-and-rule policy, since these Muslim leaders spoke the tongue of their people, had their people's ear, and could make the appeal in the name of Muhammadanism. In due course, these leaders, propelled by personal ambition as much as anything, became luminaries in the affairs of the Muslim League and helped to make it into an important divisive force in Indian politics. To us, nothing seemed to prove more conclusively that the Muslims were pawns of the British than the fact that the most important leader of the Muslim League was the England-returned barrister Muhammad Ali Jinnah, who, in defiance of his religion, avoided the mosque on Friday, the Muslim special day of prayer; hardly ever read the Koran; married outside his religion; ate pork; and drank and smoked—in fact, lived mainly on whiskey and cigarettes.



Still, many Muslims did not join the Muslim League but remained loyal to the Indian National Congress, which had as its aim one secular, self-governing India. The more the Congress grew in strength under the Hindu leadership of Gandhiji and Pandit Nehru, however, the more the Muslim League, under Jinnah—as it happened, a Congress turncoat—presented the Congress as an instrument of Hindu domination. The British were then able to pose as the guardians of the rights of the Muslim minority. Thus, even as the Congress was becoming a symbol of the whole country's nonviolent struggle against the British the Muslim League was making inroads into the ranks of the Congress. During the Second World War, Congress leaders were out of commission, because they were—as had so often been the case—in jail on charges of sedition, while the Muslim League leaders were, as always, free; they used the opportunity to promote the demand for a separate state of Pakistan, or "Land of the Pure." The Congress leaders came out of jail at the end of the war to find, to their great surprise, that Jinnah and the Muslim League had acquired considerable influence with the Muslim masses, and that the demand for a separate Muslim state had gathered momentum—that India might finally win its struggle against the British, but only at the expense of partitioning the country. Jinnah was vague about how Pakistan was to be brought into existence—understandably, we thought, because the Muslims—while they did number ninety million to a total of two hundred and fifty-five million Hindus, and did have a substantial majority in the two big provinces of the Punjab and Bengal—were dispersed throughout the country, so that wherever there was a Muslim majority there was also a Hindu minority. We daily heard that Gandhiji and Pandit Nehru had once more appealed to Jinnah and the Muslim League to form a coalition government with them, in preparation for independence, but Jinnah, aware of his newfound power, had rejected their appeals. Indeed, he declared that reason was getting nowhere with the Congress and the British, that direct action alone could convince them that India's Muslims would fight to win Pakistan. He wanted Bengal and the Punjab, at the very least, for his Muslim nation. Accordingly, he had proclaimed August 16, 1946, Direct Action Day in Calcutta, the capital of

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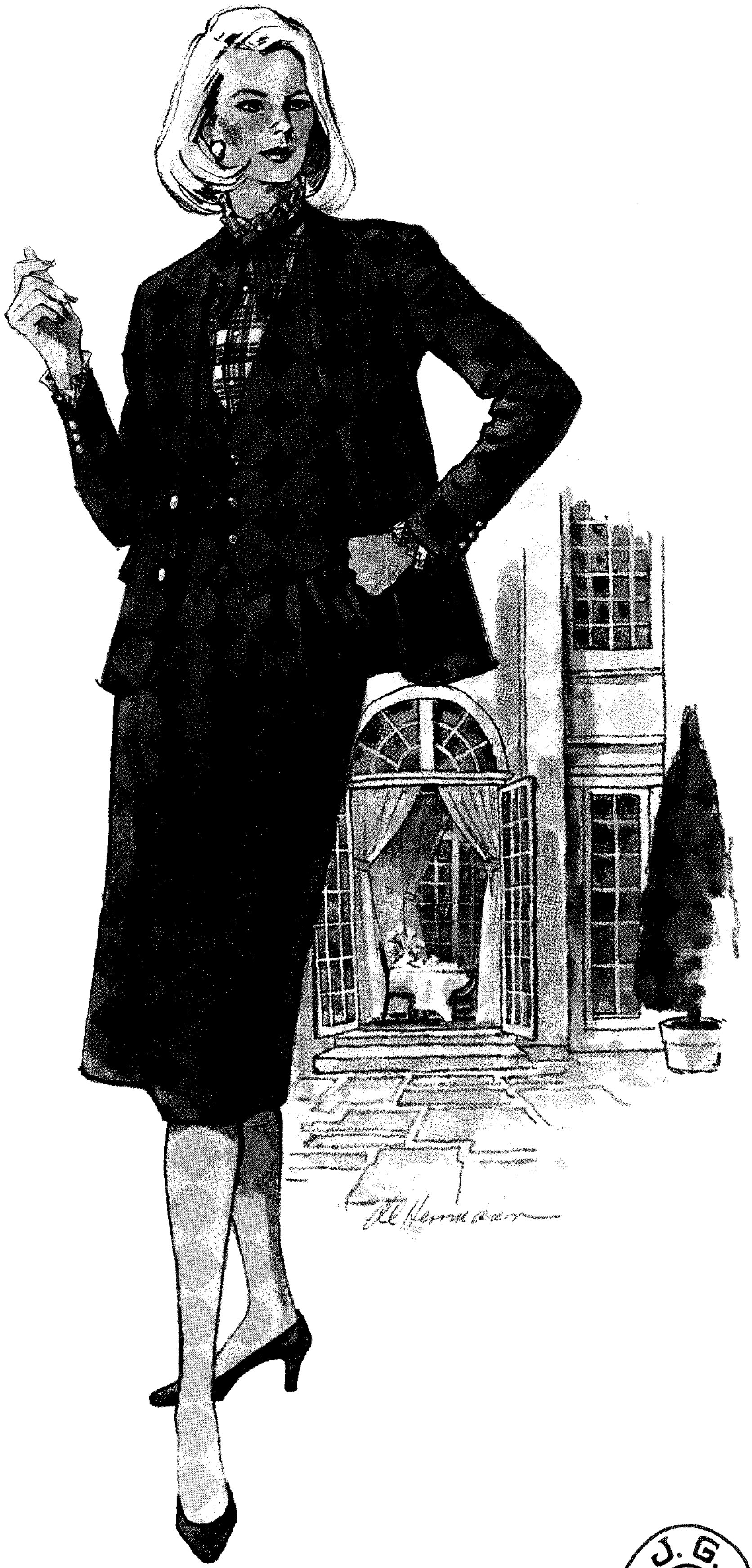

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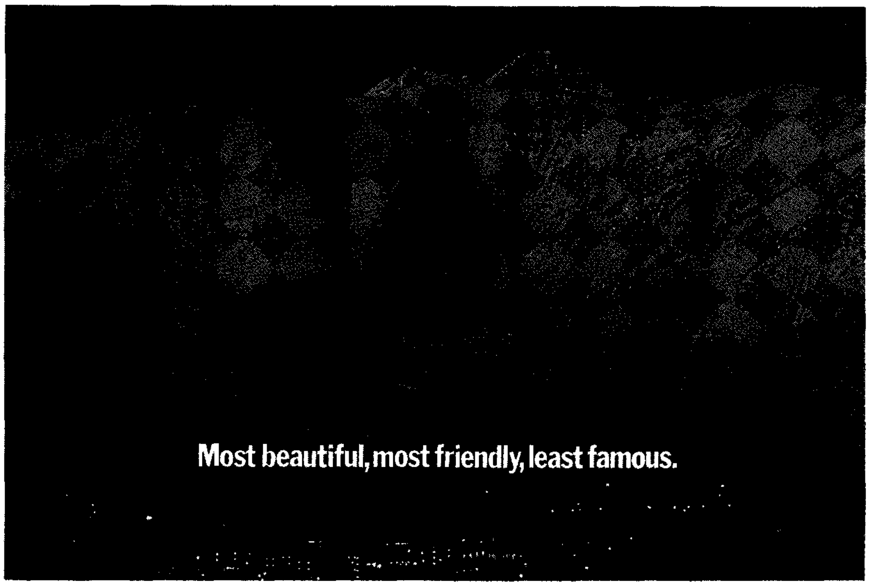

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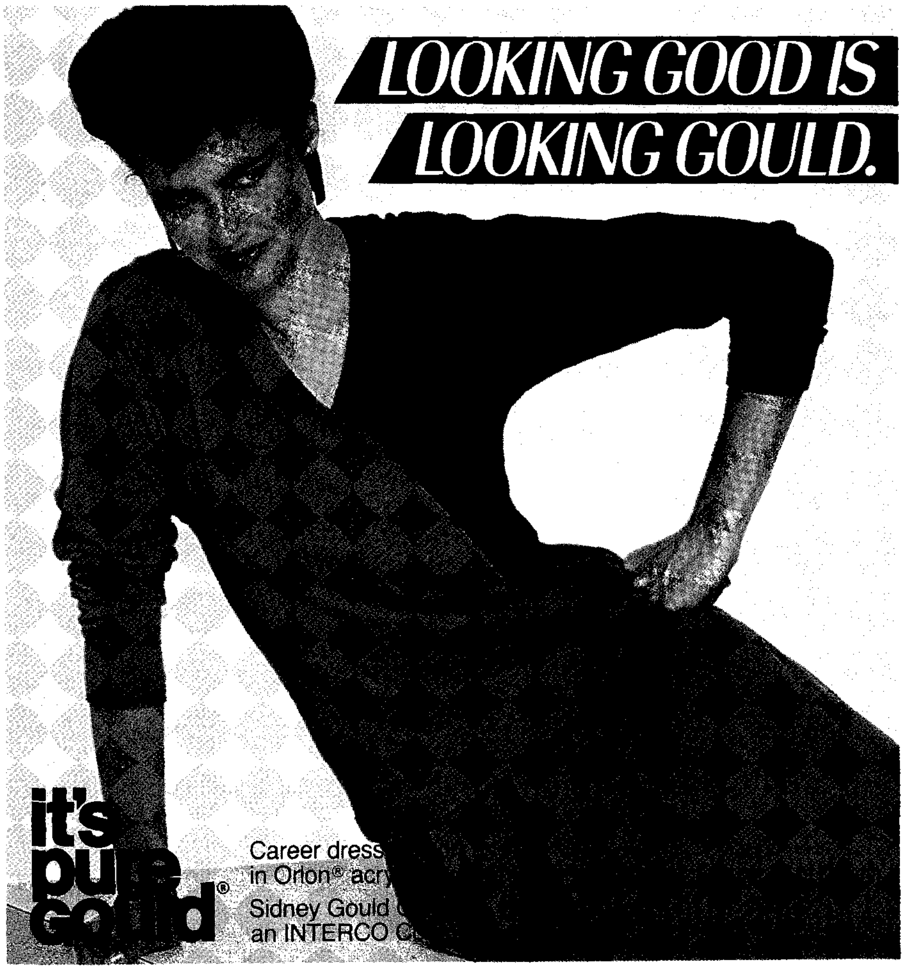


Bengal, as a sort of dress rehearsal for what he was prepared to do in Lahore, in Rawalpindi, and elsewhere. We were shocked to hear that on the appointed day Calcutta Muslims had emerged from their slums howling slogans and wielding clubs and knives, and had rampaged through the streets in a religious frenzy, killing or forcibly converting Hindu men and boys, abducting and raping Hindu women, and looting Hindu houses and setting fire to them. The Bengal premier, Huseyn Shaheed Suhrawardy, was Muslim and led a Muslim League government, and he had given the police the day off. We heard that many policemen, anxious to save their own skins, did not reappear on the streets for several days. We heard that in the space of seventy-two hours of direct action five thousand people were killed and twenty thousand injured in Calcutta. (Most of them were Hindus, but some Muslims were killed, too.) We heard that a hundred thousand people were left homeless. Daddyji felt that the "Great Killing" was an epidemic, and that it was only a matter of time before it would spread to the Punjab. Many of us in the Mehta and Mehra families wanted Hindus to retaliate in kind. Instead, we heard that Gandhiji had started a campaign of nonviolence, which alone, he felt, could check the violence. Then we were surer than ever that Gandhiji and the Congress were playing into the hands of Jinnah and the Muslim League.

●

DAULAT RAM CHACHAJI, the eldest of our paternal uncles, arrived when we were in the middle of dinner. "I've sold my house," he announced, even before he sat down.

We all cried at once, "Oh, no!"

"A non-relative in Mehta Gulli!"

"Where will you all go?"

"We'll rent a house somewhere nearby," Daulat Ram Chachaji said, and he recited an Urdu verse:

This house is neither yours nor mine.
In the end, only birds will live in it.

He drew up a chair and said to Daddyji, "Brother, I advise you to do the same. In these times, it's best to have money in hand."

We were even more appalled. The idea of moving out of our house only a few months after settling into it!

"The house is my castle," Daddyji said. "Here I am the master of my fate and the captain of my soul, Daulat Ram. I have my friends and relatives all around me. My clubs are hardly a mile away, and when I walk in, a dozen people call to me, 'Doctor Sahib! . . . Doctor Sahib!' I feel that with my own house I'm somebody in a city to which you and I came as poor village boys to study—a city that is known throughout the country as 'the Paris of India.' ”

After Daulat Ram Chachaji left, we all made fun of his idea. But Mamaji said, in the quiet, tentative way she often adopted when she thought she was saying something unpopular and would have to do a quick reversal, “Daulat Ram is very shrewd. Among the Mehtas, he's the only one with a head for money.”

“You're a fine one, Shanti,” Daddyji said. “Just this morning, you were telling me that my transfers to different public-health posts had meant that the house had been standing here for twenty years and we'd scarcely lived in it. And didn't you say the other day that now that we have finally paid off all our house debts you feel like a queen?”

◆

Daddyji came home from the office and said, “Believe it or not, just as I was turning in at our gate, who should stop me but Sheikh Sahib.” Sheikh Nur Elahi lived in our *gulli*, right opposite us. “He made me an offer of a lakh of rupees for our house. I had no idea the house was worth that much—especially not in these times, when the prices of Hindu property are falling. In fact, if the Muslims succeed in chasing out us Hindus, as they think they will, Sheikh Sahib stands to get our house free. He could just move in and occupy it.”

“Why does he want our house?” I asked. “He has such a big house of his own.”

“He says he wants it for one of his sons,” Daddyji said.

That evening, Daddyji said as he got up from the dinner table, “I am going over to 16 Mozang Road to talk to Babuji.”

I was taken aback. Daddyji hardly ever sought out the company of Babuji, our maternal grandfather. The two men disagreed about almost everything. “I've never heard Babuji so much as sing or hum a note,” Daddyji had once told me. “He has never taken part in any sports or games, he's never joined any club. His main relaxation is walking, and whenever he goes anywhere on vacation he finds a friend or relative to stay with instead of staying independently, as we would.”

I now asked Daddyji why he was going to Babuji.

“Just like that,” he said cryptically, and with uncharacteristic haste.

“Can I come, too?” I asked.

“Yes,” he said immediately. In contrast to Mamaji, who often sent me out of the room when she was about to have a talk with an older person, Daddyji often let me sit with him, because he said listening was a good education for me.

We walked out of our *gulli*, crossed Temple Road, went along it, and turned the corner into Mozang Road—a familiar stretch of a couple of hundred yards. (When we children were alone, we often used the Mehta Gulli shortcut—we climbed over the back wall that separated Mehta Gulli from 16 Mozang Road—but almost never when we were with grownups.)

As usual, Babuji was sitting at the near end of the veranda, in his favorite chair. I had sometimes surreptitiously sat in it when he was out for a walk, and I had been surprised that Babuji, who was a small man, should have such a big chair. It was wide and deep, with a caned bottom and a slanting caned back, and it always felt cool and shiny, as if it were constantly kept dusted. Folded under the arms were wooden slabs that could swing out to form a leg rest. On one side of the chair was a folding table, always heaped with newspapers, pads, letters, penholders, and nibs; on the other was a brass spittoon.

“Daulat Ram has sold his house,” Daddyji said as we pulled up a couple of wicker chairs next to Babuji. I upset Babuji's walking stick, which had been leaning against his chair, but I quickly picked it up and restored it to its place. “Daulat Ram says that in these times it's best to have money in hand,” Daddyji went on.

“What a foolish fellow!” Babuji said.

“He's telling me to do the same,” Daddyji said. “As it happens, Sheikh Nur Elahi has just made me an offer of a lakh of rupees for my house. I'm thinking about it seriously.” I was astonished to hear him say that, but then I thought that perhaps he was just trying to get a reaction from Babuji.

“What a foolish idea!” Babuji exclaimed, hawking and spitting. “Where will you all go? Where will you live? You'll never get another house like yours, in such a good locality, again. A man without a house in old age—what is he?”

“But, Babuji, a lakh of rupees!” Daddyji said. “How many of us have ever seen such a sum? Besides, there is no telling what violence lies ahead in Lahore. The Muslim League has given a warning by its Direct Action Day in Calcutta.”

“Amolak Ram,” Babuji said, “Muslims, Hindus, and Sikhs are always quarrelling. It's the terrible, quarrelsome Indian character. But that doesn't mean that Jinnah can get Pakistan. He bears full responsibility for what happened on Direct Action Day.”

“But, Babuji, without the British to keep order we might start fighting among ourselves and nothing would remain—houses or property.”

“Amolak Ram, Hindus and Muslims have lived together for hundreds of years.”

“Babuji, that was before the British policy of divide and rule, before the emergence of nationalism in the world. Also, Muslims have the makings of fanatics. Their faith says that non-Muslims are all *kafirs*, infidels.”

“Amolak Ram, I have known Muslims all my life. They are not fanatics. Only their leaders are fanatics.”

“Babuji, the leaders wouldn't stay leaders unless they could get the masses to follow.”

“No, Amolak Ram, the leaders speak only for themselves. They are greedy idiots, they're greedy for power. And they're preaching idiocy to the Calcutta and Lahore masses.” Babuji hawked and spat. “A few Muslim-hooligan leaders in Lahore are telling perfectly law-abiding, good people, 'Take all the Hindu women you want, and there will be no punishment.' Can any society be run like that? Has any society ever functioned like that?”

“Babuji, you are remembering the

"Elliot never exceeds the speed limit. He never exceeds anything."

way Lahore was, and forgetting what it has become."

"But could the good, sensible Lahoris have changed since January? Could Lahore have become a different place in a few weeks? I have never lived anywhere but in Lahore, and I am seventy-five. Believe me, I know my Lahoris."

"Babuji, you don't understand the fanaticism of aroused illiterate Muslim masses. War against the Hindus is being presented to them as war against the *kafirs*—as a jihad, or holy war. I've heard the mullahs shouting, 'Butcher Hindus like your goats! For each Hindu goat you butcher, you will be rewarded with a houri in Heaven!' I am afraid that once the butchery really begins we Hindus—passive, philosophical people that we are—will run like chickens with a fox loose in their coop. When that happens, Hindus and Sikhs in other parts of India may get aroused—whether it's in their character or not, and no matter what Gandhiji tells them—and may retaliate, and more Muslims will hit out against us Hindus here."

"What nonsense the mullahs talk! What idiocy!"

Daddyji said abruptly, as if something had just occurred to him, "Babuji, in this house there are at least ten women, and Sureshta is pregnant." Auntie Sureshta was married to Uncle Lakshman Das, the younger of Mamaji's two brothers. "You're just a stone's throw from Mozang Chowk, which is now teeming with Muslim hotheads. Shouldn't we take some measures for the women's safety in case of an emergency?"

Babuji didn't say anything for a time. He hawked and he spat, and then he said firmly, "Amolak Ram, the women here are my responsibility."

"I didn't mean to deny that."

"Then leave their safety to me, and let me look after them in my own way."

"I have nothing more to say," Daddyji said.

Babuji tapped his walking stick impatiently on the floor of the veranda, and Daddyji said something about the late hour, and we took our leave.

"I feel that I have listened to Babuji long enough," Daddyji said as we were walking home. "I respect him, but he's so ill prepared. Did you understand everything?"

I hesitated.

"What didn't you understand?" he pressed.

"Houris," I said awkwardly. I wasn't sure if houris were Muslim fairies or girls in Hira Mandi.

"Houris are voluptuously beautiful women who are found in Muslim Heaven," he said, in a straightforward way. "Muslims believe that on doomsday only men will arise—mortal women have no place in either their Heaven or their Hell. They are like dust. On doomsday, the men's good deeds will be counted, and each man will be presented with houris accordingly." He recited in beautiful Urdu a letter of condolence that the poet Galib wrote to a friend when the friend's mistress, Chhunna Jan, had died: "A wise man once advised me to eat, drink, and be merry; I repeat the same advice to you—forget Chhunna Jan and find a Munna Jan. Doubtless, on doomsday, our good deeds will be counted; in spite of being a sinner, I have some good deeds to my credit and am certain of getting at least one houri, if not two. Still, I am appalled at the thought that forever thereafter I will be bound down to the same palace in Heaven, under the same shady tree, and to the same one or two houris. What boredom!" Daddyji laughed. "What a letter of condolence! What imagination poets have!"

I felt light-headed, and found myself thinking, in spite of everything, that it would be nice to be a Muslim and a poet.

•

"FOR some time, I have been worrying about what we would do in case of a mob attack," Daddyji said, coming home one evening. "We can't run to Mehta Gulli or to 16 Mozang Road, because that would involve crossing Temple Road and walking in full sight of the Muslims in Mozang Chowk. Earlier today, I talked to Dr. Mathura Das. He has a plan: that in case of emergency we should take shelter in his house." Dr. Mathura Das lived just behind us in a compound as deep as our entire *gulli*, so its entrance was on Temple Road.

"Since we can't go out on Temple Road, how will we get there?" I asked. "There's no way to scale the wall between our houses." The side wall of Dr. Mathura Das's compound formed the back walls of all the houses on our side of the *gulli.*

"Dr. Mathura Das is proposing that each of us neighbors install a heavy iron door in our back wall for escape. He has already worked out a system for communicating with torches from our roofs."

We all talked at once. I asked what would stop the mob from following us to Dr. Mathura Das's house.

Daddyji explained that the existence of the iron doors was going to be kept secret, that the doors would be painted to look like part of the walls, and that once we got on Dr. Mathura Das's side we would lock them.

"The women and children could all be in a room inside Dr. Mathura Das's house while we men took positions on the roof," Daddyji said. "There would be a lot of us up there, and we could make a good showing."

We objected that we didn't want to abandon our house—that we couldn't possibly flee, since we couldn't choose what to take and what to leave behind. My big sisters said they would prefer to stay in our house and fight the mob with Daddyji and Brother Om, instead of running like thieves to Dr. Mathura Das's house and being closeted with young children and old ladies. "It's a terrible plan," Sister Umi said. "Only someone who failed to get a degree could have thought it up." Dr. Mathura Das was famous throughout the country for his "ten-minute cataract operations" for the poor, but behind his back the neighbors always made fun of the fact that he had never properly qualified as a doctor and technically had no business calling himself one.

Daddyji ticked off Sister Umi for being a gossip, and explained that the iron-door plan alone offered a quick and safe escape from our house and our *gulli.* "It's true that going to Dr. Mathura Das's may mean abandoning our home to the rampaging mob," Daddyji said. "But the times have changed, and what is at stake now may be not property but life."

"Whatever you say," Mamaji said.

We children, however, were not persuaded until that night, when we again heard the mob. The roar sounded now near, now distant, now near again, like the roar of a hungry tiger pacing to and fro. We tried to guess from the sound which direction the animal might jump from. At any moment, we feared, it might lunge into our *gulli.* We sat in the darkened, shut-up house mesmerized and paralyzed.

•

THREE days after the government banned all R.S.S. meetings, I was awakened by a soft knock on the door of my room.

"Who is it?"

"Sohan."

I cautiously opened the door for him. "I'm not supposed to see you."

"I know," he said. "I came in around the back, through the servants' entrance. I don't think anyone saw me."

"What is happening to the R.S.S.?" I asked excitedly.

"Wait a minute, boy. Keep a cool head. It's not like you to be so jumpy." But what he said then made me more jumpy. "I'm convinced that the Muslim League has a plan for the destruction of the Hindus in Lahore, and it is going to put the plan into action any day now, with the blessing of the authorities. Mayor Mian Amir-ud-Din has a big cache of firearms in his house, and, like a good Muslim, he's giving them free to Muslim League hooligans."

"What are we Hindus going to do, Sohan?"

"The question is: What *can* we Hindus do? After the Direct Action Day in Calcutta, I told our R.S.S. leaders, 'The Muslim League has sounded the bugle. We should arm ourselves.' They heard me out, but they did nothing about it. In spite of what they claim, they go on believing in the nonviolent methods of Gandhiji and Pandit Nehru. I have thought all along that Gandhiji and Pandit Nehru are outdated, that they are too idealistic to cope with these Muslim League hooligans."

I tried to take the other side. "But Gandhiji and Pandit Nehru say that they have all but driven out the British with nonviolence, and if they can succeed against the powerful British they can surely succeed against the weaker Muslims."

"Their methods were good for the struggle against the British, but they are no good for the struggle against the Muslims and the Muslim League," Sohan said. "Besides, it's not Gandhiji's nonviolence that has all but driven out the British—it's the decency of the British themselves." It was the first time I had ever heard Sohan say anything nice about the British, and I was interested. "When Gandhiji fasted in jail, for instance, if it had been the Germans or the Japanese in charge they would have let him starve to death. Most likely, they wouldn't have put him or any other leaders in jail in the first place—they would have just shot them dead, right at the beginning, before they had built up any political following. Instead, the British gave our leaders plenty of ink and paper in jail to write tracts against them."

"But you said that the British were cunning. Look at their divide-and-rule policy."

"They were cunning and decent at the same time."

Sohan had a copy of the *Tribune,* the Punjab English-language daily, with him, and he told me that on the front page was a statement by Gandhiji exhorting Hindu and Sikh women to prefer suicide to rape or abduction, and all Hindus and Sikhs to prefer death to forcible conversion to Muhammadanism. "Oh, these religious men! Why do they get mixed up in politics?" Sohan said, with exasperation.

"Explain! Explain!"

"Gandhiji is like Buddha. Both of them speak to two parts of the Hindu nature that I think will be the end of our country—the passive, philosophical part and the individualistic, noncoöperative part. You can't get Hindus to fight, and you can't get two Hindus to agree or coöperate on anything. How can such passive, noncoöperative people run a country? Nonviolence and noncoöperation—prayer and strikes and fasts—may be all very well for a resistance movement, but they won't do for governing. We Hindus have to change if we are to survive and rule India—the only language a Muslim understands is that of a knife and a grenade."

"Do you know what you're saying, Sohan? You're talking like a wild fellow."

"I know. But it's only the truth."

Like my family, I could no more bring myself to turn against Buddha and Gandhiji than I could face thinking that we all might die in one fateful moment. Yet I realized that in dismissing them—and Pandit Nehru as well—Sohan was only voicing the secret feelings of us all. I felt that he had the makings of a great leader. I recalled that whenever he spoke at R.S.S. meetings he would make us feel that we alone were strong, that we alone could stop the Muslim League. We would feel like rushing out of the parade ground there and then and battling Muslim League hooligans. We would feel that if the authorities or the Congress leaders tried to stop us we could fight them, too. Even the R.S.S. members who remained devoted to Gandhiji and Pandit Nehru would catch the fever of Sohan's words, perhaps because the more stirring his speeches were, the calmer his reasoning seemed.

"I agree with you, Sohan!" I cried. "Gandhiji is as outdated as Buddha. You're right, as always."

"I don't know about that, but I know I'm right in thinking that all the Congress leaders, the whole lot of them, are outdated."

Sohan was carried away, and I was carried away, and we sat and derided Gandhiji and his latest statement.

"How silly it is of Gandhiji to make such an issue of conversion to Muhammadanism," I said.

"No doubt he thinks that we shouldn't swell the ranks of the Muslims any further—that we already have so many Muslims in our country as a result of the forcible conversions in Mogul times," Sohan said.

"It's so hypocritical. Anything would be better than death."

"Not to Gandhiji. He's a religious man."

"But the Congress is a political party, and here it is, dumbly going along. How terrible!"

"The truth is that it is a Hindu-dominated party. That is one of Jinnah's complaints. That's why Jinnah says he left the Congress Party and joined the Muslim League. That's why he says he's asking for Pakistan."

"This nonviolent idea of Buddha and Gandhiji seems completely unrealistic. If somebody attacks me, I want to fight back."

"I think like you," Sohan said. "It was because of Buddha's teachings that the early Moguls were able to come down the mountains and conquer our people. We didn't fight back, so we had hundreds of years of Mogul rule. We can't let something like that happen again. The R.S.S. is trying to make sure it won't. If Jinnah succeeds, Pakistan will be one of the largest Muslim countries in the world, and the Muslim countries will stretch all the way from Pakistan, across Afghanistan, to Iran and then all the way to the Middle East and Africa. There will be a revival of Muhammadanism the like of which hasn't been seen."

I told Sohan that I wished I could get him a glass of buttermilk but that I feared he might then be discovered.

Sohan said that he took the wish for the deed. Then he asked, "Has your daddy made any arrangements for your safety? You can't afford to wait a day longer. I love your family like my own." His own family lived outside the Punjab—outside the "danger zone."

I hesitated. "Daddyji has a plan, but it's a secret."

"I suppose I have to respect that—I'm glad you have a plan. Now, the Mehtas in Mehta Gulli can make a good showing and look after your Bhabiji, but what about your Babuji? Does he have a plan for 16 Mozang Road?"

"No. He doesn't think any mob would dare come near his house, because of his age and position. He's as stubborn as ever."

"I was afraid of that. I wish I were old enough to go and talk to him."

"I'm not sure that even you could make him change his mind. I wish you could have heard him arguing with Daddyji about how Muslims couldn't possibly butcher Hindus just because Hindus are infidels."

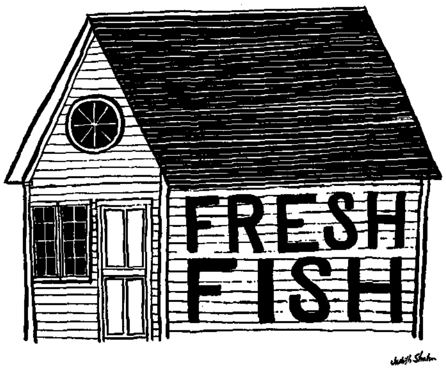
"What did he say?"

"He talked about how peacefully Hindus and Muslims have lived together through most of their history."

"Then he's outdated. Why can't he understand that those times are gone? He speaks about the peaceful history of Hindus and Muslims, but he forgets the British role in that history—sowing seeds of division for a hundred years. Does he overlook those hundred years because they don't fit his idealistic picture?"

"Sohan, don't be so hard on him. He doesn't see how a foreign power could have changed hundreds of years of good relations."

"I sometimes wonder if he understands how calculating and cunning the British really are." He abruptly asked, "But what is your daddy's plan? Is it any good? I must know it."



I was surprised at his about-face—at his wanting me to tell him our family's secret. He knew as well as I did that he shouldn't ask me and that I shouldn't tell him, but he and I also knew that if he asked me I couldn't keep it back from him. (I now know something that I didn't know then—that I had what amounted to a teenage crush on him.) "Daddyji is arranging for all of us to take shelter in Dr. Mathura Das's house," I found myself telling him.

"You won't have time to do that. The mob will be in your *gulli* before you can run out. It will seal off your escape."

"Daddyji intends to install a hidden iron door in the back wall."

Sohan was really impressed.

"What are you yourself going to do, Sohan? What about your safety?"

"I'll manage. If the Muslims should try to kill me, I'll take a few of them along with me."

"Don't talk like that."

"You might as well get used to hearing talk like that. There's going to be a lot of bloodshed. A lot of people's friends and relatives are going to be killed. Well, I must be off, before anyone catches me here."

"Will I see you again, Sohan? I must go on seeing you. I must find out what is going on outside."

"I'll come in tomorrow morning—the same way."

Sohan left just in time, because Daddyji and Mamaji got up right afterward, and Sheikh Sahib was announced. It seemed strange for any Muslim to stop by. Ever since Sheikh Sahib made an offer for the house, I had felt that he was a snake in the grass—even though he had taught English to Daddyji at Government College and had known Daddyji since he was a boy. I was surprised that he should come calling, and in order to find out what he was up to I hid behind the curtain in the inside doorway to the drawing room as Daddyji opened the outside door to receive him.

"Ah, Doctorji, I'm so happy to see you," Sheikh Sahib said, coming in.

"It's a pleasure to see you here, Sheikh Sahib."

It seemed a long time since I had heard a Muslim and a Hindu address one another with such cordiality. Yet Sheikh Sahib's voice sounded to me a little sugary, as if he were trying to get Daddyji to let down his guard.

I wished Daddyji had Sohan at his elbow to warn him.

"Doctorji, I'll come right to the point. Your women are not safe in your house. The neighbors to your left are Sikhs, and you know what that means in these times. Sikhs are belligerent people, and they are bait to Muslims, as a goat is to a lion. My wife has a proposal for your women. It must be kept strictly between us. Otherwise, even we wouldn't be safe in our own house."

I didn't really want to overhear a confidence, but I didn't want to retreat, for fear of making a noise; I stood as still as a piece of furniture, scarcely breathing.

"Her proposal is that at the first sign of trouble your women run across to our house and take shelter with us," Sheikh Sahib said.

I was aghast: Sheikh Sahib, having failed to scare us into selling our house to him, was now resorting to dirtier means. He was trying to get Mamaji and our sisters into his clutches.

I was relieved to hear Daddyji say, in a firm way that brooked no contradiction, "I don't think that will be necessary, Sheikh Sahib. We'll make a stand at our house and fight all comers."

"Think again, Doctorji. Your wife and daughters are dear to me, and I'd hate to have anything happen to them. Once your house was attacked, there would be nothing I or any other Muslim could do, but if your women were already in my house . . ."

Could it be that he was so devious that he might even stage an attack to frighten us and get our house on the cheap?

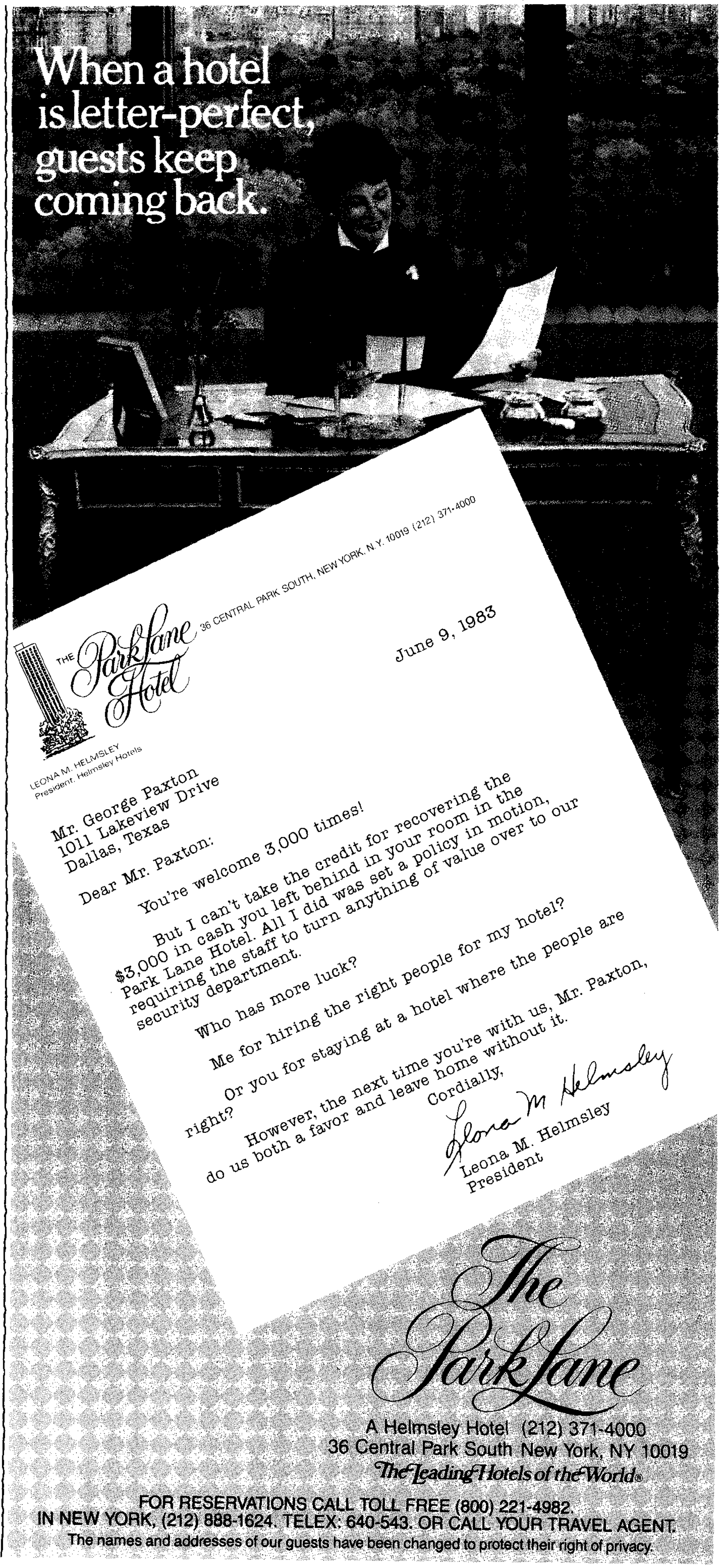
"I'm very grateful to you and your begum, Sheikh Sahib, for your concern," Daddyji was saying.

"I can't say that I blame you for refusing my wife's offer. In these times, no one can afford to trust anybody." Sheikh Sahib was being suspiciously understanding. What a fox.

"I thought, Sheikh Sahib, that you would appreciate my position," Daddyji said. "You're my old professor. I revere you. But you know what women are like."

It seemed that Daddyji was changing his tack. But then there was always a chance that Sheikh Sahib's proposal was an honorable one. If so, Daddyji's spurning it might make him vengeful.

"For thirty-seven years, Doctorji, our families have known each other. I remember when you got married,



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when you built this house. I've seen your children grow up with mine. Your daughters are my daughters. However that may be—"

"Very kind of you. I myself trust you completely, but—"

"I know what you mean, Doctorji. You don't have to explain. I'm sorry, yes, I'm sorry. I'm an old man. I don't understand these times."

I was almost touched. I thought that even Sohan might have been. But then again I couldn't be sure.

Sheikh Sahib began once more: "I hope you'll permit me to do at least one thing for you. As you know, I have my own tube well and water pump. Why don't you pipe my water into your house?"

What an absurd idea! Was he suggesting that his well water was safer than the municipal water supply we depended on for our water—that the Muslim League was going to contaminate the municipal water supply and that therefore we should use his private supply? How could he expect anyone to believe that? Contaminating the municipal water supply would poison the water of Hindus and Muslims alike. There was only one explanation: he wanted to poison our water supply.

"Why do I need the water from your well, Sheikh Sahib?" Daddyji asked. "I don't understand."

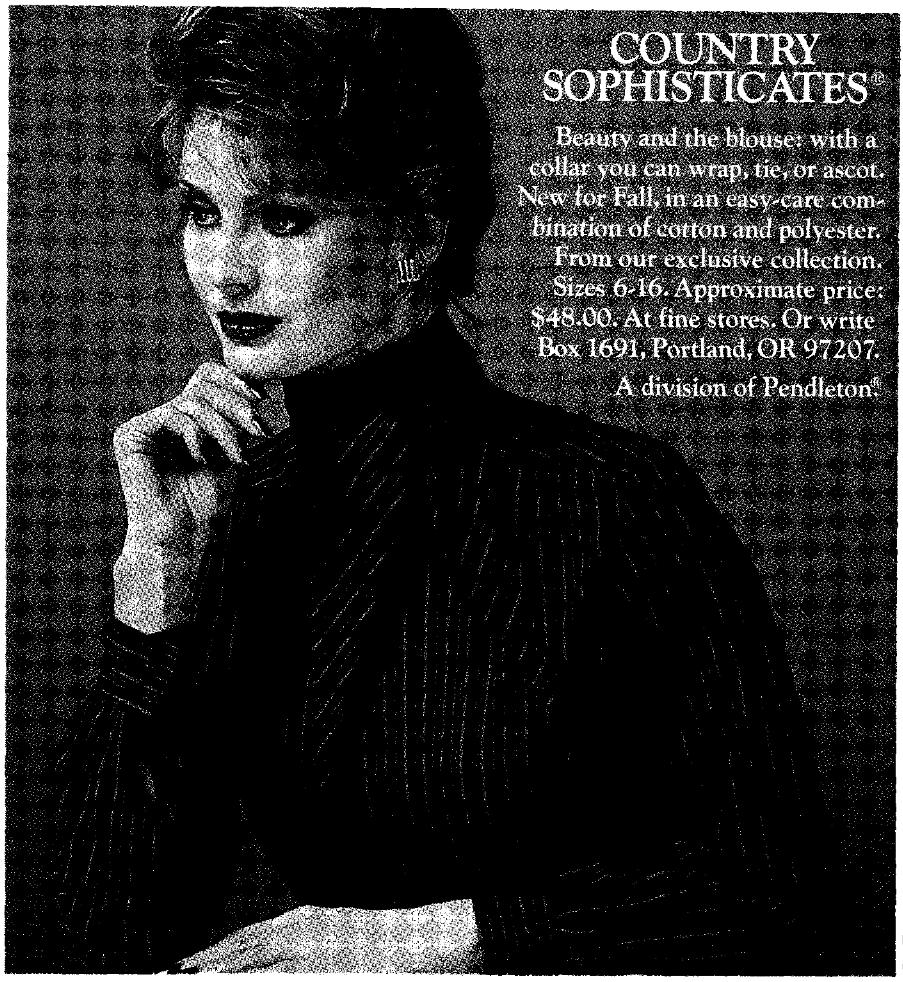
"You know how low the water pressure is in this area—that's why we installed our own well. If your house were set on fire, not only would you have practically no water but you couldn't rely on the fire brigade. It's manned mostly by Muslims, and it would not answer your call for help."

I began shaking with fright in spite of myself. I thought I was making the curtain shake. I'm going to be discovered, I thought, and Sheikh Sahib will know that I've heard his confidences. I'll embarrass Daddyji.

"I suppose not," Daddyji said slowly. "Not to save a Hindu's house."

"If your house were on fire, I couldn't stretch a hose from my house. If I did, the mob would consider me a traitor, and I might fare no better at its hands than you would. What I'm proposing is that we secretly attach a pipeline to my water main, run it under the *gulli*, and connect it with your water line. The work would be done in a few hours, and no one need be the wiser for it."

"That is very generous of you in-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deed, Sheikh Sahib. I'd like to talk it over with my wife."

I was so busy thinking about Sheikh Sahib's visit and his latest proposal that I scarcely heard Daddyji show him to the door, or their goodbyes. Before I knew it, Daddyji had come through the doorway where I was standing, and had found me.

"Son, it's not nice to eavesdrop on your elders."

"I'd rather be burned than accept Sheikh Sahib's water."

"I wish you could have seen his face. He looked so earnest."

"I could tell it from his voice. But even so—"

"Even so! That's the question, son, isn't it?"

•

DADDYJI called everyone into Mamaji's bedroom, reported what Sheikh Sahib had said, and asked, "What do you all think?"

Usha, my ten-year-old sister, didn't know, and Brother Om was opposed to the plan, even if refusing it meant antagonizing Sheikh Sahib and having a Muslim enemy at our doorstep.

Sister Umi was amused. "If Sheikh Sahib plans to poison us, he's certainly very ingenious—I'll say that much for him."

"But we have to trust someone," Sister Nimi said. "If we lose the ability to trust, what will become of us? Sheikh Sahib's proposal is a test that God has sent us to see how mature we are. Daily, we hear reports of Hindu women preferring suicide to being taken by Muslim hooligans. I would rather die from Sheikh Sahib's water, if that's what he has in mind, than kill myself."

"Sheikh Sahib is a good man," Mamaji said. "But you can never tell about Muslims. They have dirty habits."

"I care about our property," Daddyji said. "I also care about Sheikh Sahib. All of you have known him only as our good neighbor, but to me he is a mentor. He is one of the few Muslims I know in Lahore who still seem to believe in one India. Just the other day, I read a letter of his in the *Civil & Military Gazette* pleading for one nation, for Hindu-Muslim amity. The letter could have been written by Babuji." He went around the room again. We all felt that Sister Nimi had a point, except for Brother Om.

"I'm going over to Sheikh Sahib's to make the arrangements," Daddyji said.

"Take Brother Om with you!" I cried. I suddenly thought that we should never have agreed to the water plan.

"Don't worry about me," Daddyji said, laughing. "I'm as safe at Sheikh Sahib's house as I am here. After all, we're going to be drinking his well water."

•

THERE was a gentle rap on my door the next morning, and I hastened to open it. "Come in, Sohan," I whispered. "Am I glad to see you!" I told him about Sheikh Sahib's visit, about what Sister Nimi had said, about the water decision.

"You're making preparations to escape to Dr. Mathura Das's house, yet you hand over your lives to the mercy of one Muslim," Sohan said. "Your daddy gives lectures to Babuji about how a Muslim would butcher an infidel, yet he calmly walks across to Sheikh Sahib's house and makes him the custodian of your drinking water. Your sister talks about a test of maturity, and you come around to a decision that is absolutely immature. It makes no sense. What irony."

"Stop! I don't want to hear any more. You speak about irony, but what about history?" I wasn't quite sure what irony was, but I didn't want to ask, for fear that Sohan would stop talking to me like a grownup.

"Right you are. History is a tragic irony." He sighed, and went on, "Take the British. Churchill's Conservative government was positive that it had played its divide-and-rule cards well, that we'd kill each other and prove to the world that we were unfit to rule ourselves—that we couldn't get along without the British. And what did the British people do? They turned out Churchill and put in Attlee's Labour government, which said, 'Let the Indians have their independence, even if they kill each other.' You see the irony?"

"I see it all too well."

"Yes, and Churchill was one in a long line of misguided British rulers. The high-and-mighty British turned out to be much more stupid than you or I would have thought possible. I have been thinking about Babuji, and perhaps this morning I understand him better than I did yesterday. He doesn't see the contradictions in history. I don't think your Daddy does, either. I think you're all too idealistic."

I was getting confused, so I changed my approach. "But, for all your bold statements about history, I still don't see what's wrong with having ideals."

There was a confident tapping. "It's Daddyji!"

There was no help for it, and I opened the door.

"Well, well, well, Sohan," Daddyji said, coming in. "I thought I might see you here this morning. You were here yesterday, too, weren't you?"

"Yes, Doctor Sahib, I was."

"I thought I saw you from the window."

Daddyji sat down on my bed. "You must have heard, Sohan, that the police have seized the R.S.S. records and have handed them over to Muslim League leaders."

I felt chilled with fright. My name was in the R.S.S. register. On top of that, I was entertaining a well-known R.S.S. member in our house. But Daddyji said—as if he wanted to say "What has happened has happened"—"I'm glad my son has a chance to talk to you. I want all my children to understand these times—then they will be prepared to meet any emergency courageously—and Vedi has a special difficulty in going out and about."

Daddyji and Sohan talked for some time, Sohan airing his views about history and bloodshed, Daddyji for the most part trying to temper Sohan's views. I was surprised that they could talk to each other at all.

"He's a good fellow," Daddyji said, without a word of reproach to me, after Sohan had left. "Very courageous. You have a good friend in him. But he's too much of an extremist for his own good."

MARCH

MARCH 1ST: In the evening, a few trusted laborers, who had helped to remodel our house, and who often worked on jobs for Daddyji's architect brother, Romesh Chachaji, arrived with picks and shovels, pipes and joints. There was no hiding their presence: they made a lot of noise in digging a trench in the *gulli*, and the night turned out to be clear. Neighbors came out of their houses to inquire what was going on. We let them think that something had suddenly gone wrong with our water system and the laborers were fixing it; we hoped that the strangeness of the enterprise would keep them from guessing its nature. The laborers connected our water supply to Sheikh Sahib's well, and the water pressure in our house became so strong that for a moment we feared that it would blast the taps off the pipes.

I drank a glass of the new supply of water, almost relishing the thought that I was risking my life—that a Muslim had the say of life and death over me.

•

MARCH 2ND: A closed van pulled into our driveway with an iron door for us. The door was wrapped up in a tarpaulin, like a new sofa, and it was carried into our inner courtyard. There it was propped up in its tarpaulin shroud and left.

We waited all day for the Hindu laborers to return and install the door, but they didn't come. "They're probably afraid to stir out of their *gullis*," Daddyji explained when he got home from the office. "The whole city seems to be on tenterhooks tonight. Khizar has just resigned—what a pity!" Daddyji explained that Sir Khizar Hayat Khan, the premier of the Punjab, led the moderate Unionist Party and, though a Muslim, was against the Muslim League and Pakistan. Moreover, his resignation had come in a volatile religious atmosphere. In the bazaars, Hindus and Sikhs were shouting "We'll fight before we give up Pakistan!" and Muslims were shouting "We'll take Pakistan by force! Khizar is a dog!" Khizar had promised to put all the fanatics—whether Hindu, Sikh, or Muslim—behind bars in return for the Punjab Congress Party's support. It was in the Punjab Congress Party's interest to keep the moderate Khizar in power, but instead its leader, Bhim Sain Sachar, had helped to precipitate his resignation.

"I think Sachar has made a terrible blunder," Daddyji said. "No doubt he hoped to make the Muslims in the Unionist Party and the Muslims in the Muslim League fight it out among themselves, but actually, by failing to support Khizar, he has turned the Punjab over to the rule of fanatics. The music that we hear from this time on will be the sad music of Partition. I don't know when we'll be able to get the laborers to install our iron door now."

•

MARCH 3RD: Rumors about no ministry, no government—no one in charge in the Punjab. The radio reported that the Punjab Congress Party and the smaller Hindu and Sikh parties were holding a strategy meeting in the Assembly chamber but that they could no more form a ministry without the Muslim League than the Muslim League could form a ministry without them. It said that the Muslim League had surrounded the chamber with a huge mob, which had shouted, "We'll take Pakistan by force!"—whereupon Master Tara Singh, the leader of Sikhs and their Akali Party, had come out of the chamber and brandished his dagger and said, "We will kill ourselves and give you our lives but will never concede Pakistan!" Master Tara Singh, like all Sikhs, always carried a dagger, as an emblem of his fierce faith.

Later in the day, Sohan slipped into my room. "Master Tara Singh's words fell on the mob like a match on a powder keg," he said breathlessly. "For once, though, the police stepped in, and separated Master Tara Singh and his followers from the mob. Otherwise, he would have set the whole city on fire. He has called a public meeting at Kapurthala House this evening to decide how to lick the Muslim League and its dream of Pakistan. You may need your iron door this very night." Kapurthala House was a sort of guest house of the nearby princely Sikh state of Kapurthala.

"Are you going to go to Kapurthala House?" I asked.

"Of course."

I went into Daddyji's room and entreated him to let me go, too.

"The authorities have prohibited all public meetings," he said. "They have outlawed all public speeches and public processions. The meeting at Kapurthala House is illegal on every count, and anything could happen there. Police could charge in swinging sticks. They could open fire. You could be trampled underfoot."

"But Sohan is going. He's not afraid."

"Well, I leave it up to you. Think for yourself—be independent."

In later years, I wondered why he was seldom able to refuse me anything when it really came down to it—even when the refusal would have been in my own interest and for my own safety. I concluded that he felt guilty about my blindness. How often I had heard him say, "If only I had not stayed back in Gujarat for a tennis match but had driven you straightaway to a hospital in Lahore, if only I had backed my hunch that you had meningitis, and insisted on a lumbar puncture right away, your eyes might have been saved."

As Sohan and I were going out, we passed Mamaji at the gate. "Be careful—the roads are dangerous," she said. Then she blessed me portentously, as if I were going far, far away and we might not meet again for a long time.

In later years, I reflected that Mamaji, left to herself, would have locked me up rather than let me go out on the road, never mind to Kapurthala House, but that, as she never tired of repeating when we were growing up, she was only a Hindu wife, and her husband's word or fancy was her destiny and her duty.

The evening air around my face felt revivingly fresh, but Sohan and I walked mostly in foreboding silence, and I started several times at unusual crowd sounds.

Kapurthala House, a big, oldish bungalow, was so packed that we had to stand. Yet still more people kept coming, pressing in on us from all sides.

There was a roar so loud that I thought the roof would fall in. "Master Tara Singh has come!" Sohan said, jumping up and down. "And he's with the Congress leaders. Do you know what that means?"

"Yes! Yes!" We had come to think of the Congress leaders as softies, because the more the Muslim League leaders shouted about taking Pakistan by force, the more the Congress leaders seemed to talk about keeping India one through Gandhiji's nonviolent means of love and persuasion. The more the Muslim League roared like a lion, the more the Congress seemed to bleat like a goat. Now the Congress leaders were appearing on the platform with Master Tara Singh, the most daring anti-Muslim leader in the Punjab—the lion-eater himself—who spoke the language of the dagger, which the Muslim League couldn't mistake: they were doing an about-face, and putting the Muslim League on notice that they would fight. From now on, Master Tara Singh, not Gandhiji, was going to be in command.

Giani Kartar Singh, another Akali leader, was addressing us from the platform in an enraged shout: "Let the Muslims start something! The Hindus and Sikhs will retaliate!"

The crowd roared, the crowd cheered, the crowd shouted ferocious slogans, the voices clashing against the walls and echoing thunderously around me, like those of a thousand and one R.S.S. members. I felt uplifted, as if I had been borne to the platform on the shoulders of the crowd.

The crowd abruptly became silent. "What's happening? What's happening?" I asked Sohan.

"Sh-h-h," he hissed. "Master Tara Singh is about to speak."

The air around me felt hot and thick. I could hear Sikhs here and there scratching their beards and adjusting their turbans. Everywhere were the sounds of heavy, expectant breathing.

"O Hindus and Sikhs! Be ready for self-destruction, like the Japanese and the Nazis," Tara Singh began. His voice had fire and grit. He was a former schoolmaster, and he had a commanding presence. "Our motherland is calling for blood, and we shall slake the thirst of our mother with blood. By crushing Mogulistan, we shall trample Pakistan. I have been feeling for many a day now that mischief has been brewing in the province, and for that reason I started reorganizing the Akali Party. If we can snatch the government from the Britishers, no one can stop us from snatching the government from the Muslims. We have in our hold the arms and legs of the Muslim League, and we shall break them. Disperse from here, on the solemn affirmation that we shall not allow the League to exist. The world has always been ruled by minorities. The Muslims snatched the kingdom from the Hindus, and the Sikhs grabbed it from the hands of the Muslims, and the Sikhs ruled over the Muslims with their might, and the Sikhs shall even now rule over them. We shall rule over them and shall get the government, fighting. I have sounded the bugle. Finish the Muslim League!"

I felt exhilarated, and thought that we were all leaders—that if we just went out of Kapurthala House we could rally all the Hindu and Sikh

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masses and show the Muslim League that we were not meek and servile but strong and powerful. I curled my fingers and clenched my fists tightly. My hand touched Sohan's. His hand was clenched in a fist, like mine. I felt that we could march down any street and defy any force.

After the meeting, Sohan rushed me home. I told Daddyji what Master Tara Singh had said.

"I'm afraid that the Hindus and Sikhs have woken up too late," he said. "The Muslim League has a long head start. It has thoroughly indoctrinated the masses and supplied them with arms."

"But every Sikh has a dagger at his side."

"Their daggers are little better than table knives. Master Tara Singh is a hothead. I fear he is making a tragic mistake. Everywhere he goes, he's inflaming the emotions of the crowds, but hotheads without arms are helpless. Besides, whatever Master Tara Singh and his company do or don't do may make little difference. The slaughter may come anyway."

•

MARCH 4TH-5TH: Evening. Still no sign of laborers to install the iron door. We felt the need to be with our relatives, and all of us walked over to 16 Mozang Road. Babuji was not at home. Mataji (his wife, and my maternal grandmother) said that he was probably out at a meeting of the Arya Samaj, a Hindu reform movement. We waited. It got dark suddenly. The mob was already raising a cry in Mozang Chowk, just one house away, and Daddyji said it wasn't safe to walk back. The men went upstairs to the terraced roof to watch, but the women and we children were shunted into Mataji's bedroom. We all lay or sat on the beds without saying very much, as if there were someone sick in the room. We waited—I wasn't sure for what. For Babuji to arrive? For the mob to go away, so that we could go back home? For Daddyji to give the word that we were going to sleep over? My heart thumped, and sounded to my ears as loud as the clock on the wall.

Mozang Chowk and Mozang Bazaar, which lay behind it, were thick with grain merchants and *dal* merchants and little stalls selling rice and wheat flour, ghi and vegetables. People lived above their shops or in tenements behind them. Our servants went there daily to buy supplies and groceries. They knew everyone in the bazaar, and everyone in the bazaar knew them, but the wretched sellers couldn't forget that they were all Muslims and we were all Hindus. They lived in choked little *gullis* with their animals and baskets, we on well-to-do Mozang Road and Temple Road, in houses with gates and flower beds. Perhaps they had always wanted to storm our houses.

I jumped, but it was only the clock striking ten. The chimes, resonant with rich sweetness, sounded discordant in my head. The clock struck ten-fifteen, ten-thirty. The cries of the mob grew louder and more sustained. They seemed so close that I imagined that the mob was at the gate. I thought I could hear voices urging the mob to avenge the blood of their oppressed brethren, to battle the infidels.

"They're coming, they're coming!" the servants shouted, running into the house.

"Oh, my mother! Babuji still hasn't come home!" Mataji wailed. "Ram, save us. Ram, Ram! Save us, save us!"

"House on fire! House on fire!" the servants cried, scurrying to and fro as if they had gone berserk.

"Which house, you mad ones? Which house?" Mataji shouted.

The servants wouldn't say. They just kept running back and forth.

We ran out the side door. The air was filled with smoke, and we all choked, our coughs sounding nerve-rackingly like explosions of firecrackers.

"They've really set a house on fire!" Sister Umi exclaimed. "Look at that glow in the sky!"

Daddyji and Brother Om came running down the outer staircase. "Everyone, all of you, quick, take shelter by the back wall, by Mehta Gulli!" Daddyji exclaimed. Someone grabbed my hand roughly, and we all raced around the lawn to the back wall of the compound, calling to each other and shouting.

"Nimi! Umi!"

"Sureshta, are you there?"

"Gardener, don't just stand there—get a mosquito-net pole and run and help the sahibs on the roof."

"Gardener, hurry, find Babuji!"

We children started to climb over the wall into Mehta Gulli, but Mamaji called us back. "Your daddy said here."

We all cowered by the wall, somehow fitting ourselves into the little area between the tube well, with its pump house, on one side, and the stable and the servants' quarters, on the other. I felt dazed; it seemed suddenly that I couldn't hear anything, that I couldn't smell anything.

"They're going to kill my baby," someone moaned. "They're going to kill the baby in my stomach." It was Auntie Sureshta.

"They'll kill all of us if you don't shut up," someone whispered. Her wailing stopped abruptly, as if a radio had been switched off.

The pump started up, purring and whistling like a giant snoring. Everyone could be killed on the roof and we wouldn't hear it, I thought. I prayed that the pump would stop, that Auntie Sureshta's stomach would be all right, that everyone would stay alive, that we would all be restored to our homes. I prayed for nonviolence and peace; Master Tara Singh's speech seemed a long time ago.

I remembered that long ago in Bombay, at Dadar School for the Blind, which was run by Christian missionaries, I had thought of myself as a Christian. I wondered what was actually Hindu about me—what had made me want to kill a Muslim when I was listening to Master Tara Singh, and what might make a Muslim kill me that very night. I heard Daddyji's voice in my head: "As Hindus, we are bound by no one god, no prophet, no dogma, no sacred book. We as individuals are therefore free to venerate Muhammad or Christ as a prophet and still remain Hindus. For Hinduism is only a way of life: this is its power and its pride. We Hindus tolerate all religions. We worship thousands of gods, and our beliefs are as various as our geography and our climate. We don't proselytize, because there is nothing to proselytize about. In contrast to us, Muslims are united by their faith in one God, one prophet, one book. For Muslims, religion means complete abandonment of individual personality. Five times a day, Muslims, no matter where they live, turn their faces toward Mecca, kneel, and pray. They all proselytize, and with a sword."

I strained my ears for the sound of the mob, but I heard only the infernal hum of the pump—loud, constant, irritating.

We had been brought up with Hindu and Muslim family friends and Hindu and Muslim servants. We had thought of Muslims as no different from us. But now all that was changed. Our bearer said, "Muslims have a dirty, filthy way of eating. They all eat from the same pot, with the same spoon. They don't care who else has licked the spoon. A Hindu villager never brings his shoes into a house. A Muslim villager will walk around in his shoes all day in the muck and bring the same shoes into the place where he cooks and eats." And Gian Chand said, "Muslims teach cruelty. They teach children to break Hindu idols." And Sohan said, "Most Punjabi Muslims are weavers, cobblers, herdsmen, potters, or blacksmiths. Because they do low-level jobs, they have a low intellect. They live in vice and poverty, which breed more vice and more poverty." I wondered if our bearer had always thought of Muslims as unclean, and if Gian Chand had always considered Muslims cruel, and if Sohan had always thought of them as living in vice and poverty.

I heard a cow moo and cough. So it was dawn, time to milk her, I thought. Just then, Brother Om ran toward us, saying, "All is well."

We staggered to the house. Babuji was on the veranda. We asked him where he'd been, when he'd got back, where he'd spent the night. He was incoherent, and we couldn't even be sure that he had understood our questions. It was as if the happenings of the night had momentarily unhinged him.

"They burned down a Hindu tenement!" he muttered. "The idiots! They burned it down!"

"That must have been the fire we saw," Daddyji said. "But we can be thankful that it was the only fire in our area, and that the mob never crossed Mozang Road."

"The idiots!"

Back in our own house, Daddyji got out a double-barrelled gun that he had bought in Rawalpindi on a whim. For many months, it had stood in a cupboard with some discarded golf clubs. He raised it to one shoulder, then the other, trying to work out how he was supposed to hold it. He had never used a gun, and wondered aloud what happened when you fired it. Did it have a back-thrust? And, if so, did that affect the aim? He loaded it and put it next to his pillow, and warned us and all the servants not to touch it or dust it for fear of setting it off.

News filtered in all day: unprovoked, the police had fired on Hindu college students; Sir Evan Meredith

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Jenkins, the governor of the Punjab, whom we regarded as partial to the Muslims, had declared martial law; the government had announced a curfew; riots had broken out everywhere; in Gumti Bazaar, Kinari Bazaar, and Kasera Bazaar and in the Rang Mahal area Muslims had killed Hindus and Sikhs and looted and burned their shops; scores of fires were lighting up the sky in the old city; men and women were fleeing their houses and leaving them to the whims of the mob; pedestrians had been stabbed, shops looted. Still no laborers—no door.

A servant brought a letter from Sister Pom, who had got married to Kakaji the year before and moved to Dehra Dun. It was for Mamaji, and was in Hindi.

"She says that the baby is due in the third week of April, and that she expects to be in Lahore a month before that," Mamaji said, giving us the gist as she read the letter. "She says that Kakaji and his mother are set against the idea but she's planning to come anyway." Mamaji looked up from the letter. "It's Pom's birthright to come to us. After all, it's her first baby, my first grandchild."

"Of course, it's traditional for a girl to return home for her first confinement, but these are no times for observing such a tradition," Daddyji said. "If anything happened to her, it would be terrible. This is one matter concerning Pom's in-laws on which I can't be mum. I'm going to write to Kakaji and tell him that Pom shouldn't come."

And by the end of the long day he had written to Kakaji, though Mamaji kept on whispering behind his back that he was making a mistake.

•

MARCH 6TH: In the morning, Sohan came again. He brought me a knife. "If a Muslim tries to take your sisters or your mother away, or tries to kill you, you have to be ready to kill him," he said. "This knife will be your self-defense and your honor."

I had coveted a Rogers Sheffield knife ever since Daddyji brought one from England for Brother Om, before the war, but Daddyji hadn't been able to obtain one for me locally. Brother Om's knife was small, light, and machine-turned. It had a smooth, bevelled handle and two slim blades, one about three inches long and the other about two inches. The blades were as smooth as Mamaji's full-length looking glass, and their edges were almost as sharp as the Gillette blades Daddyji used in his safety razor. The knife blades had little fingernail recesses for pulling them out, and when they were pulled out they clicked into place, and their strong springs made them seem fixed, like the blades of table knives. The knife that Sohan handed me, however, had a rough wooden handle, like that of a hammer. The handle was big and round, and the wood gave the knife a certain weight and substance. The knife had a switch; a mere touch caused the blade to jump out of the handle. The blade was a foot long and was of rough iron, and it was loose in its socket, but it was curved at the top, like a sword. In all my life, I'd never owned or held anything that excited me or terrified me more than the knife Sohan gave me. Holding it in my hand, I felt I was every bit as powerful as Daddyji or Brother Om, or as the men who took positions on the terraced roofs; I felt whole and strong.

"It will go into a Muslim's stomach like a knife into butter," Sohan was saying. "And the beauty of it is that when you pull it out, if the Muslim isn't already dead that will finish the job."

He showed me how to hold the knife at a tilt when pulling it out of a stomach so that it would slice the Muslim almost in two. I put it under my pillow, and thought that in its way it was as good as Daddyji's double-barrelled gun.

•

MARCH 11TH: In the evening, the radio reported that in a village named Bewal in Rawalpindi District the Hindu and Sikh women, to escape Muslim raiders, had piled up their beds, clothes, and fuel, made a great bonfire, and hurled themselves into the flames. "They wanted to die with their honor and a pure soul," the radio reported. "A villager, Hatha Singh, said, 'My ladies preferred torturous death by fire to the fury of the mob.' "

"Hare Ram, all those women, for a whole life cycle, cawing and flying around with no place to rest, shunned by everybody," Mamaji said, almost to herself. Any Hindu who committed suicide was reincarnated as a crow—black, despised, and restless.

•

MARCH 13TH: It was considered unsafe to leave the security of home even at midday. No one went to school. Except for the servants, no one went shopping. Daddyji alone went daily to his office, in his motorcar, because nothing could be allowed to interfere with his official duties, and every afternoon Gian Chand made the rounds of various relatives to check on them.

Reports of riots continued to arrive from the rest of the western Punjab: in predominantly Muslim villages Muslim marauders had killed villagers, razed entire lanes, destroyed herds and crops; in towns they had abducted women and stabbed people in bazaars in the middle of the day; and on roads they had ambushed lorries and trains.

"Of course, there are reports every day of one Sikh here, another Sikh there slitting a Muslim's stomach or throat with a dagger," Daddyji said. "Those are isolated incidents. But Muslims seem to be killing Hindus and Sikhs in droves. It appears that the Muslim League has got the upper hand. No wonder its leaders are gloating. These disturbances have a pattern. It looks as though the Muslim League were stage-managing these disturbances to prove to the British that, after they leave, Hindus and Muslims can't live together. It must be the Muslim League's plan for getting Pakistan. We must prepare ourselves."

•

MARCH 14TH: We heard that Pandit Nehru had arrived in Lahore and had been greeted by expectant and excited Hindus and Sikhs.

"They still think that he can bring about a miracle—can halt the destruction of lives and property, can undo the work of the Muslim League," Daddyji said. "But the way it looks to me is that it's too late."

All day, I waited for Sohan, to find out what he thought, but he did not come. There hadn't been a sign of him since the day he brought me the knife. Daddyji thought that he might have gone underground. I insisted that

Gian Chand go to Sohan's lodgings, in the old city, and inquire after him. Gian Chand protested, made all kinds of excuses, complained that he might die, but I prevailed. He came back and reported, "Sohan Sahib's door is locked. I could find no one who had seen him." I wondered if Gian Chand had come back a little too soon, and examined him closely on the kind and size of Sohan's lock, which I knew from Sohan's description was an especially secure one; and I was persuaded that Gian Chand was telling the truth. I had a terrible sinking feeling.

•

March 21st: My thirteenth birthday. Still no laborers, no door. I waited for Sohan all day. No sign. Under protest, Gian Chand made another trip to Sohan's lodgings. He came back without a scrap of news.

"If the Sahib keeps on forcing me to go to the old city, I may die, like Sohan Sahib."

I scolded him roundly for having a loose tongue—I was afraid that he would bring about the tragedy by naming it—and went into my room. I felt the knife under the pillow.

•

March 24th: Early in the morning, the telephone rang. I ran to get it, but Mamaji had already picked it up.

"Pom!" she exclaimed. "No, we didn't receive any telegram. Nothing is working here. . . . Where did you say you are? . . . At the Lahore station! . . . Sitting on the platform all night! . . . Your Daddy will be right there."

"On the platform all night, with stabbings going on all around the station!" Daddyji exclaimed as we all rushed in the motorcar to get Sister Pom. "It's a wonder that she's safe. How could Kakaji have sent her?"

"Kakaji is living in the United Provinces," Sister Nimi said. "He can't imagine what things are like here."

"But the United Provinces have had their share of Hindu-Muslim riots," Daddyji said. "Don't you remember that last August they had a terrible outbreak in Allahabad, and, last November, terrible riots in Garhmuktesar, in the Meerut district?"

We got to the station in record time. Daddyji ran in and brought Sister Pom out. She was overwrought but safe.

"How different you look, Pom!" Sister Nimi said, laughing.

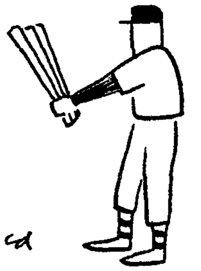
Mamaji shushed her, and put Pom next to her in the front seat. The two started whispering, as if the rest of us were not in the car.

"You see what marriage does for favoritism," Sister Umi said. "We haven't seen Pom in almost a year, but do we get a chance to talk to her?"

For once, no one took any notice of Sister Umi and her gibes.

•

March 25th-26th: In the morning, we set about sorting the family's prized possessions: the round drawing-room table with carved lions' feet, which the Maharaja of Patiala had given Daddyji; the tall marble statue of a mother and child, which Daddyji had brought from Italy; a camphorwood box that Daddyji's brother Krishan, who was killed in action in the Second World War, had brought from Malaya; Mamaji's saris and shawls; lengths of English woollen suiting; and a few pieces of silver and items of jewelry. Then we turned to our ordinary household possessions—rolled up carpets and took down curtains and pictures. We started carrying everything to the storeroom, but there was too much for the storeroom to hold, and a lot of it had to be left where it was, rolled up and bundled—as if waiting to be carried away by the mob. Daddyji had bought some fireproof paint, and we all got ourselves brushes and buckets and worked feverishly slapping the paint on doorframes and window frames, moldings and picture railings—any wood at all.



Just as we were washing up for lunch, Gian Chand announced that the Hindu laborers who were supposed to install the iron door were at the gate. We couldn't believe it. We'd been waiting for them for weeks. We set about unwrapping the door—clanking in its frame—from its tarpaulin shroud and showing the laborers exactly where it was to go. The laborers ran around mixing cement and sand with Sheikh Sahib's water and making an opening in the brick wall, the whole house echoing with the blows of half a dozen hammers against as many chisels. By evening, the overpowering odor of fireproof paint was joined by the odor of damp mortar from the iron door—the new damp odor sadly reminding us of the days of fixing up the house, just a year or so earlier.

"From now on, you must always sleep dressed," Daddyji said when we were having dinner, and his voice sounded very loud in the bare room, as if we were sitting at the bottom of a well. "You girls should all dress simply—you shouldn't take your jewelry or try to carry away your best clothes."

Mamaji protested—jewelry and saris were a woman's only security against ruin—but Daddyji said that now it was a question not of property but of life, and that the less temptation we offered the mob the better.

In the late evening, there were the shouts of a mob in Mozang Chowk, reminiscent of the night of the fourth. We followed a plan worked out with the Hindu and Sikh neighbors on our side of Temple Road—turned off all the lights, bolted the doors and windows, and raced up to our terraced roof. As had been agreed, Daddyji and Brother Om communicated with the neighbors by means of torches, their torch switches sliding and clicking in the still, hot air.

"Look—that's Dr. Mathura Das's torch flashing and flickering," Daddyji said. "He's saying that the mob is not moving. We are safe here for the time being."

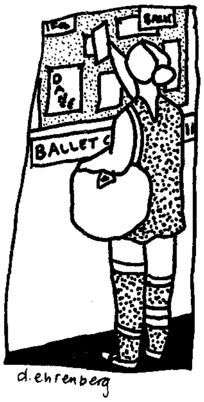
I quietly walked all around the parapet, in case I could tell anything from the sound of the shouts.

"Look!" Brother Om cried. "Our Sikh neighbors are signalling to us to abandon ship!"

We deliberately walked down the stairs, Daddyji and Brother Om leading the way with their torches. We joined hands in front of the iron door. With my left hand I held the cold, limp hand of Sister Nimi, and on the right Usha clung to me with both hands. Daddyji counted all of us, including the servants. He stepped through the iron door, carrying his gun under one arm and Ashok on the other—Ashok was just three, and was sleeping—and we followed, being careful not to smirch the wet paint. Then Sister Nimi took Ashok, and Daddyji and Brother Om locked the door behind us. They slipped upstairs to Dr. Mathura Das's roof to keep watch with the men. The rest of us silently walked to the room where the other women and children were gathered.

We had had to run for our lives

only once before—the night we all huddled by the back wall of 16 Mozang Road, under the open sky. Then, except for Auntie Sureshta, no one had made a sound, for fear of being discovered, but here in Dr. Mathura Das's house scores of us were crowded into one small room. Women wailed and beat their breasts, as if they were already mourning their husbands and sons, and lamented the jewels and saris they had left behind in their houses.



"I'll never see him again. O Rama, Rama, what did I do in my last birth to deserve this?"

"Who'll take care of the children?"

"Muslims are going to carry me off!"

"A dirty Muslim is going to take me! I am undone!"

Babies shrieked. Little children ran around and were scolded by their mothers for getting underfoot. We Mehta children found a corner and sat quietly on the floor. Sohan's knife bulged in my pocket like something live and dangerous, as if it wanted to betray my secret, and I shifted this way and that way, trying to hide it along my thigh. I wished that I could be upstairs with Daddyji. I wished that I could see, so that I could be upstairs with the men. I wished that I were a man.

It was hot and close and noisy in the little room with the women and the other children—as in an interclass train compartment. Whenever we travelled with Daddyji, we travelled in a motorcar, but whenever we travelled with Mamaji we travelled in a train, and in an interclass compartment—so named because it was between second and third class. As she never tired of repeating, there were so many of us that we couldn't afford to travel in second or first class, and we should consider ourselves lucky that we weren't travelling in third class, which had only wooden benches instead of cushioned berths, like interclass. I hated travelling with Mamaji. The interclass compartment was full of women and children and trunks and bedrolls and baskets, with hardly a place to sit. Nosy women were constantly asking questions about what had happened to my eyes, but they never addressed me, and then they clucked over me, as if because I couldn't see them I must be deaf. How I would long for the familiarity and security of Daddyji's motorcar. And the train journey was endless and frightening. Women would tell stories of dacoits—dacoits who would stop trains, snatch chains and bangles and rings right off women's bodies, and sometimes carry the women away, leaving their children to weep motherless on the roadside, to die hungry, naked, and neglected.

Ashok jolted me back to the present: he started howling and wouldn't be shushed.

Some time later, Brother Om came down and gave us the word that it was morning and that we were all to return home. Getting out of the crowded room was like getting out of an interclass train compartment, with women shouting and pushing, and calling and scolding their children. Somehow, we managed to find our way to the iron door, and returned to the uncertain safety of our house.

The laborers came back to build us an interfloor room with a concealed door, between the passageway downstairs and the room above it.

"It will take many days, Sahib, to build the interfloor room," the head laborer said.

"Never mind—start," Daddyji said. "My architect brother is arranging for bricks and cement."

Even as he spoke, other laborers arrived carrying bags of cement and loads of bricks, which they dumped in our driveway helter-skelter.

April

GRADUALLY, since Lahore outwardly remained calm, we began acting as if everything were back to normal. We children resumed visiting Bhabiji (our paternal grandmother) in her room in Mehta Gulli and going for walks with her up to the statue of Queen Victoria on the Mall Road. Mamaji went to the fashionable Anarkali bazaar and bought parachute silk, which was being disposed of as war surplus. She engaged the two family tailors to make some clothes for the day Sister Nimi and Sister Umi would get married and need a dowry. She went to the Mall Road and bought fine Lahore mill cloth and busied herself sewing new quilts and bedspreads for the sisters' dowries. Daddyji spoke often about how he was due for compulsory retirement at age fifty-five, in December, 1950—less than four years away—and how he would like to go to London to live. He talked about taking his accumulated leave and retiring a year earlier, so that he would still be young enough to start a new life in London. He and I would go first, by sea. He would put me in school, he said, do some locums, and rent a corner house. He would hang a shingle stating that he was a fully qualified doctor. After all, he was registered with the General Medical Council in England. Once the practice was a going concern, he would send for the rest of the family. When Mamaji protested that she couldn't leave her house and relatives to go and live among foreigners whose tongue and ways she didn't understand, Daddyji would speak about the invigorating English climate and the great opportunities in the West for young and old, men and women. Sometimes, however, he would agree with Mamaji and enumerate the matchless home comforts of Lahore, and talk as if he would like nothing better than to settle down, like Babuji, to the leisurely routine of a retired man, and spend his waning years in Lahore, near his childhood haunts and his clubs.

But just when we were sure that everything had become normal a servant posted on the roof would excitedly report that a neighbor had flashed his torch, and we would have to run to the iron door. It was always a false alarm, but an alarm nonetheless.

* * *

ON the morning of April 16th, we were all sitting on the front veranda. Sister Pom was drinking a repulsive concoction—hot milk with ghi and sugar in it. "I'm having pains," she said, abruptly getting up.

Mamaji walked her a few steps into Daddyji's corner room. "The baby isn't due for a few days," Mamaji said, almost to herself.

At two-thirty, I heard Daddyji furiously back the motorcar out of the driveway, with a lot of racing and screeching. He returned a few minutes later with Auntie Ansuiya Bhagat. She was a doctor and an old family friend who lived near us on Temple Road. She went into the corner room, and Daddyji waited with us on the veranda.

Auntie Ansuiya came out and shouted to Gian Chand to bring some hot water quickly. "The baby is on its way," she said, and she rushed back into the corner room.

Mamaji came out. We had all been talking, but at once everyone became silent.

"What's happened?" I asked.

"Mamaji is gesturing zero," Usha said.

"It is a son," Mamaji said, gulping, "but without a voice or life."

Daddyji rushed with her into the corner room. Mamaji came out to us a few minutes later. She was laughing. "Did you hear? He made a croaking sound like a chicken."

She went back and came out and went back and came out, saying a few words each time—that Daddyji had bathed the baby in hot and cold water alternately, that Auntie Ansuiya had given him an injection straight into his heart and then held him upside down and slapped him on the back, that the baby had suddenly uttered a cry and come to life, that he had clearly marked features but was all bones, that he weighed just four pounds, that he was white, like an English baby, that Sister Pom was going to call him Vindoo.

Even though Vindoo was the first grandson, there was no celebration of any kind to mark his arrival. Daddyji and Mamaji couldn't wait to get Sister Pom back to Dehra Dun—back to her own home, with her new family—but medical custom required that for forty days, or, at the very minimum, thirty days, a new mother stay cloistered. Besides, Vindoo was so weak that Mamaji, instead of bathing him, like other babies, would rub some ghi into his skin, wipe it off with a cloth, and dust him with talcum powder. "There, you've had your bath," she would say.

◆

When Vindoo was four days old, we all gathered around the radio for a news broadcast. The music stopped, and the newscaster came on. I heard his words in a blur: Pandit Nehru had said that the Muslim League could have Pakistan only if "they do not take away other parts of India which do not wish to join Pakistan."

We were aghast. For months, we had feared that Pakistan might come, and here was Pandit Nehru conceding it in principle.

"He shouldn't be saying such things," I said. "The Congress leaders should be acting—should be coming to the aid of Hindus and Sikhs in the Punjab and putting down the Muslims."

"Pandit Nehru may be speaking only for himself," Daddyji said. "The Congress leaders have been devoted to the cause of Hindu-Muslim unity too long to abandon it now, and, in a sense, they are right. As Babuji says, history, culture, economics, and logic bind us all together—bind India as one nation." He added, "Nonetheless, I fear for the safety of our home and country. All these centuries, we Hindus have mostly lived by the light of Asoka, Buddha, and Gandhiji and their principles of nonviolence and renunciation. But all that may be over now. We may be walking straight into a religious war."

"You mean Ram Saran and Qasim Ali will fight with each other?" Usha asked. Ram Saran had been a Hindu peon and Qasim Ali a Muslim peon of Daddyji's in Rawalpindi.

"For the sake of Ram Saran and Qasim Ali, let's hope not," Daddyji said.

MAY

Daddyji had an English friend who had his ear near the court of the Viceroy, Lord Mountbatten. Every day or two, he gave Daddyji a different report. One day, we heard that Mountbatten was planning to meet Jinnah's demand for Pakistan and give him the entire provinces of the Punjab and Bengal and much else besides. We were horrified. Then we heard that Pandit Nehru had been told of the plan, and that he had exploded, saying that the British had ruled India with the slogan "Divide and rule," and that they proposed to leave it on a new one—"Fragment and quit." He had once quipped about Pakistan that "by cutting off the head we will get rid of the headache," and he now bitterly complained that the British were proposing to cut off India's heart, lungs, and stomach along with its head. Lord Mountbatten had immediately seen Nehru's point of view and had insisted that only half of the provinces—the western Punjab and eastern Bengal, in which the Muslims had a majority—should go to Pakistan. We were relieved: for once, an Englishman was siding against the Muslims. But then we heard that Jinnah had threatened to send the country up in flames if he couldn't have the Punjab and Bengal in their entirety. Our spirits plunged. Then we heard that the Congress leaders were holding their ground—with Lord Mountbatten as their support—saying that only the western Punjab and eastern Bengal

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should go to Pakistan. Our spirits improved.

•

"IN spite of what Babuji says, I'm going over to see if Sheikh Sahib is still interested in buying our house," Daddyji said one evening.

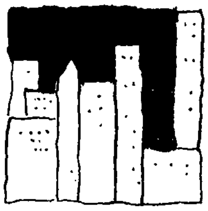
We all cried, "Oh, no!" Ever since we put fireproof paint on the wood, we had been thinking of the house as indestructible, and ever since we heard about Lord Mountbatten's siding with the Congress leaders, we had been thinking of the house as permanently ours.

But Daddyji went to Sheikh Sahib's anyway. He came right back.

"I'd forgotten that Sheikh Sahib can't stand the heat in Lahore, and spends May and June in Dalhousie," he said. "I didn't really want to sell the house anyway."

•

IT was the middle of the month. Riots broke out in Lahore with the intensity of the early March days, and for four consecutive nights we had to abandon our house, each night more firmly convinced than the night before that the mob would attack it, if not Dr. Mathura Das's compound—even as, because of our repeated escapes, we all really expected to return home in the morning. Now it was the fifth night. We were all on our roof in the stifling, close air. The Lahore summer was at its full strength: the temperature had been stuck at a hundred and fifteen degrees all day and had hardly come down.



I stood with my big sisters by the parapet. They spoke only to estimate the position of the various fires, some of them seemingly no more than half a mile from our house.

Sister Pom got tired of standing with Vindoo in her arms, and Mamaji pulled out a cot from the rain shelter for her to sit on. Ashok ran now to Sister Pom and now to us. Being the youngest, he had been spoiled by everyone, and he was usually a boisterous fellow, but lately, as if sensing the danger, he had tried to keep himself out of everyone's way. He had even returned to sucking his thumb. He now climbed onto the cot and fell asleep.

At a signal from Daddyji, we all clasped hands and descended the stairs and walked through the iron door, Mamaji carrying Ashok, Sister Pom carrying Vindoo, and Brother Om and Daddyji bringing up the rear.

In Dr. Mathura Das's little room, where once the women had sobbed and moaned, they now made hardly any noise. Where once I alone had had a knife, now practically everyone—Mamaji, my sisters, other women—carried a knife, a vial of poison, or even a pistol. Older women lectured younger women in whispers about the need to preserve their honor and dignity—about the fate of a crow being better than that of a convert to Muhammadanism.

Ashok lay on my lap. I recalled his birth, how he had learned to crawl, how we had nearly lost him to meningitis. Many a time, I had scolded him for sneaking into my room and tinkering with my fan and my electric drill. Now he was lying almost still, sucking his thumb.

A bomb exploded somewhere outside. I started. Ashok sat up, but he didn't cry. I listened, but the men on the roof had not started shooting. I relaxed.

Some time later, Dr. Mathura Das's son came in and told us that it was time to go home, as if we were unwanted guests; and the family passed through the iron door back into our house.

In the morning, the hot, dry winds of a dust storm blasted the house.

Sheikh Sahib's son came. "Your house barely escaped the mob last night," he said, as if he had some firsthand knowledge. "If you won't send your women to my father's house, at least get your daughters out of Lahore."

Daddyji thanked him profusely and walked with him to the gate.

When he returned, he said, "Pom, I'm putting you on the train tonight."

She protested. She wanted to stay with the family. Vindoo was only a month old. There was no time to get proper reservations or to send word to Kakaji.

But Daddyji was adamant. "You leave tonight," he said. "And Usha will go with you. Then I can make arrangements for Nimi and Umi to go."

That night, Sister Pom and Usha were on the train, with two big trunks containing Mamaji's saris and jewelry.

June

ON the third, we all gathered around our radio to listen to Lord Mountbatten, Pandit Nehru, and Muhammad Ali Jinnah address the nation. Lord Mountbatten had hardly spoken more than a few words when Daddyji said, "It's all over. The British are definitely going to leave, but they're going to leave behind two sovereign nations."

By the time the three men had finished speaking, we knew that what were now officially designated the West Punjab and East Bengal would be Pakistan, but whether Lahore would be in it or out of it, whether Calcutta would be in it or out of it, and so forth, we wouldn't know perhaps until the day of independence. (The problem of boundaries was eventually left up to the Boundary Commission, headed by an Englishman, Sir Cyril Radcliffe, whose awards were final and unappealable.)

"The British are really going to leave," Sister Nimi said. "Isn't that jolly?"

"But what will happen to us after they leave, only God knows," Daddyji said. "If the Congress leaders hope that their concession of Pakistan will end the riots and killings all around us, I think they are sadly mistaken. The Muslims will hail the concession as another sign of Hindu meekness and servility and of Muslim boldness and power, and will spur their mobs on to fresh violence to get Lahore or Calcutta."

"You're just pro-British, Daddyji," Sister Nimi said. "Blood and violence are the price that countries have to pay to get their independence."

"Probably the British will now spread the fear of greater violence," Sister Umi said impulsively. "They think that if they can convince everyone that as soon as they leave we'll all kill each other we will ask them to stay on."

"I think the British will leave, all right," Daddyji said. "There's no question about that now."

"But why did Pandit Nehru ever agree to give Jinnah his Pakistan?" I asked. "Gandhiji repeatedly said that the country would be partitioned only over his dead body."

"The Congress leaders proved to be no match for Jinnah Sahib," Daddyji said. "I knew him personally during my Delhi-Simla posting. He was a member of the Central Legislative Council, which used to meet in Delhi and Simla, and when he was in Delhi he used to stay in the Western Court Hostel, where I also stayed. He is as hard as the Congress leaders are soft. They have spent many years in jail for

India's freedom, but Jinnah Sahib is going to reap the benefits."

"Mountbatten bamboozled them," Sister Umi said. "He just wanted a face-saving way for the British to get out. He said to himself, 'Let the Hindus and Muslims fight it out among themselves.' 'Divide and leave' is the other side of the divide-and-rule coin."

"The Congress leaders couldn't resist the pressure for some kind of action," Sister Nimi said.

"Anyway, Jinnah Sahib's force has won out over Gandhiji's soul force," Daddyji said.

"But Gandhiji can still stop it," I said.

"Gandhiji will say nothing now," Daddyji said. "If he were to hold out for one India now, there would be a worse religious war. You can't take something away once it's been given, and Gandhiji knows it as well as Jinnah."

"I can hardly wait to see the lights glowing on Independence Day," Sister Nimi said. "It will be a real festival of lights, even better than the one we had on V-J Day."

"I'm afraid that Lahore is going to go to Pakistan, that we'll have to flee," Daddyji said, almost to himself, and added, "I think I'll walk over and see Babuji."

I went with him to 16 Mozang Road.

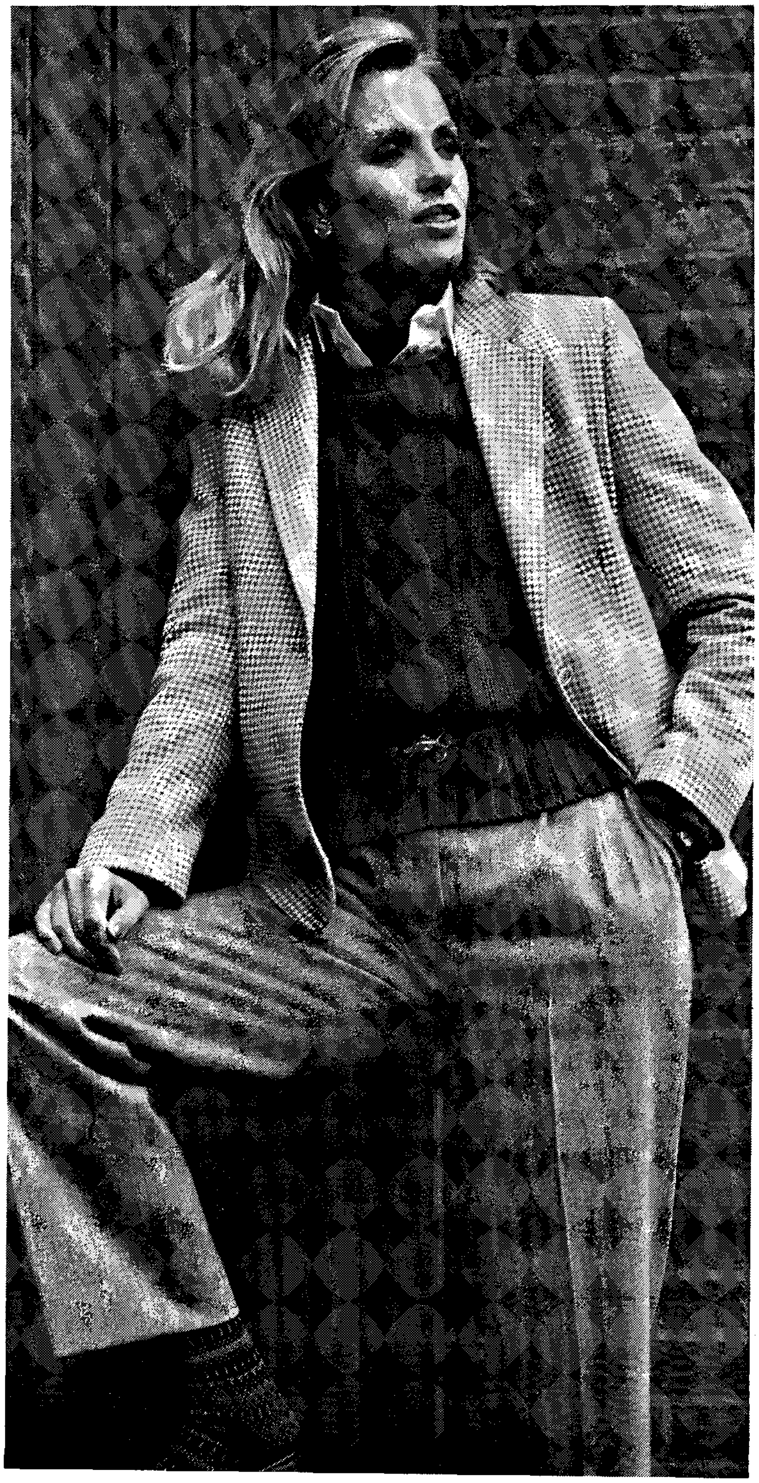
Babuji was, as usual, on his veranda. Yes, he had heard the broadcast. "Jinnah couldn't even speak Urdu on this historic occasion," Babuji said. "What kind of Muslim is he? He drinks and smokes and marries a non-Muslim, and can't even speak the language of his own people."

"But, Babuji, he's won his Pakistan," Daddyji said. "He's made monkeys of the Congress leaders."

"I was talking to Bakshi Tek Chand earlier today," Babuji said. There was hardly anyone he respected more than Bakshi Tek Chand, who was a leading lawyer of the Punjab High Court and, like Babuji, a prominent figure in the Hindu-reform movement of Arya Samaj. "He assures me that Lahore won't go to Pakistan. How could it? Hindus own ninety per cent of the property in the city. They will have to draw the boundary line at the Ravi River, north of Lahore."

"But, Babuji, what if Lahore should go to Pakistan?"

"We'll stay in Pakistan, then," Babuji said. "Bakshi Tek Chand



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agrees with me that no Hindu would ever leave his property and go and live in independent India."

"But, Babuji, without Lahore, what will West Pakistan be? It won't have a single important city of the Punjab. As it is, the two halves of Pakistan will be divided by more than a thousand miles."

"But, Amolak Ram, that's why I've always thought Jinnah's idea of Pakistan is nonsense."

"Babuji, if Lahore should go to Pakistan, I believe—knowing the fanaticism of Muslims as I do, both in the service and out of the service—that we may have no choice but to flee."

"Nonsense," Babuji said. "We Hindus will simply have to live in Pakistan. Then, instead of living under British rule, we will be living under Muslim rule. We Hindus will fly Pakistani flags from our gates. What is there in that?"

"But, Babuji, the people of the West Punjab are fifty-five per cent Muslims to our forty-five per cent Hindus. The Muslims could beat us into utter subjection. And remember the history of Muslim conquests. Whenever Muslim conquerors came, they made the Hindu women into their chattels. I have three daughters left to marry."

"But, Amolak Ram, Pakistan is a matter not of conquest but of a change in government."

"But, Babuji, the Muslims say they want Pakistan 'pure Muslim,' and they talk about us Hindus and Sikhs as 'impurities,' to be got rid of like refuse. It's in the Urdu papers every day. And they outnumber us in the West Punjab."

"But, Amolak Ram, can you really imagine us Hindus getting up and leaving? Our people would rather die than quit what is their birthright. Who can throw them out? Where will they go? How could you organize Pakistan completely along religious lines? For hundreds of years, Hindus and Muslims have lived in the same villages and cities, in the same houses and *gullis*. Through the ages, dynasties have changed, governments have changed, one party has gone out and another has come in, but have the people ever left their homes and businesses? Boundaries of countries keep on changing, but people don't leave their homes and investments to go and live penniless somewhere else. Catholics live in Protestant countries. Protestants live in Catholic countries. Jews live everywhere. During the war, there were Japanese living in America and Germans living in England. No doubt some Englishmen were living in Mussolini's Italy and in Vichy France."

"Babuji, who would have thought a year ago that Jinnah would get his Pakistan? I repeat, do not underestimate the fanaticism of the Muslims."

"I'll certainly never leave my house," Babuji said, tapping the floor with his walking stick. "They will have to carry me out. I am a retired man. I have made enough money so that at least three generations of my sons and heirs will never be in want. How can a political change ruin the savings and investments of a lifetime?"

The next morning, Daddyji said, "Nimi and Umi, you must leave tonight by train. I should have sent you when Pom left. I'm going to see Daulat Ram and ask him to send Leil out, too." Cousin Leil was Daulat Ram Chachaji's daughter. "You'll all go and stay with Dharam Bir in Bombay." Dharam Bir Anand was the elder son of Daddyji's only sister.

"I'm not going," Sister Umi said. "The whole family should stay together."

After Daddyji left for Mehta Gulli, the sisters tried to persuade Mamaji to take their side. But she was immovable, just as he had been.

When Daddyji returned, he said, "Daulat Ram wants to send Ravi away along with Leil." Ravi was Daulat Ram Chachaji's eleven-year-old son. Daddyji added, "I think Vedi should go, too."

I cried. I didn't want to be bundled off with the girls. But Daddyji turned a deaf ear to me. He started insisting that everyone except him should go, but Mamaji put her foot down, for once, and refused to leave, and if she stayed Ashok had to stay back with her. So it was arranged that Sisters Nimi and Umi and I, along with Cousins Leil and Ravi, would board the train for Bombay that night, and that in a day or two Brother Om would go by train to Kanpur with Auntie Vimla, a sister of Mamaji's, who was pregnant and was being sent there to stay with Auntie Pushpa, another sister. We argued that the trains were being sporadically stopped by mobs and the passengers robbed and murdered, but in vain.

Before the night was out, we five were all in a train. Once more, I was bound for Bombay. —VED MEHTA

(*This is the second part of a four-part article.*)

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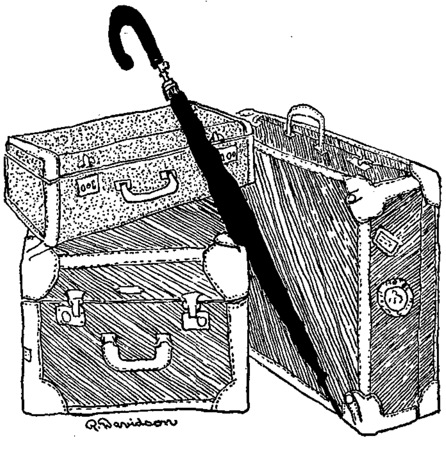
REFLECTIONS

ECONOMIC PROSPECTS

MOODS change quickly in economics; problems do not. Only a few months ago, the economics profession was in a state of disarray it had not known since the Great Depression. The disarray had nothing to do with the normal disagreements about when the economic weather would change. Economists dispute about such things just like meteorologists, and for much the same reasons. The confusion among economists was of another kind—comparable, perhaps, to the state of mind that might afflict meteorologists if they perceived that the earth was about to enter a new ice age. Meteorologists, however, are asked only to foretell the weather, not to improve it. Economists are supposed not merely to predict the general shape of things but to suggest ways of coping with what they foresee. If the profession was in a kind of disorder, the reason was both the unwelcome character of what so many saw and an inability to decide what to do about it.

Today, as the economy slowly recovers and the stock market is buoyant, there is more of the normal talk about the chances for rain or sun, and less about whether the climate is changing. Yet I think that, deep down, economists are worried about our prospects. In part, this has to do with the uncertainty about how fully we will emerge from the most arduous economic ordeal since the nineteen-thirties. But the deeper worry, now that the economic news is more reassuring, concerns the problem of inflation. The trouble is that, good news or not, it is becoming ever more difficult to imagine a system that is not *latently* inflation-prone. I can think of no better way to bring home that point than to recall that our parents were happy to lend their money to railroads and utilities and municipalities over spans of thirty and forty years for a fixed-interest return of four or five per cent. It never occurred to them that the money they would get back at the end of their lives would be worth less than when they lent it out in middle age. Such a degree of confidence in the stability of prices is inconceivable today. Different economists may lay the blame on different aspects of today's society—some pointing to big government, some to big business, some to big labor—but all agree, I think, that a world with price horizons as flat as prairies is gone forever. It is enlightening, in this regard, to think back over the two-year ordeal just behind us. The ordeal was the result of an unprecedented effort by the Reagan Administration and the Federal Reserve Board to wring inflation out of the American economy, and the rate of inflation did, in fact, fall from above ten per cent in early 1981 to something between two and three per cent today. Nonetheless, no one believes that the economy has been wrung bone dry. On the contrary, although we are still deeply mired in a depression, with nearly a tenth of the labor force still out of work and a quarter of plant capacity standing idle, voices are already being raised to say that inflation will resurface in a matter of a year, or even less, as we begin to absorb the unemployed, utilize more plant capacity, and avail ourselves of our expanded supplies of credit. We have run a gantlet to rid ourselves of our propensity for inflation, but the propensity is still there. I suspect there is no getting rid of it.

Along with a mounting uneasiness about the inherently inflationary properties of a modern capitalist system has come a changed attitude on the part of the economics profession toward the seriousness of inflation itself. In the early stages of inflation, before we moved into double-digit territory, it was regarded as more of a nuisance than a threat. This was because many studies showed that the well-being of most Americans or Europeans was not noticeably affected by rising prices. The cost of living moved up, but income moved up even faster, so that average "real" income—that is, income adjusted for inflation—continued to rise. Per-capita real income was thirty per cent higher in late 1981 than it had been in 1969, despite a sixty-per-cent fall in the purchasing power of the dollar. At the same time, the distribution of incomes among families had also remained astonishingly stable. The escalator of inflation had neither toppled those at the head of the stairs nor pushed up those at the bottom. In the face of these facts, a good many economists, including myself, tended to view the problem of inflation as more political or psychological than economic. I remember asking my students to imagine that they had been given a cost-of-living increase of a thousand dollars at the beginning of the year and had thereafter been subjected to three hundred and sixty-four encounters with rising prices which collectively ate up nine hundred and eighty dollars of the initial increase. Would they at the end of the year recall that they were still twenty dollars ahead of the game, or would they feel cheated and aggrieved? Operating from this political and psychological perspective, the general economics world (with the exception of a percipient few, mainly in the fields of business and banking) overlooked an aspect of inflation that had nothing to do with "money illusion" or with the wrath stirred up by a generalized feeling of impotence. This was the damage that the inflationary process wreaks upon a nation's structure of credit; that is, upon its ability to borrow and upon the soundness of its banks and other lending institutions. The danger arises because an extended period of mounting prices tempts everyone—businessmen and householders alike—to borrow. One does not need a Ph.D. in economics to understand that in inflationary times it is better to own things than money. But this crucial insight is not confined to borrowers. Bankers, too, know that the dollars they will receive when their loans are repaid will have a smaller purchasing power than the dollars they originally lent out. Thus, lenders will oblige borrowers only at higher and higher rates of interest, to compensate for the expected loss of purchasing power, and for shorter and shorter periods, to cut down the wait before the loans return. The result is that continued inflation results in the disappearance of a central necessity for a capitalist system—a financial arrangement that will permit companies



to borrow for five or ten years for projects requiring that much time in order to pay out. In an inflationary period, such borrowing is out of the question except at horrendous rates of interest. Capital can be raised only by taking on short-term debt, which will have to be repaid long before the enterprise being financed can possibly begin to generate revenues. The trouble with such a state of affairs is that the borrower has no time to turn around, or to exercise foresight or strategy in paying off or refinancing his debt. Borrowers are constantly under pressure to pay off yesterday's loan today, and today's tomorrow. That pressure pushes the system toward what has been called Ponzi finance—named after a famous swindler of the nineteen-twenties who ran a chain-letter-like scheme that promised investors a fifty-per-cent return on their investments in forty-five days. In the corporate world, Ponzi finance results in companies' borrowing money just to pay interest on their existing debts. One reason that Chairman Paul Volcker held the Federal Reserve Board so tenaciously to its tight-money policy was the alarming rate at which the American corporate world was approaching a Ponzi-like condition. In 1960, total corporate indebtedness amounted to less than a hundred billion dollars, only a quarter of which was short-term debt. By 1981, the total had grown to exceed a trillion dollars, of which forty-two per cent was for a term of one year or less. In that same year, interest on corporate indebtedness was equal to a third of total corporate income before taxes. By 1982, interest on corporate indebtedness was over half the total pre-tax income.

Bernard Schoenbaum

"Want to fight?"

• •

The increasing apprehension about the nature of inflation and the difficulties of exorcising it accounts for a good deal of the lurking dismay in my profession. This distress is made more acute by the harsh lesson we have learned from our effort to bring inflation under control through a tight-money policy. Under such a policy, the Federal Reserve Board, by the various means at its disposal, restricts the growth of the supply of money. With this supply increasing more slowly than the demand, the price of money rises. In 1981, the price rose until the prime rate—the rate charged by commercial banks to their best customers—crept over twenty per cent. As a result, millions of consumers were unable to finance cars or homes, and auto dealers and contractors went into bankruptcy by the thousand. Merchants, unable to afford loans, laid off delivery boys; wholesalers laid off stock clerks; manufacturers furloughed factory work forces. By the end of 1982, after fifteen months of tight money, there had been enough layoffs and bankruptcies to raise the unemployment rate from seven and a half per cent to almost eleven per cent, and enough distress sales, old-fashioned price cutting, and union give-backs to stop the consumer price index from rising altogether.

No one expected the gantlet to last so long, or to cause so much pain. Part of the reason that it did last so long was that inflationary expectations had become so deeply ingrained in everyone's mind. Businessmen, in particular, were certain that, once tight money really started to hurt, the Fed would quickly change its mind and reverse its course, thereby opening the way for more borrowing. By the time business changed *its* mind, and began to perceive its debts as burdens rather than weightless balloons, the toll in joblessness and business failures had indeed pushed the system into a state of crisis. No less important was the painful effect of the tight-money policy on the international economic scene. As interest rates in the United States reached record heights, tens of billions of dollars' worth of francs and marks and pounds left European banks and portfolios, to be invested in United States bonds and money-market instruments. Rather than risk a disastrous fall in the value of marks and francs as a consequence of this currency flight, European banking authorities sought to counter the suction of high American rates by instituting tight-money policies of their own. In West Germany, interest rates for issues comparable to our Treasury bills rose from four per cent in 1979 to twelve per cent in 1981; in France, interest rates for similar issues went

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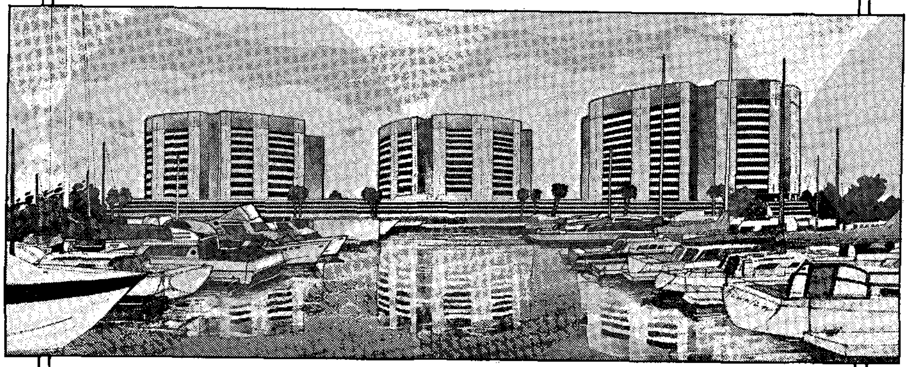

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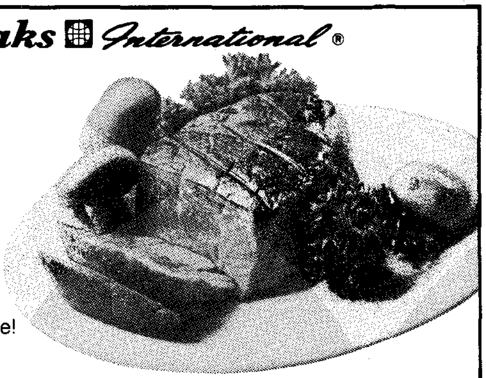

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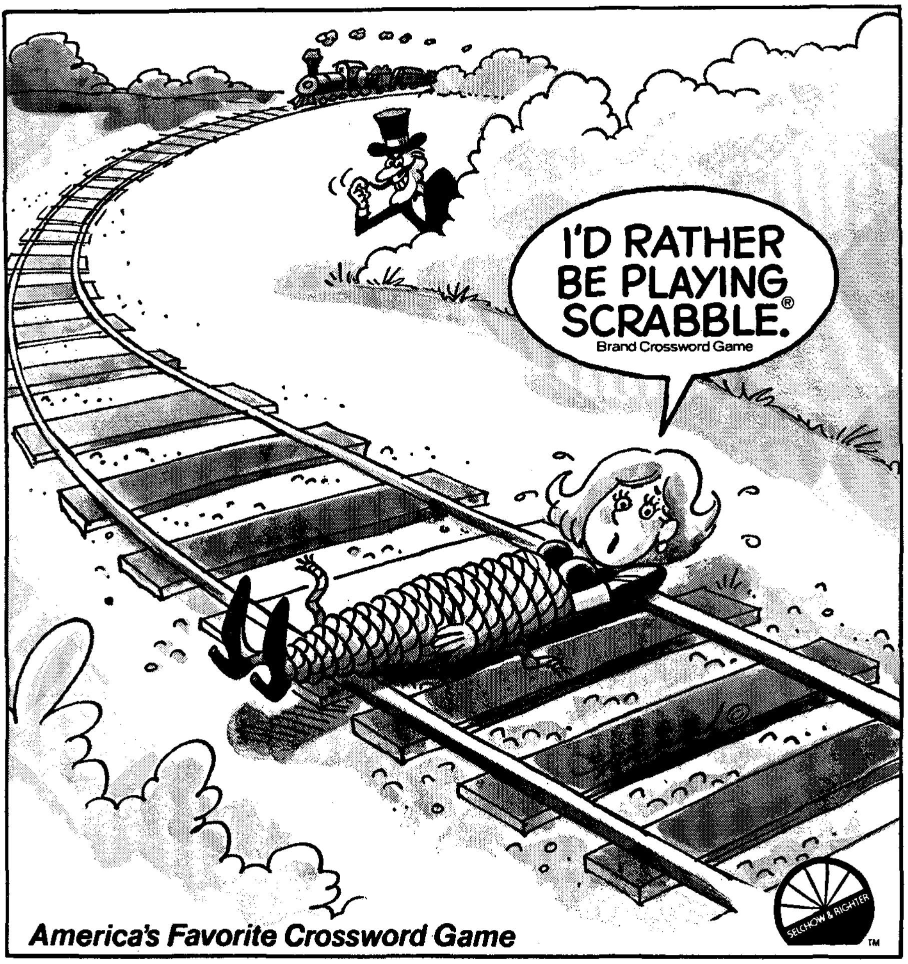
from eight per cent to over nineteen per cent. The consequences were precisely the same there as here: economic activity was brought to a standstill. In Spain and Ireland, two of the hardest-hit countries in Western Europe, unemployment exceeded fifteen per cent; in Belgium, fourteen per cent. Helmut Schmidt, speaking a few days after he was ousted as Chancellor of West Germany, voiced the resentment of many Europeans when he blamed the United States for "weighing the world economy down for all of us with its self-made recession."

The sobering part of our recent experience, then, has been the realization that tight money is a very dangerous instrument for fighting inflation. In Great Britain, the only nation that has tried the monetary cure as relentlessly as we have, industrial production has fallen by twelve per cent since 1979 and unemployment has risen to more than thirteen per cent. Thus, tight money halts inflation, all right, but at the cost of creating a full-scale depression. And, once tight money is relaxed, there we are again, in danger of finding ourselves on the slippery road to inflation. That is why one hears so few economists, in the Administration or out of it, speaking of the hoped-for recovery in other than restrained terms. Once we pass beyond the present environment of high unemployment and unused factory capacity, we will quickly reënter the familiar terrain in which economic growth brings with it the pushes of cost and pulls of demand from which inflation results. If interest rates have declined and inflation resurfaces, the temptation to borrow will become irresistible, because it is rational. Thereafter, the choices will be as before: to allow inflation to run its dangerous course, to keep it half in check by halfhearted measures, or to force the system—and perhaps the Western world—through the gantlet once more.

There are, of course, ways of combatting inflation which avoid the asphyxiation of a monetary contraction: direct wage and price controls; various "incomes policies" that rely on tax incentives or penalties; and yet other schemes, such as knocking out all indexing systems and concerting the nation's wage negotiations at a single time, to avoid the uncoördinated scramble of our present system. The trouble is that none of these policies have gained sufficient political acceptance to enable them to be tried as ruthlessly as was the policy of tight money. For the secret of the "success" of Volcker's effort was not that we finally found the right lever to push but that the monetary policy was pursued until the economy's back was broken. It was not *inflation's* back that was broken, for, as I have said, there is already fear that, with recovery under way, inflation cannot be too far around the corner. Until we can once again sell thirty-year bonds at four or five per cent, that fear is well founded.

STRICT monetarists, who believe that the supply of money is the single most important variable in the system, fear more than anyone else the consequences of the Fed's recent turnabout from a very tight to a rather loose policy. It is their voice we hear, warning of inflation ahead if the Fed does not rapidly mend its ways. The monetarists also have a persuasive policy of their own to put forward. Monetarists urge that, instead of entrusting the creation of money to the no doubt well-intentioned but hopelessly misinformed and politically vulnerable judgment of the Federal Reserve's officials, we adopt the suggestion made by the Nobel Prize-winning economist Milton Friedman that the supply of money be permitted to grow at some fixed rate—say, three or four per cent a year—that corresponds to the long-term trend of actual physical output. Everyone agrees that an expanding economy must have a growing supply of money (mainly in the form of bank credit, the volume of which the Federal Reserve controls) in order to carry on an increasing volume of transactions. Friedman's suggestion is that the growth of the money supply should be mandated by law, allowing the Reserve authorities no license to stray from the path of virtue.

Many economists have regarded the substance of Friedman's proposal with respect, while disagreeing about its practical or political feasibility. But developments in recent years have raised compelling doubts whether even the most rigorously automatic system would prevent the nation from experiencing bouts of inflationary lightheadedness or recessionary asphyxiation. The reason is the increasing difficulty of quarantining our supply of money from a vastly larger supply, located overseas, that runs into and out of American banks. In the international monetary area, the most dramatic event has been the rise of the Eurodollar and, to a smaller extent,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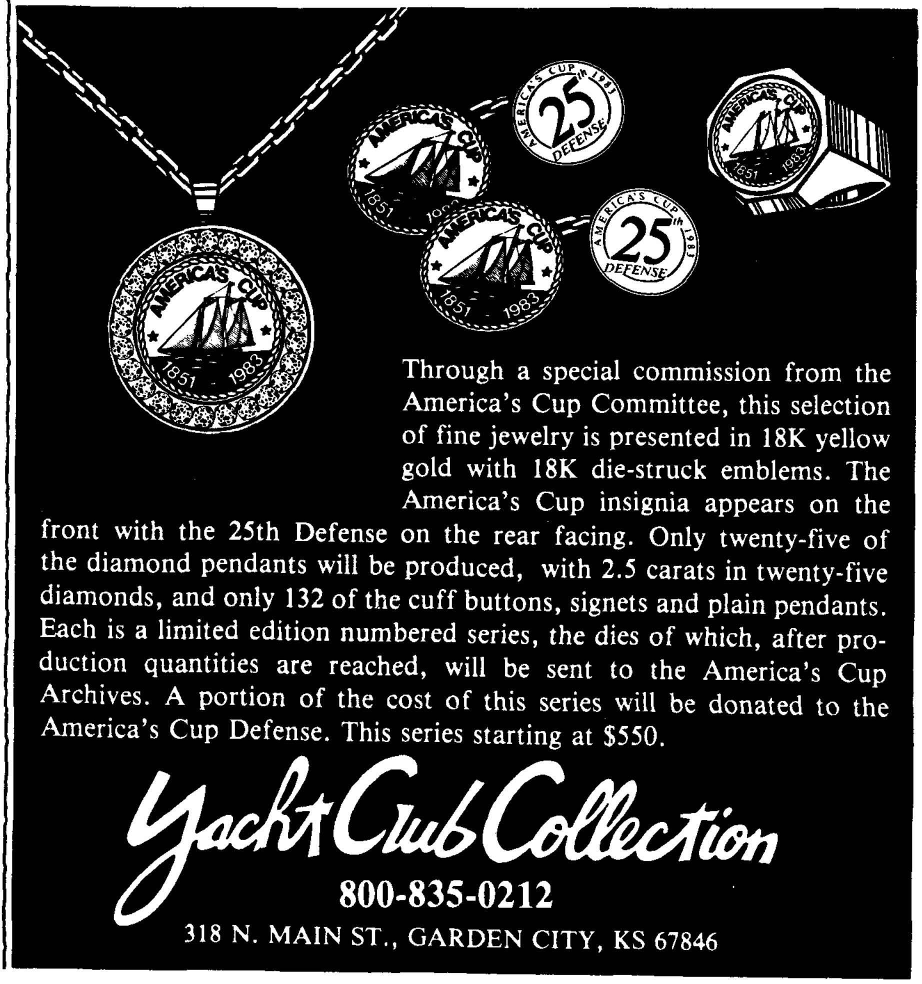

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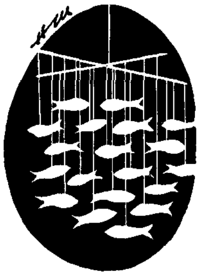
the Eurofranc, the Euromark, and the Euroyen. A Eurodollar is simply a dollar that has been deposited in a foreign bank—such as Barclays, in London. If Barclays converts its dollar deposits into sterling by selling the dollar to the Bank of England, as was formerly the normal practice, the dollar will routinely return to the United States through its sale by the Bank of England to the Federal Reserve. But suppose that Barclays decides to keep deposited dollars in London—using them to make loans to its customers *in dollars*. Now we have a very curious state of affairs. The international volume of dollar deposits has grown larger, but unlike bank deposits in New York or Los Angeles the new overseas deposits are not under the supervision of the Federal Reserve system. The consequence is the emergence of a form of "American" money over which America has no control whatsoever. And the amounts involved are not small. The total volume of deposits in commercial banks in the United States—the largest single component of what we call our basic money supply—amounts to about two hundred and forty billion dollars. The total amount of Eurodollars is around a trillion.

This enormous pool of Eurodollars is not exactly comparable to the much smaller pool of "real" American dollars, because many Eurodollars consist of interbank loans, which are not available for commercial use, the way U.S. deposits are. Nonetheless, all Eurodollar deposits are capable of being moved around as their owners wish. As a result, Friedman's proposal for an automatically regulated increase in the national money supply seems out of date. For there no longer exists a "national" money supply. If a single nation, like the United States, were to regulate its domestic money supply by the most impersonal procedures, gearing the increase in its bank deposits to the pace of its material progress, that country would only serve as a target for a flood of foreign funds searching for a safe, inflation-free haven. The result would very likely be an irresistible push back toward inflation, as the incoming funds flooded that nation's credit institutions. Such capital movements were the transmission mechanism by which America's high interest rates exerted their impact abroad, and, more recently, it was the threats of similar capital flights that forced the Mitterrand government to impose tight restrictions on the right of French citizens to take money out of their country or to use their credit cards abroad. The mobility as well as the power of this international pool of money has no precedent. When Citibank advertises that it never sleeps, it speaks more literally than most people know. As evening comes to America, United States bank deposits are, in a sense, released from duty, because no transactions take place for which their tutelary presence is required. Therefore, the out-of-service deposits are loaned overnight by Citibank and all other big banks to financial centers such as Hong Kong or Singapore, where the business day has just begun. There the deposits play their formal role of backing credit transactions until the sun sets in the Orient and the time comes for the funds, like Cinderellas, to return to work in America.



Economists have proposed three courses of action to cope with this vast and threatening change in the economic environment. One is the introduction into the world's currency reservoir of separations, probably through the formation of regional currency blocs. This would lessen the likelihood of a financial deluge, much as the introduction of dividers into a filled ice-cube tray lessens the chances of a messy spill. The problems, of course, are how to establish those regional blocs in the first place and how to negotiate the arrangements among them that would place barriers in the way of a free movement of currencies from one bloc to another. The repeated failures of the European Economic Community to create a monetary union do not presage the easy creation of, say, a pan-American or a pan-Asian bloc, to say nothing of a pan-European one.

A second possibility, much talked about these days, is the reëstablishment of a world-currency regime, comparable to the one that was concluded at the Bretton Woods Conference of 1944. Under the Bretton Woods agreement, the dollar became the linchpin currency of the world, with all other major currencies tied to it, in the sense that formally declared rates of exchange were recognized and enforced by the central banks of the principal nations. The world thus had, to all intents and purposes, a single money-of-account—the United States dollar—and this arrangement effectively prevented the kind of international sloshing that today threatens to upset the world economy. Here, the difficulty is precisely the one that ultimately contributed to the undoing of the Bretton Woods accord—the inability of any single nation to maintain the necessary Gibraltar-like solidity of its own money as the currency to which all other countries could hitch their own. A regime of stable, fixed exchange rates, changed only occasionally and with much deliberation, requires for its success the undisputed hegemony of a dominant power, such as that wielded by the British in the late nineteenth century and by the United States in the mid-twentieth century. That hegemonic capacity has been irreparably damaged by our loss of economic supremacy. It was one thing to make the dollar the Gibraltar currency in the nineteen-fifties, when the United States produced almost half the world's steel and most of its cars, but it would be another to do so in the nineteen-eighties, when we produce sixteen per cent of the world's steel and less than a quarter of its cars. The decline of our world economic power undermined the United States' claim that its dollars were as good as gold, and there is no other nation that today dares put forward such a claim.

Then why not gold? The reasons for not taking this third course are two. Many people profoundly dislike, or are even revolted by, the idea of relinquishing control of the supply and the distribution of money to this symbol of greed, which is extracted from the earth under the most onerous conditions in the mines of the Union of South Africa and of (I do not doubt) the Soviet Union. Virgil's *auri sacra fames*—the accursed hunger for gold—seems a dubious basis on which to rest the chances for a rational world order. Such moral doubts aside, there remains the second obstacle: the practical question of getting the international money genie back into the bottle. The rise of the Eurodollar and the other Euro-currencies has made banking the most supranational of all businesses. I find it difficult to believe that the bankers of the world, having won this degree of emancipation, would readily agree to surrender their new-found powers and capacities to the restraining influence of mere gold.

Not only does any international solution of the currency problem require untried experiments, with the all too

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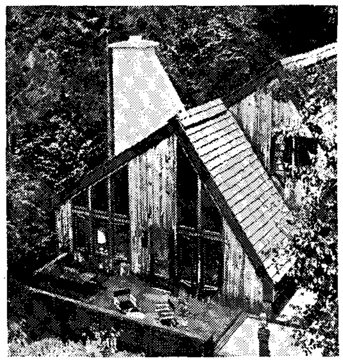

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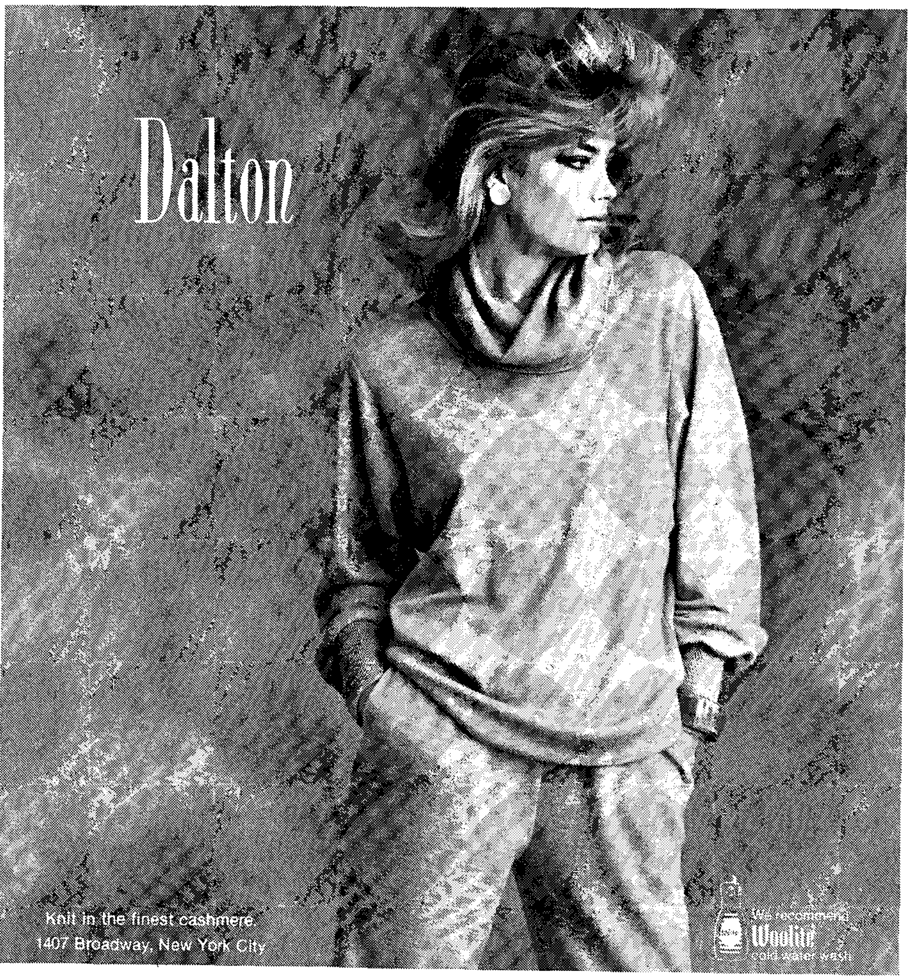
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familiar likelihood of unexpected consequences, but international solutions require the admission by sovereign nations that their ability to do what they wish with their economies is limited. This has in fact always been the case, but facts such as these are very hard to acknowledge. Yet, with all the attendant difficulties, I expect that we will gradually work our way to some regionalization of currencies, or to the reëstablishment of some kind of supercurrency, or even to the gold standard. As is always the case with large-scale economic change, the pain of the present, rather than some rational plan for the future, is likely to force the change. And the pain of the present is very great. Today, the pace and pattern of world credit growth are determined by the hopes and judgments of international banks, investors, and corporate officials—not sitting as a single responsible body but acting in the involuntary unison that emerges from the competition of the marketplace. There is a good deal to be said for market outcomes in many areas, but not in that of international finance. Here, they have given us an orgy of lending that has saddled the poorer countries in the world with seven hundred billion dollars of debt, which now threatens to cave in on the richest countries, to whom it is owed: if Mexico, with its mere eighty billion dollars of debt, decides to declare bankruptcy, the nine leading American banks would lose the equivalent of half their capital. In addition, the sheer volatility of a nation's funds makes the pursuit of a steady, stable economic course very difficult even for the strongest country, because it is subject to the unwanted loss or gain of a king's ransom overnight. It is out of such pains that resolution comes.

THE exposure of the United States to the powerful currents of international finance is particularly disconcerting to American economists since, for all their academic understanding of international trade, they have grown up as Americans, in an economy as nearly self-sufficient as a modern industrial state's can be. Foreign trade has always been relegated to the last pages of American economics textbooks, with the tacit understanding that the harried instructor will simply ignore it. Moreover, the student could afford to have it ignored, because foreign trade and international finance barely brushed his life. Up until ten years ago, the sum of our total imports and total exports—a rough measure of the involvement of the United States economy in world trade—was only ten or eleven per cent of the value of our total output. Although our imports included some strategic materials, such as tin, and although our exports were always crucial for certain domestic sectors, such as agriculture, most Americans, economists included, tended to have the comfortable feeling that America could conduct its affairs as it wished and let the rest of the world go hang. That comfortable feeling is rapidly dissipating, not merely as a consequence of the growth of the supranational realm of finance but because of equally far-reaching changes in trade and production. Today, seventeen per cent of all physical goods produced in the United States are sold abroad. One-quarter of the increase in our material consumption since 1970 has been foreign goods. Foreign trade, in other words, has so deeply penetrated our economy, and foreign markets have become so integral an extension of our domestic markets, that it is no longer possible to think of the United States as a closed system. In their influential book "Minding America's Business," Robert Reich and Ira Magaziner estimate that seventy per cent of all United States production of goods are now directly exposed to international competition. What makes this internationalization of our workaday economy so disconcerting is the general awareness that we have failed to hold our place in the global market. Our exports of steel are today less than one-tenth of Japan's. Our exports of automobiles are overbalanced five to one by our imports: Japanese cars, not Ford's, are second in the American car market; and it is Japan, not the United States, that is first in the world market.

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A great deal of attention has been attracted by the rise of Japan, which was considered only thirty years ago to be hopelessly consigned by its out-of-the-way geography and its lack of resources to the humble role of provider of party favors and cheap Christmas-tree decorations to the world. The focal point of the attention has been the success of the Japanese government in arranging both for promising firms to have access to vast amounts of capital and for obsolete industries to commit a kind of economic hara-kiri. Much debate in America has centered upon the need to match this double-sided industrial policy (and the very effective, although less touted, policies of Germany and France) with an industrial-planning framework of our own. I expect that some such institutional arrangement will eventually be attempted here, simply because governments around the world are muscling into international trade not out of a philosophical predilection but in the interest of national self-protection. It is one thing to admire the efficiency of the market as an allocator of resources, but it is another to allow an important domestic industry to go under because it is being undersold by government-subsidized exports from abroad or because its executives lack access to the public financing that enables their foreign competitors to modernize their plants. The collapse over the past thirty years of the American steel industry, culminating in the pitiful spectacle of U.S. Steel's closing down thirteen facilities in 1979 and 1980, is an unpleasant case in point, and one that might have been forestalled by an intelligent industrial policy.

But the response to modern international competition is more complex than merely defending home industry against economic offensives from other nations. There is also the problem of protecting it against salvos fired by our own artillery emplaced abroad. That is precisely the threat posed by new forms of international production, which have destabilizing effects comparable with those of the new forms of international finance. Modern technology allows firms to fly technical personnel to any part of the world

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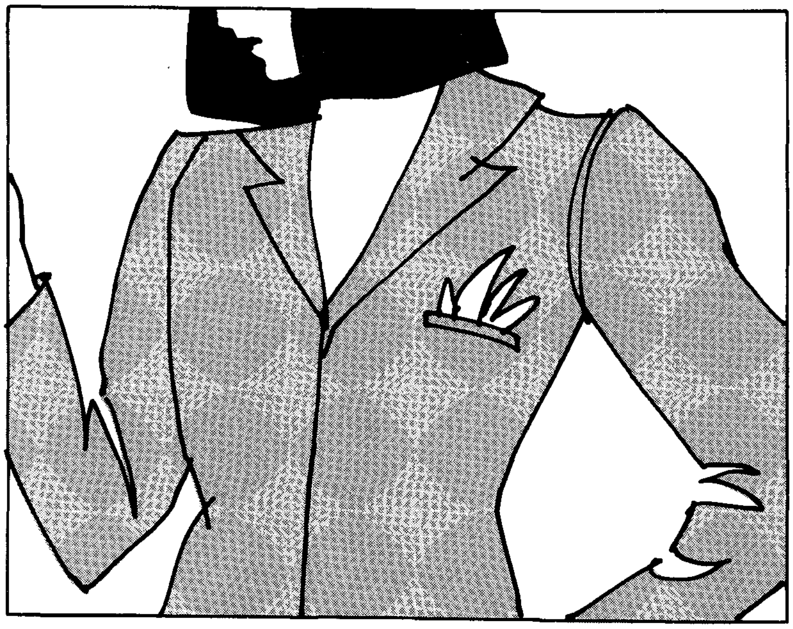

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overnight; to talk to Hong Kong from Essen as easily as from Essen to New York; to simplify the manufacture of the most advanced physicochemical products so that women who as children worked in paddy fields can now process microcircuitry in a sterilized assembly plant. The result is that American high technology can be joined to foreign low labor costs to create formidable export centers in places that were once as remote as Japan seemed to be in 1950. The success stories of Singapore and Taiwan and South Korea are now old hat. Around the corner may be the repetition of these stories in Shanghai or Vietnam or Eastern Europe, where labor is also cheap and governments are—or may become—coöperative, and where there will be no danger of a Communist takeover, because there has already been a Communist takeover. It would be wrong to exaggerate the immediate threat of this new form of international competition. Not every product can be profitably produced in a low-wage area. Nonetheless, between 1970 and 1979 the value of manufactured goods brought into the United States from such areas jumped from less than four billion dollars to almost thirty billion. The recent decision of Atari Incorporated to shift part of its manufacturing facilities from California to Taiwan and Hong Kong created widespread consternation in this country, and not least among the so-called Atari Democrats—senators and representatives who had strongly urged the need for a national industrial policy. Such a policy would be aimed at, for example, helping Boeing protect itself against the competition of Airbus, the European consortium that is contesting the world airframe market with Boeing. No policy yet exists, however, to deal with what happens if Boeing follows the example of Atari.

Eve Olitsky

As with international finance, the realities of restraining and regulating international trade and production violate many canons of conventional economic thinking. In the case of trade, traditional economics celebrates the advantages of free trade over the dangers and illusory gains of protectionism. The free-trade argument is persuasive in the terms in which it is usually put forward in textbooks, but it tacitly assumes that the economy in question is one like that of the United States in 1950 which has the comfortable knowledge that its products can undersell those of any other nation. The brief for free trade therefore stresses the well-being of consumers, who are enabled by it to purchase the cheapest wares in the world, and pays little heed to the well-being of producers, whose livelihoods are presumably not under serious attack. I have often wondered how staunchly economists would stick to their free-trade guns if the Japanese were to export another commodity of excellent quality which they produce at home and could market for less than its American counterpart; namely, economists. At any rate, we already hear a chorus of warnings against allowing ourselves to be seduced into protectionism, with its quotas and tariffs. Of course, it is very easy to paint the consequences of such a policy gone mad. For example, Adam Smith pointed out in "The Wealth of Nations" that Scotland could raise hothouse grapes of very good quality for about thirty times the expense of imported grapes; and there is no doubt that tariffs can become the refuge of every economic scoundrel, just as patriotism can be the last refuge of a political one. Nonetheless, what is convincing in the case of hothouse grapes does not carry equal conviction when it is applied to industries that provide livelihoods for millions of people—people who cannot be quickly picked up and relocated and retrained, because we do not know where to put them or what to teach them, and who may therefore rot away in decaying Johnstowns and Flints and (if Boeing should ever decide to move) Seattles. The discomposure of the economics profession in the face of international competition, as in the face of international finance, arises not alone from what it sees but from the difficulty of formulating feasible and acceptable corrective measures. One possibility, already a reality in a considerable number of countries, is the negotiated (or "voluntary") agreement that restricts the volume of imports to a tolerable level. For example, Canada, France, and Germany all limit the number of automobiles that Japan is permitted to ship to them. We have similar agreements with Japan for textiles.

Such policies, which are regarded by

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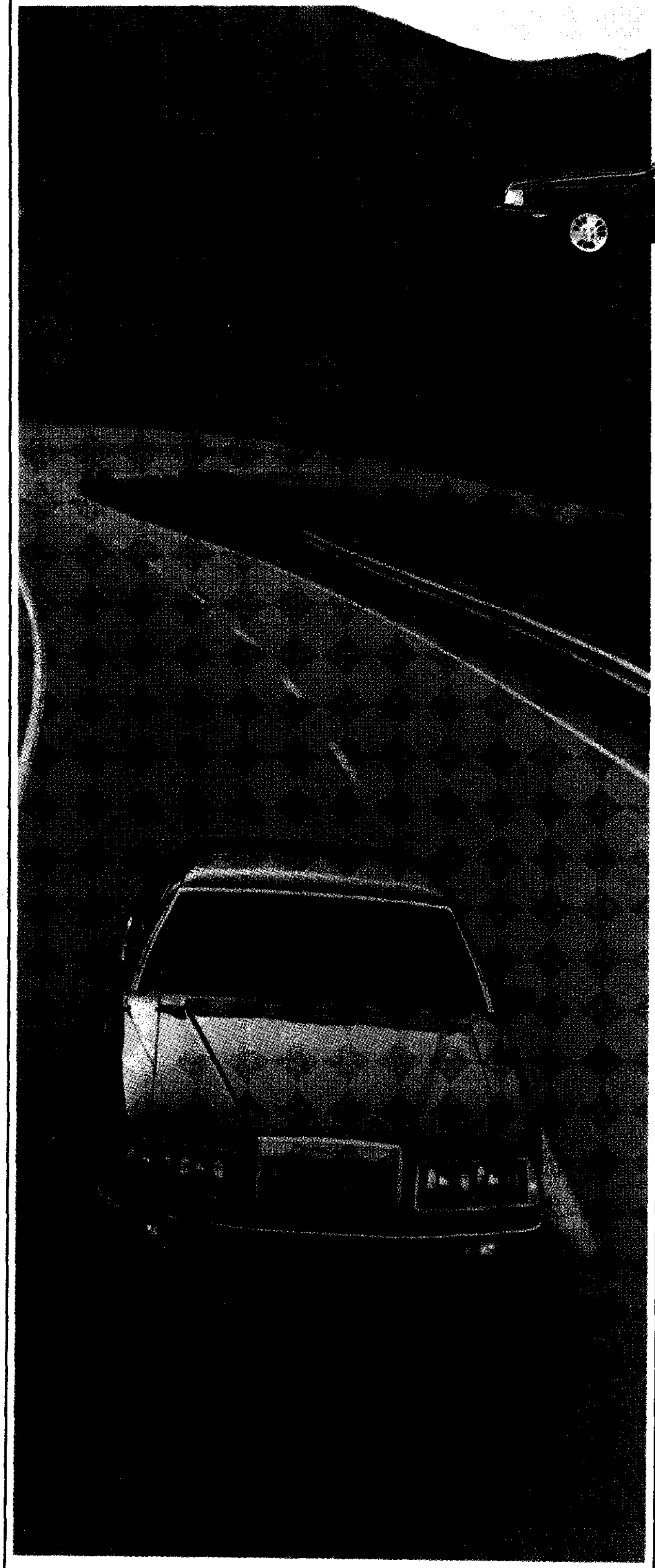

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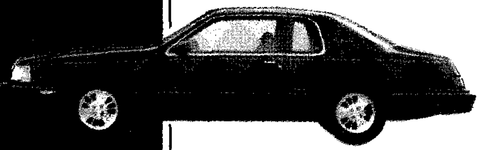

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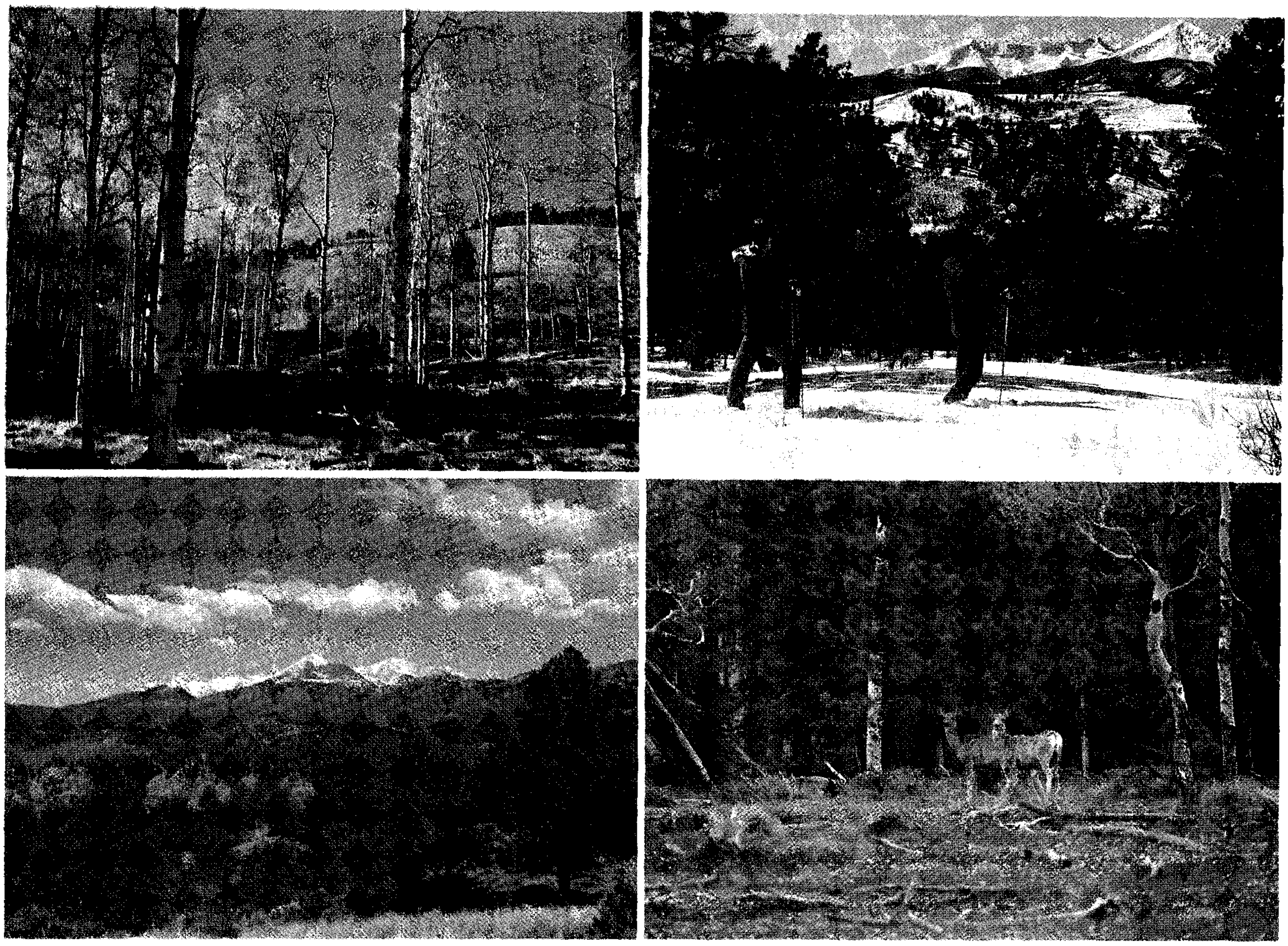

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orthodox economists as disreputable, succeed in blunting the full force of competition among nations but do not address themselves to the question of return fire from our own overseas guns. In this area, one protective measure—suggested by the United Auto Workers—is to require major automobile producers who sell their wares in the United States to fabricate an increasing percentage of their output inside this country as their sales here rise. If this legislation had been in force for 1982, Toyota and Nissan would have been compelled to produce in the United States about seventy per cent of the content of the vehicles they sold here, and General Motors about ninety per cent of the content of its domestically sold vechicles. A still more ambitious possibility lies in the creation of multinational regional trade areas, each buffered by tariffs or quotas from wholly unrestricted outside competition. The likely result would be an American trade region stretching from Canada through Argentina; a European region embracing the Near East and Africa; a Japanese region extending into the Asian continent; and a Soviet region including all that nation's satellites. Such a grouping might offer to its political centers the prospects of making restricted yet profitable international investments in the less developed countries of its region, while limiting the battering rams of competition among major industrial areas and the barrage from underdeveloped countries beyond political reach.

For many reasons, these and still other alternatives do not present an attractive picture to economists brought up on the ideas of free trade. But like the present state of affairs in finance the present trade situation is not attractive, either. Not only the United States but the whole of the industrial world is still half dragged down by depression, and one of the consequences of this global stagnation is that a long period of expansion of world trade has come to a halt. The years from 1950 to the mid-nineteen-seventies witnessed a quadrupling of the volume of world trade, which eased frictions caused by the interpenetration of exports and the internationalization of production. Without this continuing enlargement of the field in which economic life is carried on, international competition turns quickly into international economic war. Already, battle flags are flying and the Western allies are quarrelling over economic terrain that each of them wants to occupy. No doubt, world trade will again increase, once the present global stagnation gives way to a resumption of growth, but meanwhile the very intensity of international competition becomes a major impediment to the renewal of growth. As with the problems of international finance, I am betting on pressures and pains to force solutions that would otherwise be very hard to come by. I feel reasonably certain that some form of buffered trade will emerge, whatever its institutional form, and whatever the euphemisms needed to avoid the word "protectionism." (If I judge the mood of the country correctly, even that gesture of piety may not be necessary.)

THESE are not, of course, the only problems that haunt economists today. I have passed too lightly over the matter of the still severe depression and its cure, and I have not even glanced in the direction of robotization, or looked at the worldwide slowdown of productivity, or a host of other issues. But I think the problems of international trade and finance account, more than anything else, for the professional disarray of which I have spoken. The reason is that these problems, with their global involvements, bring to many the uneasy suspicion that the basic unit of economic policy—the nation-state—is not appropriate to the problems of late-twentieth-century capitalism. This is all the more remarkable because the nation-state has everywhere assumed such large powers within contemporary capitalism, and the trend of the last two centuries has been unmistakably toward the enlargement of these powers. Modern capitalism is often called "state capitalism," and despite all the efforts of Reagan and Thatcher to the contrary I cannot see the future of capitalism without the national governments' playing a still more prominent role in its propulsion, support, and guidance. What is therefore so confounding about the emergence of an international dimension of finance and production is that it marks the development of a new level of economic life, capable of exerting its independent influence over that of the state. If the rise of state capitalism represents an assertion of political purpose over the blind workings of economic forces, the rise of a supranational realm of finance and production represents a reassertion of economic

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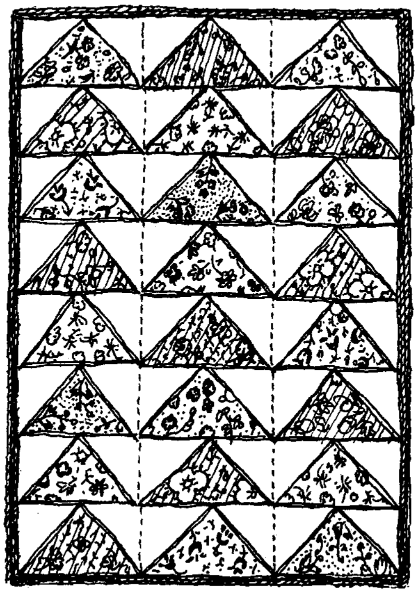

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forces over political purpose. To be sure, there was a very high degree of internationalization of both trade and finance prior to the Great Depression. But things have changed in decisive ways since that forgotten era. One difference is the remarkable opening up of the American economy to foreign trade, which is twice as important now as it was then. A second difference is that today's governments are much more involved in the direct encouragement of exports than they were formerly. A third, and not the least, difference is that the general attitudes of nations, like those of their electorates, are less acquiescent in the face of economic misfortune. Passivity before the currents of international economic life was once regarded as the only possible attitude, however painful it might be. Most nations today are determined to defy international currents to whatever degree they can. It is this modern attitude of national economic self-determination that is threatened by the rise of a supranational realm of finance and production. It is as if capital itself had taken wing—on the one hand, defying the policies of nation-states that are formally capitalist and, on the other, performing its transformational prodigies, for better and for worse, in places that were yesterday ten thousand miles and one thousand years removed from capitalism. And yet all this is taking place at a time when the role of nation-states is greater than it has ever been in the conduct of and the responsibility for economic life. As I see it, this ill-understood confrontation between political power, which is growing at the national level, and economic power, which is growing at the supranational level, is at the root of the perplexity that lies behind the smiles of the social-meteorology profession these days. Whether or not an economic ice age is coming, there is a suspicion that the climate is changing as it has not changed since the traumatic period of the Great Depression a half century ago. As the stock market climbs and the economy slowly regains lost ground, economists, like everyone else, tend to put their worries behind them. But the larger problems are there and will not go away, even in months of sunshine. In the long run, our economic prospects depend very considerably on how we take the measure of the heating up, or cooling down, of the economic planet, and what we determine that we can do about it.

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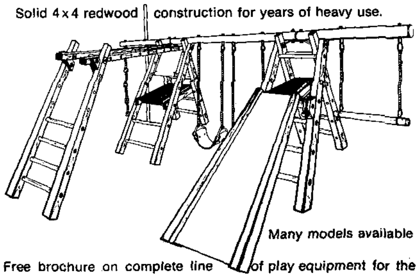

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PAPYROLOGY AT NAPLES

OVER thirty years ago, the Italian poet Eugenio Montale hoped—unavailingly, as he knew—for at least one Italian “city of silence,” which, immune to the profitable hubbub of current attractions, would allow visitors serene contemplation of its beauty and antiquity. Naples is far from silent. Yet the city’s apparent unconcern with tourism is possibly part of a larger Neapolitan indifference to processed “event” as contrasted with distinct occasion. When it chooses, Naples can meet an occasion in resplendent style. And at such moments it is as though in a moldering theatre a curtain rises on a solemn and beautiful scene whose actors move with perfect assurance and whose charm and majesty pervade the audience itself. It was in this spirit that Naples, last spring, gave hospitality in a series of historic settings to a gathering peculiarly congenial to the city’s temperament and story.

A novice attending the Seventeenth International Congress of Papyrology during that alternately hot and stormy week of May might not have expected to find in the five hundred participants the animated and generally youthful assembly—of men and women in almost equal numbers—who discoursed on themes derived from the ancient writings that form their life study. Their discussions ranged from the most consequential events of the ancient world to the humblest details of its daily life: from Homeric texts to the salt tax; from the epigrams of imperial Rome to the composition of a remote Roman garrison; from the price of slaves in the second century before Christ to the installation of Egyptian bishops five centuries later; from ancient musical notation to the tax exemption enjoyed by acolytes of the crocodile god. The names of Plato and Epicurus, of Simonides and Menander, of William Hamilton and Joseph Banks were familiarly invoked as speakers moved from one chosen millennium to another.

Presentations were brief and intense; questions in themselves revealing. (A number omitted from an arithmetic lesson by a forgetful schoolchild of ancient Egypt drew the inquiry “Was the number in Roman or in Ptolemaic?” and the response “In Ptolemaic.”) A Greek text in Latin characters, or a Latin text in Greek, posed special difficulties, as did the dating of ostraca. Formidable erudition was imparted with an amiability whose very disclaimers were stylish (“I am not myself a demoticist”). Papyrologists from virtually all countries of Western Europe, and from the Middle East and the United States, delivered talks, without interpretation, in Italian, English, German, or French. A sprinkling of other participants had travelled from Canada, from Australia, from Argentina to present their papers. The presence of East European and Soviet scholars (whose expenses, in case of need, are guaranteed through the International Association of Papyrologists for attendance at these triennial meetings) was apparently precluded by their governments, in pursuance of a recurrent pattern; and this offense against humanity and scholarship was formally deplored by the congress in its closing motions.

PAPYROLOGY—a word that, taken literally, would refer to the medium rather than the message—properly designates the study of papyri written in Greek or Latin, papyri in Egyptian script being considered a branch of Egyptology. The vast preponderance of extant classical papyri derive from Egypt—and are in Greek, since Greek remained the lingua franca of the Eastern Mediterranean from the time of Alexander the Great until the close of the Roman Empire. Throughout that period of a thousand years, immense quantities of papyrus shipped from Egypt, where the material was exclusively produced, supplied the needs of Europe. (As late as the seventh century, according to a surviving document, Egyptian papyrus was being procured by Frankish Gaul.) The manufacture of rag paper, long practiced in China and conveyed by the Arabs to the Western world, became usual in Europe only in the Middle Ages.

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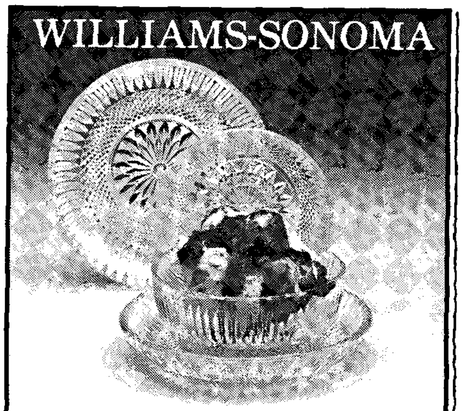

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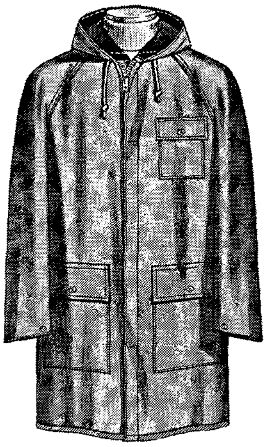

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and retaining script so proliferated as to leave, in that resistant medium, a multitude of surviving documents. In the age of the Antonines, as Gibbon tells us, "Homer as well as Virgil were transcribed and studied on the banks of the Rhine and Danube," and the literary legacy was accompanied by detailed records of empires, communities, and individual lives. Failure of the Egyptian papyrus crop could mean to the Roman world a paralysis of commerce and affairs of state, and suspension of work for innumerable scribes who carried on the enormous labor of transcription. Many of the scribes were, like the father of the Emperor Diocletian, literate slaves; while the cultivated members of Roman society commemorated literacy, as had the Egyptians before them, by occasionally displaying in portraits their diverse writing materials—which, in addition to papyrus, included parchment, wax tablets, and board. (In the fifth century, St. Augustine felt obliged to apologize to a correspondent for a letter written on vellum rather than *papyrus.*)

The huge deposits of Greek papyri recovered in Egypt during the late nineteenth century by foreign archeologists and clandestine local diggers dramatically extended the scope and nature of papyrology, and transformed the study of ancient history. Significant new discoveries of ancient writings—such as the leathern Dead Sea Scrolls, or the first surviving complete play by the Greek poet Menander (who, by a pleasing irony, appears in a frescoed depiction at Pompeii, manuscript in hand)—continue to fire the public as well as the scholarly imagination, for written evidence from the human past exerts universal fascination. In this regard, as with much else at Naples, the city's associations are peculiarly dramatic—from the narrow survival of Virgil's epic exaltation of the Neapolitan ambience to the systematic burning by the Germans in the Second World War of capital portions of the city's ancient archive. Through more than twenty centuries of Neapolitan turmoil, the greatest writers have emerged to report the city's story with thrilling immediacy. The contemporary historian Roberto Pane (himself, at eighty-six, a Neapolitan legend) once drew my attention to a curious literary "pairing" of two cataclysmic natural events at Naples described in celebrated letters by two men of genius—the great eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A.D., recounted to

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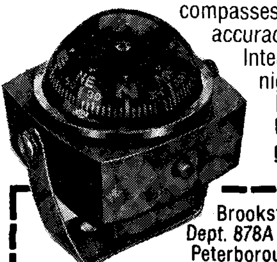

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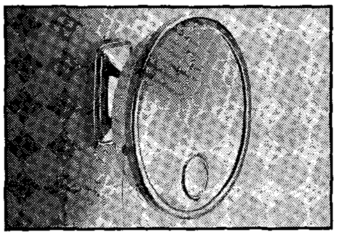

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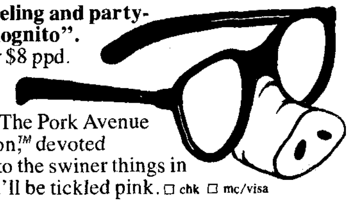

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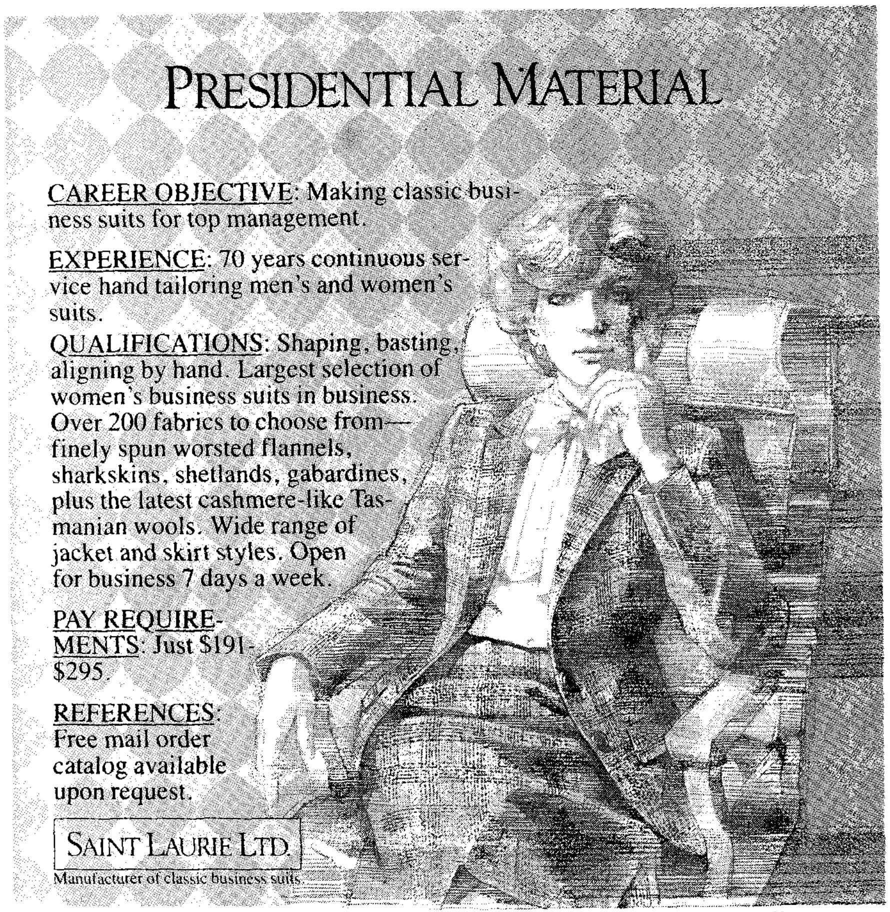
Tacitus by the younger Pliny; and the destruction of the port of Naples in the deluge of 1343, magnificently related by Petrarch, within hours of the occurrence, in a letter to his friend Cardinal Giovanni Colonna.

In one respect beyond all others, however, the choice of Naples as the site of the 1983 Congress of Papyrology had intense and excruciating meaning. For that antique city possesses, at the foot of its presiding volcano, a buried repository of ancient documents, broached two centuries ago and subsequently resealed. In 1750, during initial excavations of the Roman towns engulfed in the eruption of 79 A.D., the so-called Villa dei Papiri was discovered—an opulent private establishment near Herculaneum containing, together with splendid works of ancient sculpture in marble and bronze, a collection of scrolled Greek and Latin texts denoting an important library. Approached by a process of tunnelling from the foot of a shaft twenty-seven metres deep, this Roman villa was only partly penetrated before exhalations of volcanic gas compelled the excavators to close all access to it, in 1765. Statues and decoration removed from the excavation—and today on view at the National Archeological Museum in Naples—contributed to the neoclassical impact on Western taste and knowledge produced by the great Vesuvian discoveries at Herculaneum and Pompeii, and at other sites under the volcano. The inscribed scrolls—now catalogued as nearly two thousand items—removed from the library required more perseverance. Carbonized in their long seclusion, they at first defied attempts to unroll them, yielding only to a painstaking technique after dozens had been fatally mangled. The first work to be deciphered—Philodemus' treatise on music—was gradually followed by discoveries of a philosophical and literary nature, notably on the Epicurean concepts informing Roman thought and society. The scrolls are now conserved, many of them still inexorably furled, in the National Library at Naples.

"One hates writing descriptions that are to be found in every book of travels; but we have seen something today that I am sure you never read of, and perhaps never heard of." Thus, in June of 1740, Horace Walpole, on the Grand Tour, began his splendid letter describing the first revelations at Herculaneum, where excavation had only recently commenced. "There might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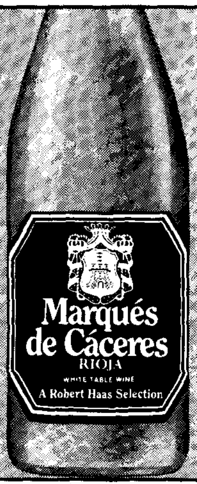
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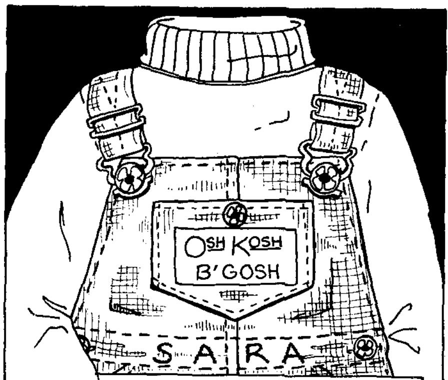

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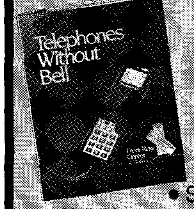

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certainly be collected great light from this reservoir of antiquities," he concluded, "if a man of learning had the inspection of it." Since 1765, no sustained effort has been made to excavate the Villa dei Papiri, although scholars and poets have continually appealed against its abandoned state. By 1835, Giacomo Leopardi, who was to spend some of his last months of life at a house close to Herculaneum, was calling down "eternal shame and vituperation" on Italy's neglect of the buried documents. And Norman Douglas, commenting seventy years ago on the incalculable importance of the villa's unretrieved library, pessimistically observed that "whoever wishes to consult it must wait till a generation, which really possesses the civilisation it vaunts, shall rescue it from the lava of Herculaneum." Not everyone is prepared to accept such lasting, or everlasting, postponement. At a meeting held at the eighteenth-century Villa Campolieto, near Herculaneum, the 1983 papyrology congress emphatically urged reëxcavation. Advanced techniques not only in archeology but also in the treatment of papyrus (by enzymes, for example, and freeze-drying) are now available for a task made urgent by deterioration of the treasure underground—and by the imponderable energies of the fateful mountain above.

Informed voices and devoted efforts have not been lacking, at Naples and elsewhere, in support of renewing the excavation; and in recent years a feasibility study was planned, during a transient show of Italian governmental interest. However, following the construction, close to the villa's site, of an expensive, uncompleted "antiquarium" of grim aspect and dubious utility, the project appears to have lapsed. The Italian government's neglect of inestimable riches in the immediate vicinity—in much of Pompeii, for example, and in the decaying group of eighteenth-century "Vesuvian villas," among which Vanvitelli's Campolieto offers a quite unwonted instance of restoration—and the encroachment of new suburbs at Herculaneum itself give small confidence for a show of official sanity toward the Villa dei Papiri.

In the nineteen-eighties, it is not difficult to discern in all this a parable for an era that, gazing into outer space, cannot look inward. In fact, the ancient cities of Vesuvius have served as object lessons from the very moments of their destruction, when an unknown hand, presumed to be that of a Jew or an early Christian, scrawled "Sodom Gomor" on a Pompeian wall—a curiosity that was to capture the imagination of Proust. During last May's congress, a Neapolitan participant, Carlo Knight, observed that the symbolic drama of the Villa dei Papiri seems unending: "Two thousand years after the tragedy, Herculaneum is still an incurable wound."

WHILE the Villa dei Papiri remains an underground enigma by the Mediterranean, a curious monument to it has been raised in the New World. The decision of the late J. Paul Getty, in constructing his museum at Malibu in the early nineteen-seventies, to "re-create"—as he expressed it—the Villa dei Papiri of Herculaneum was heard with wonder at Naples. Conjecture about the original villa's appearance is based on the calculations of a Swiss engineer named Karl Weber, who, in directing the early excavations, established the floor plan of this ample structure, which covered an area of approximately two hundred and fifty by a hundred and forty metres. While the elaborate, costly, and somewhat bizarre construction at Malibu does not claim to adhere consistently to our fragmentary knowledge of the original building, it incorporates, on the same grand scale, the peristyle gardens and colonnaded views toward the sea, and employs the felicitous Roman combination of graceful planting and ornamental water works known to have enhanced the Villa dei Papiri.

Among the beautiful collections of the Getty Museum are just such antiquities as those which adorned the ancient cities of Vesuvius. And, during his own repeated visits to Naples, J. Paul Getty showed particular interest in the excavations at Herculaneum and its neighboring classical sites. It was therefore natural that eyes should turn from Naples to Malibu in hope of assistance in rescuing the Getty's great precursor and its entombed treasure. As yet, they have turned in vain. In 1974, to an appeal of the kind from Neapolitan cultural authorities, Mr. Getty replied, "My charitable budget is fully committed." He proposed the seventeen million dollars spent on his Malibu construction as sufficient recognition of Herculaneum's importance, and expressed the hope that "others may be inspired by my example." The terms of the Getty trust apparently do not exclude future consideration of—

in the words of one Getty administrator—"activities in various parts of the world that would be consistent with these commitments." For the present, however, the title of the Getty's publication on its architectural genesis, "From Herculaneum to Malibu," appears to suggest the direction in which Getty thought is flowing.

As a body, papyrologists seem slow to wrath; and the Getty Museum's decision not to send a representative to this spring's congress at Naples was philosophically received. It may be that the profession accustoms its practitioners to the immemorial vagaries of mankind. In our time, papyrologists have been forced to flee their European universities for sanctuary in other lands, bearing their knowledge with them like a faith; while American papyrologists of the older generation—exemplified at the Naples congress by Naphtali Lewis, Distinguished Professor Emeritus of the City University of New York—have seen their profession burgeon in the United States from sparse beginnings into a discipline now comparable, in quality if not yet in magnitude, to its European counterparts.

The concept of written language was not common to all ancient cultures; and trends of our own era indicate how it might die out or revert, as in past ages, to a skill practiced by an accomplished few. In such a context, every gesture of civilized meaning gives courage. As the Naples congress closed, its organizing spirit, Professor Marcello Gigante, director of the Institute of Classical Philology at the University of Naples, described it as "*un atto di amore*" on the part of Naples toward culture. His words might be understood as a *coronis;* that is, as the little flourish of penmanship with which the scribes of other times concluded their patient scrolls.

—SHIRLEY HAZZARD

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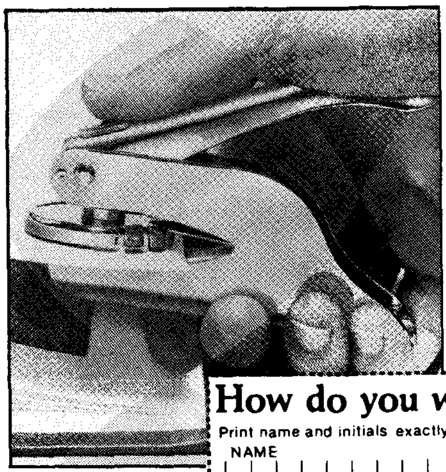

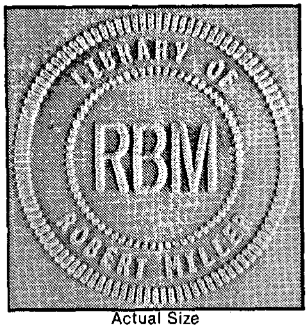

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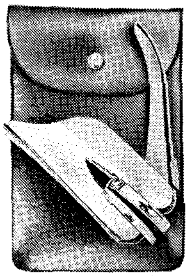

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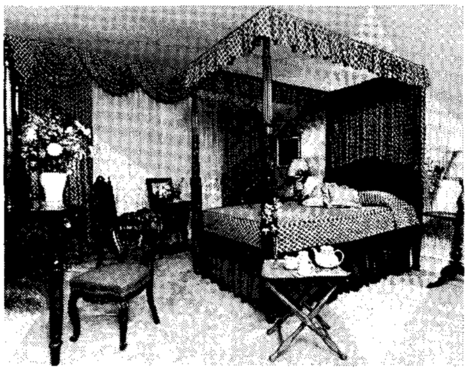

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MUSICAL EVENTS

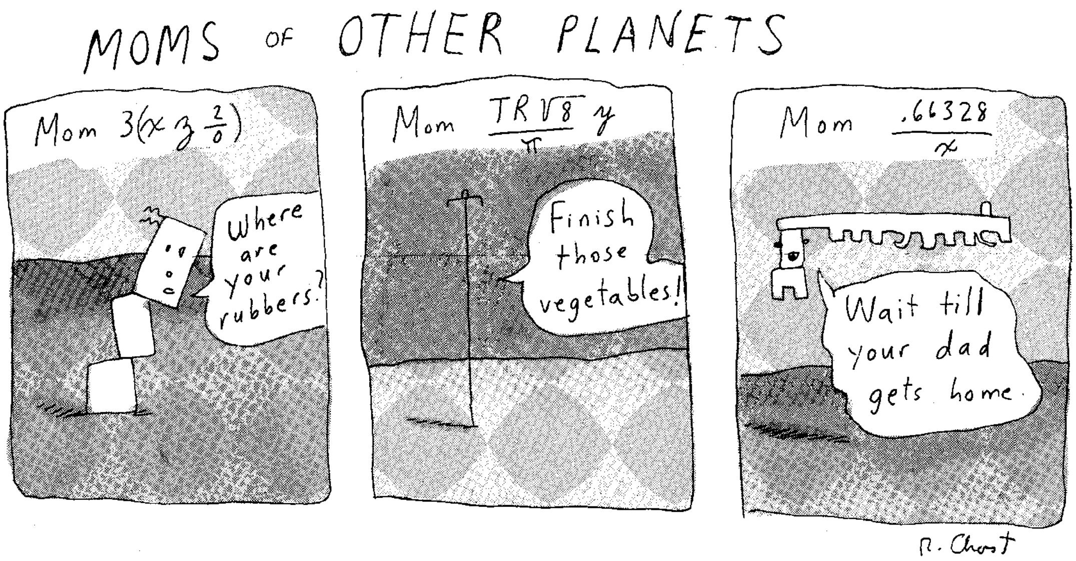
Music Visible

Wagner's various attempts to explain in words what "The Nibelung's Ring"—conceived in 1848, and brought to performance only in 1876—might mean are confused and contradictory. In an 1856 letter, the composer told August Röckel that "something quite different came into being from what I had originally planned," for "during the execution—in fact, even in the planning—I was unconsciously following a different, much deeper view of things" and "unwittingly, instead of one phase in the evolution of the world, was seeing the very essence of the world, in every imaginable phase." As composition proceeded, there were further developments. The "Ring" became at once a world history, starting with man's first polluting attempts to harness nature to his uses; a contemporary parable about capitalism and its attendant evils; and a dramatic image, apt for Jungian exposition, of the human psyche. From its inception, it had also been an adventurous narrative—a splendid old tale of gods, giants, men, and dwarfs, of magic, murder, and love, taking place in grandly picturesque Rhine scenery. The deeper meanings are carried more by the music—a sixteen-hour score of unparalleled richness, splendor, and formal intricacy—than by the words and the actions. ("Ring" commentators and "Ring" directors have often dwelt too partially on the latter ingredients, but exciting new studies of the music have started to appear.) To anyone who asks me what the "Ring" means, I say, "Listen first to the Furtwängler and the Reginald Goodall recordings." But that's only a beginning. The work is completed in the theatre, where, as Wagner said, "it is the performers who play the essential artistic part," and the composer's contribution is judged by the extent to which he has been able to inspire the drama enacted before us. "By drama, I mean not the dramatic poem or text but the drama we see taking place before our eyes, the visible counterpart of the music." In a famous phrase, he described his music dramas as "deeds of music made visible." In Bayreuth, he built a theatre where music and drama could work together in perfect balance.

Bayreuth's latest production of the "Ring"—its "British 'Ring,'" conducted by Sir Georg Solti, directed by Sir Peter Hall, and designed by William Dudley—has been criticized, not unfairly, for technical inefficiency, for blandness in the enactment of what should be vividly dramatic encounters, and for some undistinguished singing. It has also been criticized, but less fairly, for failing to embody a "conception." Operatic directors with "conceptions" in the form of reinterpretations, distortions, partial glosses, or misconceptions are a curse of our day. Bayreuth also presented this summer a ridiculous "Tristan," directed by Jean-Pierre Ponnelle, in which Isolde, Mark, and Melot did not come to Kareol except as figments of Tristan's fevered delirium. From 1976 to 1980, it presented a "Ring" of sorts—its "French 'Ring,'" directed by Patrice Chéreau and conducted by Pierre Boulez—in which the huge myth dwindled to an allegory of economic history in the last century; untrue to the music and untrue to the text, it was enlivened by keen family scenes and some amusing anachronisms. Most modern productions of the "Ring" have treated it as Wotan's tragedy: Wotan's well-intentioned dream of social justice doomed (in anti-Wotan versions) by his greed for personal power or (in versions sensitive to the nobility of Wotan's music) by the criminal compromises the god has made—flaws in the foundation on which he seeks to build. "Valhalla is Wall Street," Wieland Wagner once declared. A new director can say "Wotan is Stalin" or "Wotan is Reagan" or "Wotan is Mrs. Thatcher" and, by suppressing or altering what does not fit his thesis, make some trenchant, and even accurate, points. Hall avoided specificity—thereby increasing applicability—and attempted to stage a *complete* "Ring." In a preliminary note, he wrote:

> Naturally, I am interested in the political side of the "Ring," but I think this has been so emphasized in recent years that the sensual side—not only the sexuality of Siegmund and Sieglinde, but the pure love of Brünnhilde—has been overlooked. I have concentrated on the complete narrative story of the "Ring," and that is complex and contradictory. It can, and perhaps should, mean different things to each individual who sees it. In his polemical and absorbing "Ring" in 1976, for instance, Patrice Chéreau told us that the revolution is coming, but the "Ring" does not say that to me at all. The revolution fails, and what the "Ring" tells me is that life goes on, seasoned by some forgiveness, some humanity, and some love. . . . In Wagner's text and music, I find a classical story of the conflict between power and love; of how heroic love eventually redeems characters who have been corrupted by power.

Among other things, Hall hoped to restore to Siegfried his due importance. (As Carl Dahlhaus remarks in "Richard Wagner's Music Dramas," published by Cambridge, "the thesis that Siegfried's drama is only a corollary of Wotan's tragedy may appear illuminating at first but comes to grief on the theatrical fact that Siegfried's drama occupies the tetralogy's two longest parts.") He professed fidelity to the text and promised to be "as faithful as possible" to the



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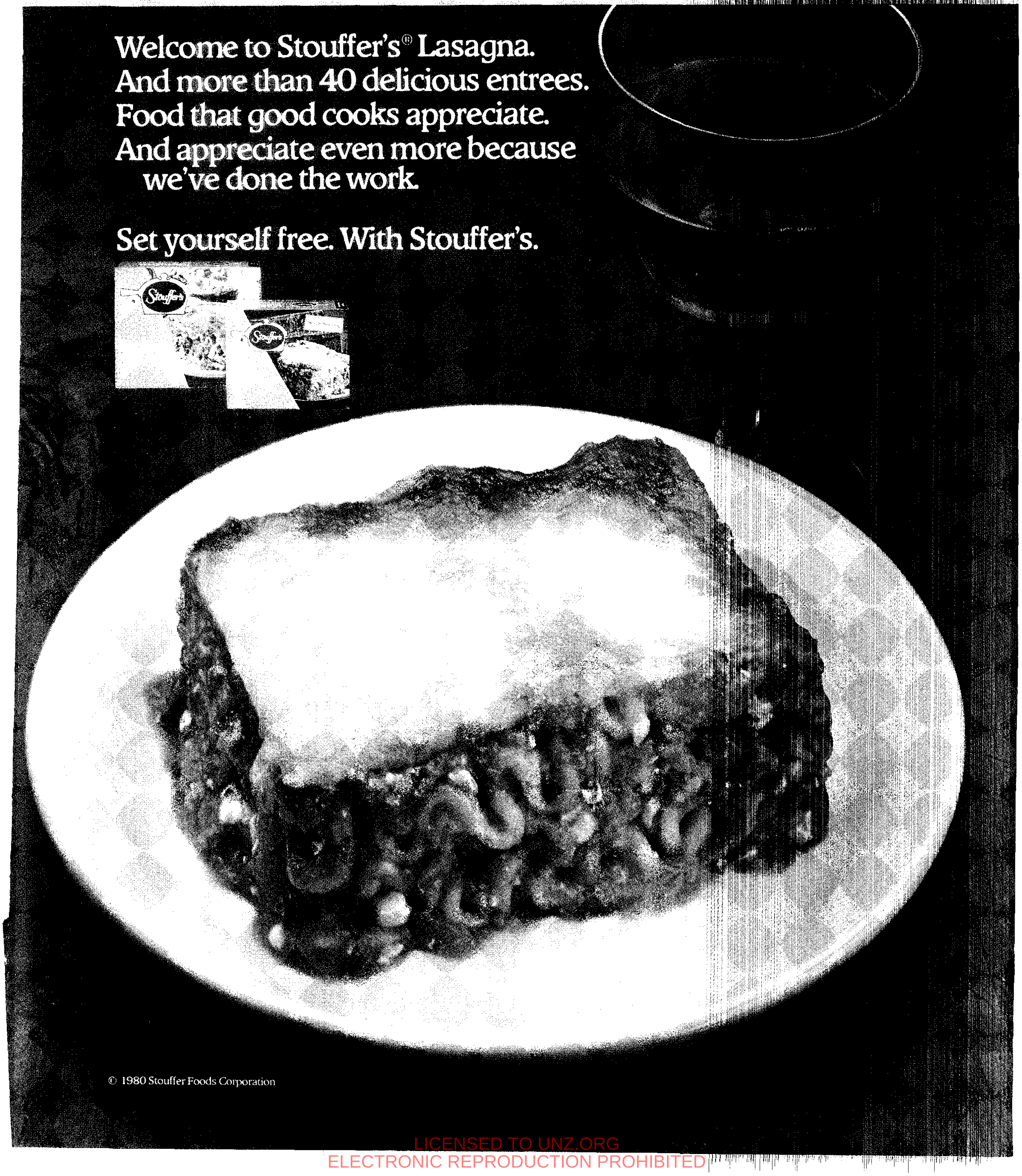

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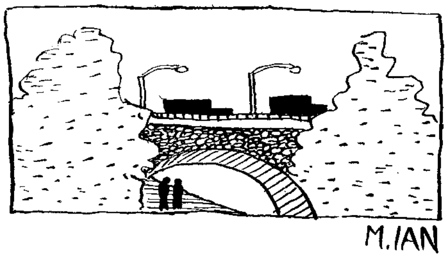
stage directions. For the first time in over thirty years of "Ring"-going, I saw Fricka arrive in a ram-drawn chariot and saw Brünnhilde leap onto a horse and ride into a blazing pyre.

HALL's initial plan was right, but in its execution there was many a slip. He and Solti had taken the risk of engaging several artists new to their roles. The Siegfried they worked with, Reiner Goldberg, withdrew from "Götterdämmerung" some weeks before the opening and from "Siegfried" after the dress rehearsal. The deputy was Manfred Jung, an accurate, reliable, energetic, but charmless hero, without chivalry of appearance or manner—blunt-featured and blunt in his interpretation. He made it possible for the show to get on but left a hole in the drama. The Wotan, Siegmund Nimsgern, fell out halfway through the cycle. In "Das Rheingold" and "Die Walküre," Nimsgern had been uncommanding but not unpromising: the voice was generally firm and full, although the narrative was begun in a buzzy monotone. Then his indisposition was announced, and in "Siegfried" Bent Norup stood in for him. The phrase is apt: Norup stood onstage and sang in the notes, none too steadily; he was no Wotan. The third principal, Hildegard Behrens, a new Brünnhilde, was more successful, but she has been overpraised. Her voice is not a heroic soprano; it lacks the power, the amplitude, the glory that a Brünnhilde needs. Like many modern singers, she produced notes rather than lines; she should work with Goodall. But the sound was clear and always audible, and she is an attractive, arresting, and intelligent actress.

A shortage of Wagnerian singers, except basses, tends to blight any "Ring" today, and Hall cannot be blamed for that. (San Francisco's half "Ring" in May was, by and large, better sung than the Bayreuth cycle.) But other, less forgivable things went wrong. Hall, it was reported, does not yet command German, and so there could hardly have been detailed rehearsals such as Cosima held when she explained and demonstrated to her cast that Alberich and Hagen must pronounce consonants differently from Wotan and Siegfried. There was a lack of sharp verbal characterization in the declamation. And some of the stage clumsiness was ascribed to imperfect communication between the director and his German crew. The men inside the dragon could be heard shouting instructions to one another. When Mime's corpse was bundled into the cave, those in the upper part of the house then saw it get up and walk off into the wings, and did not restrain their mirth. One does not expect such things at Bayreuth. At a press conference, Hall declared that the rehearsal time had been too short to prepare the "Ring" he wanted—the excuse did not go down well—and asked us to suspend judgment until next year's revival. No doubt the time was short for a director whose ideas, as Hall himself put it, "do not really take shape until he works with people on the stage." But much of that time had plainly been spent on unnecessarily—and sometimes ineffectively—elaborate scenic devices.

At curtain rise, the stage was filled with a tank of water in which three stark-naked Rhinemaidens were swimming while they sang. (Lucky Rhinemaidens! In the auditorium, we sweltered.) We observed them in an angled mirror intended to make the surface of the water seem vertical. But since they emerged from their tank to enact the encounters with Alberich, awkwardly, on a narrow front-stage track, there was little Rhine-bed illusion—less than in the old Covent Garden production of 1949 (my first "Ring"), when the maidens "swam" gracefully on invisible wires and before our eyes could dart from Alberich's embrace up to the watery heights. Moreover, in that old set—designed in 1934 by Gabriel Volkoff—we saw the strong flow of the river, an image that Wagner prescribed, and a needed one. Not in this décor.

Covent Garden's third and fourth postwar "Ring" productions were both mounted on intricate, costly pieces of machinery that could be put through eye-catching maneuvers. Bayreuth's "British 'Ring' " followed suit. Dudley had designed a huge, stage-spanning reversible platform (inspired, he said, partly by the white shape in Turner's "Snowstorm: Hannibal and His Army Crossing the Alps," partly by the airfoil curve of a jetliner's wing), hydraulically powered, able to swivel, to soar, to loop the loop; and Hall seemed to have been carried away by his gigantic toy. Sometimes he set it moving in mid-scene, to merely distracting effect. In the last scene of "Siegfried," Brünnhilde was strapped to its underside, and it slowly spun around to reveal her. In the Ride of the Valkyries, it hovered like a silver spaceship, high above the stage, with Gerhilde, Ortlinde, Waltraute, and Schwertleite perched on it, seat-belted. To that turbulent music, filled with excitable motion, it made a slow, stately landing, and the Valkyries unbuckled. At the end of the act, it took off again, with Brünnhilde aboard, gently steaming at its center on what looked like a giant hotplate. There was no rampart of flame around her.



Thoughts about Wagnerian staging seem to move in cycles. It was Cosima in the nineteenth century—although it could well have been Wieland in the twentieth—who said of "Tristan" that "we must banish everything that is merely conventional, everything realistic," and of "Die Meistersinger" that "the so-called liveliness and naturalness of the chorus, the stereotyped exchanges of glances and gestures, I consider bad, a debased form of realism." In advance, Hall enunciated precepts close to those that Emil Preetorius, Winifred Wagner's designer in the thirties, set out in his "Wagner: Bild und Vision":

> For his penetratingly descriptive music, Wagner needs a certain nearness to nature, which should not, however, be naturalistic in the literal sense. Thunder and lightning, rainbow, river, and moonlight, flickering flames, scudding clouds . . . all these must be depicted clearly and with a certain power of illusion; the horse Grane . . . and the dragon cannot simply be ignored. . . . Wagner needs these natural elements.

But in practice Hall and Dudley, in several scenes that were bare where Wagner called for forest and crag, parted company with Preetorius, who continued, "On no account may one simplify or stylize at will, or be diverted into mere suggestiveness, or get involved in the abstract." The new "Ring" was a puzzling mixture of literalness—the real water (there was more of it in "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung")—and bleak, ineffective abstraction. The absence of grassy banks and rocky seats led to much sitting, kneeling, and lying on the bare floor, all of which looked stagy. There was evidently some idea of sharply distinguishing the world of men from a "Star Wars" realm of the gods; it's an idea untrue to the "Ring" topography and to its natural imagery. The realism was often halfhearted. Siegfried brought on a forest bear, but it remained coyly upstage and did not advance to chase Mime about, as Wagner's boisterous stage direction requires. Act III of "Götterdämmerung" opened in a pretty birch glade, where the naked, comely Rhinemaidens looked like Cranach Graces, but the birch trees did not convincingly join the ground from which they were supposed to be growing. Hunding lived in a hobbit house, a roomy burrow beneath an ash tree. Three seats were placed in readiness around his table: Siegmund was evidently expected to supper. When the door flew open and moonlight streamed in, the effect was magical—or would have been had everything happened on cue. But then, as if in deference to bad modern tradition, the house itself disappeared around the lovers, and by exaggeration Wagner's careful imagery was spoiled. When Brünnhilde ordered the vassals to bring stout logs for Siegfried's pyre, they came on carrying dainty green fronds. Against black backcloths, scene after scene was wreathed in monotonous, depressing stage fog; one began to wonder if Bayreuth's steam machine had sprung a leak.

Hall began "Siegfried," Act III, with a striking and original scene: Wotan's visit to Erda where she lived cocooned amid the roots of the World Ash Tree. But since both words and music tell of Wotan's employing mighty spells to summon a reluctant Erda away from her subterranean dreams and up to the world's surface, this was a transgression against the text, an irrelevant image. So was the presentation of the solemn, majestic goddess as a lusty young sexpot. The ram-drawn chariot, motionless atop a moving black box, looked rather silly. The dragon was feeble; I've seen dragons—Volkoff's among them—compared with which Dudley's was a puny blindworm. But the horse in the final scene was fine. In the first, 1876 "Ring," Wagner banished Grane—played by Ludwig of Bavaria's stallion Cocotte—from the Annunciation of Death passage, as being a distraction. But the last, long speech of the cycle is addressed to a horse, and Cocotte was led on to listen to it. In Hall's "Ring," Miss Behrens mounted a hobbyhorse; seen in silhouette amid the smoky glare at the back of the stage, it reared up realistically and charged into the fire. What followed was less successful. Wagner—who "himself was by no means certain what his own work meant," says Dahlhaus—tried various summings up and in the end set none of them, leaving the orchestral and scenic peroration to carry his "meaning." While under Schopenhauer's influence, he had spoken (in that letter to Röckel) of "recognizing the nothingness" of the world. The next year, he abandoned the "Ring," after the second act of "Siegfried." But a year later he told Mathilde Wesendonk of having discovered "a saving way . . . that no philosopher, especially not Schopenhauer, has ever recognized: not an abstract love of mankind but real love, the love that blossoms from sexual love." He composed "Tristan" and then "Die Meistersinger"—passed, as it were, from a yearning for love-in-death to a joyful affirmation of life—and then, twelve years after he had set the "Ring" aside, and now with Cosima beside him, returned to the cycle and to the love of Brünnhilde and Siegfried. The final stage directions tell of men and women watching in agitation the fiery destruction of the old gods; the Redemption by Love motif pours from the orchestra. It's a deed of music difficult to make visible. Some directors return to the opening scene of the cycle—primeval order restored—and others suggest the dawn of a brave new world. Both solutions seem glib. Hall's final tableau—the flying platform once again, now apparently scorched and blistered—seemed inadequate.

Dudley's costumes were generally poor. The Valkyries wore black tights and shimmering black tunics. Brünnhilde changed into a white nightdress for "Götterdämmerung." Loge was all in black, with a braid of fiercely hennaed hair down his back. Siegmund sported torn golden jeans. Siegfried went on wearing his forest romper suit at his wedding and on the royal hunt. The giants were enormous, but papier-mâché heads and clumsy papier-mâché hands made them inexpressive, and one could hardly believe in them as skillful builders.

SO much goes into the "Ring" that it needs a book to describe a production fully. (Books have been written about the Wieland and the Chéreau productions, and one is being written about Hall's.) In brief, one might say that this "Ring" foundered on an unhappy combination of missing principals; ill-conceived and, as it

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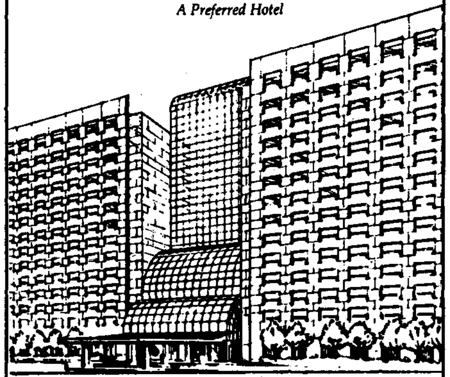

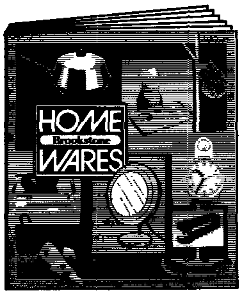

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turned out, impracticably ambitious designs; and, on Hall's part, overconfidence, misjudgment, and, perhaps, inexperience. (The last is an odd word to use of him, but how else can one account for bungled stagecraft in a theatre famous for its technical efficiency?) Solti's conducting did not save the production. We keep saying hopefully that he seems to be mellowing, broadening, deepening, but in fact this "Ring" was much like his Covent Garden cycles twenty years ago. He excels in smoky, sulfurous passages such as the start of "Siegfried," Act II. He sentimentalizes tender episodes, and he trivializes excited passages by charging through them. The great Wagner conductors inspire their singers and then seem to accompany them. With Solti, nothing sounds natural for long. He often begins an act well and then starts worrying at the music—pushing, nudging, jabbing, driving, or else dragging. Instead of glorying in the warm, broad, blended Bayreuth sound, he tried to turn it into Solti sound—hard-edged, forcible, clear, strident at climaxes—and to this end he removed a large section of the "blending screen" Wagner installed over the orchestra. "Das Rheingold" began not with a mysterious, magical resonance welling up from the depths but with a plain double-bass E-flat; and throughout I was conscious, as never before in Bayreuth, of individual instrumentalists bowing, blowing, or banging away.

Jeannine Altmeyer's Sieglinde was bright-toned and true, not quite warm enough in feeling; when Siegmund drew the sword from the tree she gave a vulgar scream unwritten by Wagner. Siegfried Jerusalem's Siegmund was agreeably romantic. Doris Soffel's Fricka had authority of bearing but not of voice. Josephine Barstow's Gutrune was mannered, unnatural. Norup's Gunther was a wobbly cipher. Jung's Loge was unlyrical. Peter Haage's Mime was spry but lacked tone. Hermann Becht's Alberich was powerful, and there was a splendid series of good basses: Manfred Schenk (Fasolt), Dieter Schweikart (Fafner), Matthias Hölle (Hunding), and Aage Haugland (Hagen).

—ANDREW PORTER

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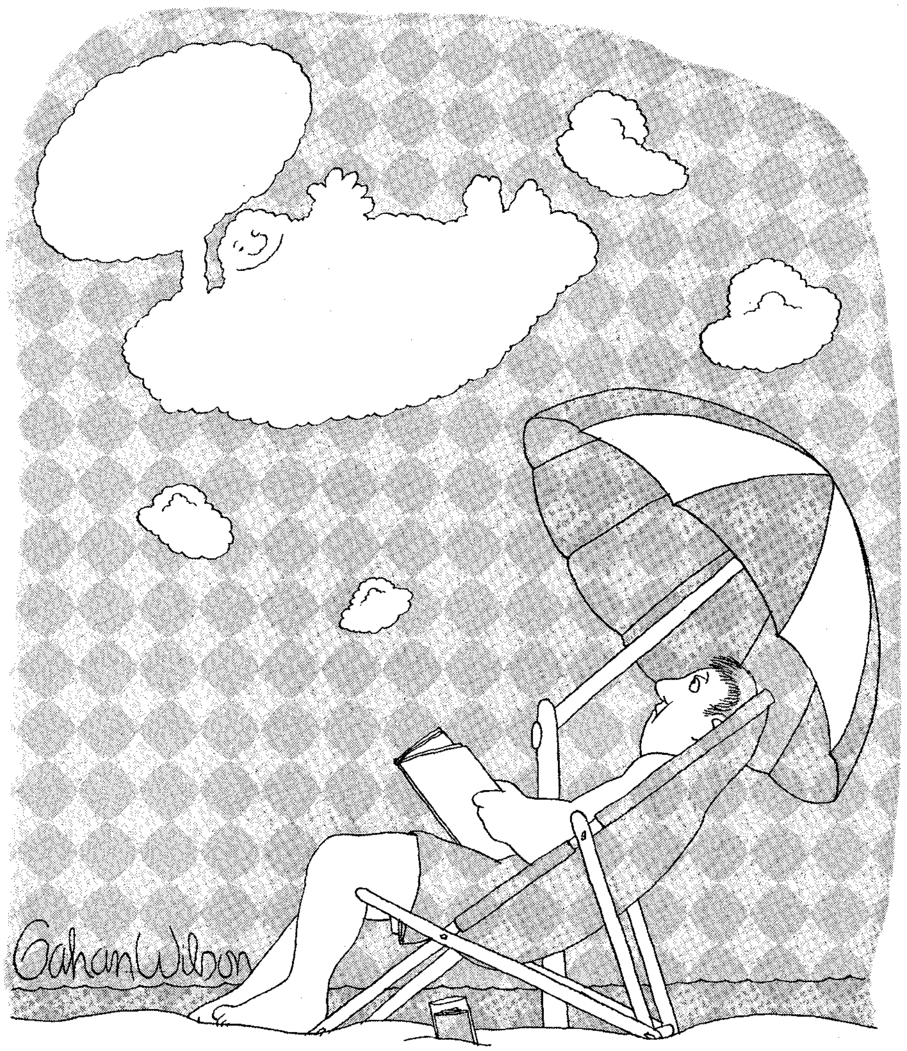
BOOKS

The Charlie Chaplin Principle

THE bolts of autobiography that Peter De Vries let loose in the interview he gave Ben Yagoda for the *Times Magazine* this spring cast considerable light on the surreal landscape of his novels, the newest of which, "Slouching Towards Kalamazoo," has just been issued by Little, Brown ($13.95). De Vries was born in Chicago in 1910, of Dutch Calvinist parents, but he might as well have been born in Puritan New England in 1650. He says, "We went to church five times a week, three times on Sunday; I wasn't allowed to play ball on Sundays. We were force-fed a lot of doctrine. The two main beliefs were in the total depravity of man and the divine grace of God. I only believe in one of them now." Such a beginning is apt to produce either a zealot or a comedian; De Vries became a great prose comedian. "My impulse has always been to be funny," he told Yagoda. "It's the safety-first kind of thing—by making people laugh you retain their affection and approval." He also revealed what he learned when he first contributed to this magazine, almost forty years ago: "The bane of real humor is facetiousness. It's the Charlie Chaplin principle—if what you're doing is funny, don't horse around while you're doing it or you'll deprive it of its humor. Specifically, what I had to learn was to cut the comedy."

The first half of "Slouching Towards Kalamazoo" is an exhilarating attempt by De Vries to carbonate his memories of his Dutch Calvinist upbringing. It has a lot of De Vries' comic muscle. This muscle is a concentration of puns, jokes, parody, satire, hyperbole, and sheer jumping absurdity, and we judge a De Vries novel by its strength. We also hope it will keep at bay the bear of realism that lurks around all his books—and occasionally breaks in. That happened in his 1962 novel, "The Blood of the Lamb," in which there is a rending, almost unendurable account of a child dying of leukemia. (One of De Vries' daughters had died of the disease.) And it happened in a solemn, vivid seduction scene in his last novel, "Sauce for the Goose." These episodes jar his books, but taken by themselves they are proof that De Vries, though residing on his own ecstatic comic plane, could breakfast comfortably with Updike and Bellow and Mailer. The hero-narrator of "Slouching Towards Kalamazoo" is a fifteen-year-old named Anthony Thrasher. Tony—or Biff, as he is sometimes called—lives in a small town in North Dakota that he calls Ulalume, after Poe. (De Vries' books resound with literary allusions. In "Slouching Towards Kalamazoo," Sir Thomas Browne, T. S. Eliot, Hemingway, Shakespeare, Samuel Johnson, Hawthorne, Dylan Thomas, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Voltaire, Yeats, Scott Fitzgerald, Chekhov, Thomas Wolfe, Melville, Jane Austen, André Breton, Montaigne, Keats, Thornton Wilder, Chesterton, François Villon, Hazlitt, Nietzsche, Coleridge, D. H. Lawrence, Dickens, Milton, and Francis Thompson are mentioned, parodied, quoted from, or slipped slyly into the text.) An only child, Tony lives with his parents, Jessie and Matthew Thrasher. He chews gum and reads comic books and is on the verge of flunking eighth grade—not because he is lazy or stupid but because he spends too much time reading Joyce and Proust and getting off such mots as "There is nothing like a calamity to make us forget our troubles." Thrasher is an eloquent hellfire preacher who looks like John Barrymore. Jessie—or Dearest, as Tony calls her—is a distracted housewife who looks like Billie Burke. Thrasher has terrible dandruff and wears spats around the house (and sometimes to bed), and Dearest is knitting a scarf that is already three or four yards long. All three suffer from itching, inflamed ankles—to the puzzlement of their dermatologist, Doc Mallard. Evenings, Thrasher reads aloud to Dearest and Tony—"The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Paradise Lost," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "The Scarlet Letter," Whittier's "Snow-Bound." But he reads with such feeling and oratorical flourish that he has reduced his listen-



ers to neurotic jellies. They finally rebel. One night, during their cocoa break, Dearest asks Thrasher if he would mind reading with less emotion. He reacts with silence, then goes to the refrigerator and seizes a piece of left-over ham, holds it up in front of them, and says, "This is what I am, then." He takes a shot of whiskey, and passes rapidly through outrage and martyrdom, with Tony and Dearest suffering parallel remorse. He begins reading again, first using a Marlon Brando mumble, then a James Cagney accent, and is soon back to his organ tones. At least two events bring the first part of "Slouching Towards Kalamazoo" to its climax. Maggie Doubloon, Tony's eighth-grade teacher, is hired to tutor him, seduces him, and becomes pregnant. Thrasher and Doc Mallard, who is an atheist, stage a thrilling, heavily attended debate on whether or not there is a God, and speak with such passion and persuasiveness that they convert each other.

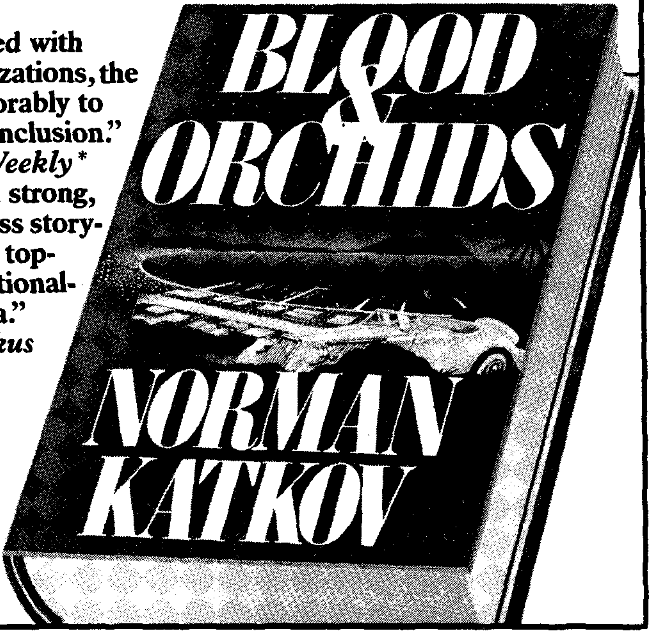
The second half of the book is as euphoric as the first half. Suffice it to say that Tony goes to Kalamazoo to find Maggie Doubloon. She has moved in with her eighty-three-year-old grandfather, an old rake named Stubblefield, and has had a son named Ahab. (Thrasher, in his new secularism, has settled in New York, where he is growing rich doing voice-overs for television commercials.) Tony becomes Stubblefield's hired hand and takes up with Ahab's babysitter, Bubbles Breedlove, "a buxom girl, with whorls of honey-colored hair to her shoulders," who can blow bubbles at will. Everything moves toward a finely tuned climax, which is capped by the founding of the First Church of Christian Atheists.

Anthony Burgess, the British novelist and Joyce addict, has said that De Vries is "surely one of the great prose virtuosos of modern America." Not only that, he is a good writer. Chew on these on your way to the bookstore:

> A girl named Clara gave the valedictory in a dress infested with bows.

> I couldn't remember not knowing of this parched old entity, smelling like the gingersnaps she munched in quantity, the bones under her bombazine like a bundle of kindling.

> There was roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, but the main dish was Mrs. Thralling herself, or could have been, for there was no doubt that a bedded sequel was mine for the taking. She was a divorcée, quite wealthy in her own right. She openly disliked living alone, but had declined a succession of suitors, the last of



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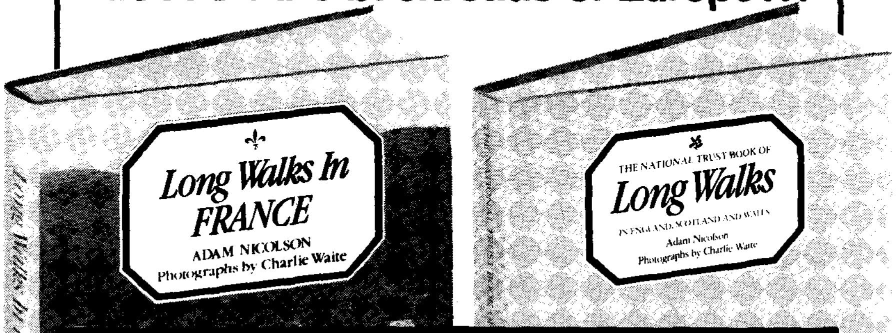

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whom she described as a bowlegged pantheist from Milwaukee. Food was prepared and served by her only servant, a creaking old woman named Georgia who licked her thumbs after serving the soup. "I know you don't like it piping hot or too cool either, Mrs. Thralling," she said, "but lukewarm. I hope this is just right. It's as luke as I can get it."

Sometimes De Vries' books get sour reviews, and these turn out to be by the same sort of aesthetes he has been ticking off for the past thirty years. So he does his work well. The best humor rarely changes its targets; it changes us. —Whitney Balliett

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Aunt Jeanne, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Geoffrey Sainsbury (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $13.95). We meet Jeanne Martineau, a fat, dropsical woman of fifty-seven, having a glass of brandy at a railroad-station bar. She is on her way back to the house in a little town near Poitiers from which she fled with a married man some thirty years before—thirty years spent scratching for a living in Argentina and Egypt. It is her hope that her brother and his wife and their two children will make a home for her in her old age. Instead, she finds her brother hanging by a noose in the attic, her sister-in-law a drunk, her niece and nephew running wild, the family business bankrupt. Her reaction to this—what this crisis stirs in her—is the subject of this harsh and deeply observant study, and it shows us Simenon at his very best. This is the first American edition of a novel originally published in 1950.

Bertolt Brecht: Short Stories, 1921-46, edited by John Willett and Ralph Manheim, and translated from the German by Yvonne Kapp, Hugh Rorrison, and Antony Tatlow (Methuen; $19.95). "Close as they are to the core of his creative method," the editors concede, in a solemn introduction to these thirty-seven stories, selected from a six-volume 1967 German edition of Brecht's collected works, "they remain an interesting sideline rather than a perpetual semi-private outlet like the poetry or an all-absorbing concern like the plays." They are, that is, forgettable: Brecht's plots are as plain as poster art, but his style is fussy and diffuse. There are, the editors warn, "some unsolved problems waiting to attract the attention of scholars." One need not be a scholar to notice one of them: that Brecht—whether in a two-page parable from his Bavarian days (1920-24) or a fourteen-page fantasy from his years in exile (1933-1948)—is boring, where his literary models (from the brothers Grimm to Franz Kafka) are not.

GENERAL

Martin Van Buren, by John Niven (Oxford; $35). Van Buren (1782-1862) is remembered as a party organizer and is sometimes reviled as a machine politician, but Mr. Niven's work makes plain the importance to statesmanship of party leadership and discipline. Van Buren's forebears were farmers in the Hudson River Valley, and the young man became a Jeffersonian—a Democratic-Republican. However, as the Federalist Party decayed and the consensus politics of the Era of Good Feeling blurred party lines, New York State politics became a nasty, incoherent business of personal factions. Van Buren's commitment to Jeffersonian policies amounted to the reinvention of the Democratic-Republican Party in New York. Mr. Niven shows that Van Buren avoided such errors as overconfidence and revenge; meticulous in planning for victory, he was also content with it, and used the contemporary spoils system more often to reward than to punish. His followers, the so-called Albany Regency, were chosen for ability, and, like him, were ideologically committed. His achievement in New York was not easily duplicated. As a senator, as Andrew Jackson's Vice-President, and as President, he coped with Clay, Calhoun, and Webster and many lesser leaders whose Presidential ambitions were defeated by their emphasis on personality rather than party. Van Buren's term was overshadowed by a depression, which, like that of 1929, was worldwide. In later years, he was still active in efforts to hold the party system together—an impossibility, since the Union itself was falling apart. Mr. Niven's sense of the period is keen; he has written an irreplaceable book.

A Passion for Films: Henri Langlois and the Cinémathèque Française, by Richard Roud (Viking; $16.95). As one story goes, the young Henri Langlois received a zero on his *baccalauréat* exam when he compared Molière with Chaplin; as another (equally plausible) goes, he never took the exam but went to the movies instead. In any event, relieved of the threat of more schooling and a conventional career, Langlois set up a *ciné-club;* soon (in 1935), with the purchase of prints of "The Fall of the House of Usher" and "The Birth of a Nation," the Cinémathèque Française was born. Richard Roud (who was working for the British magazine *Sight and Sound* when he first met Langlois, in 1958) shows how Langlois's one-track life (1914-77) was interspliced with several crucial episodes in modern French history, from the German Occupation (Langlois persuaded the head of the Reichsfilmarchiv to requisition the cellars of the Palais de Chaillot, and had thousands of reels of film stored there for the duration) to the student riots of 1968, which began with protests led by Langlois's godchildren—France's filmmakers (Truffaut recalls these days in a passionate foreword)—over the firing of Langlois as head of the Cinémathèque. Today, an entire wing—sixty rooms—of the Palais de Chaillot houses Langlois's Musée du Cinéma. ("A *mise en scène* of the great *metteurs en scène*" is how one filmmaker describes it.) The auditorium shows five different movies a day and has, in Mr. Roud's opinion, "the most comfortable seats in Paris."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SPY, by Mary Bancroft (Morrow; $15.95). Mary Bancroft was brought up in Cambridge (her father was director of the Port of Boston), and went to Switzerland to marry a Swiss businessman in the nineteen-thirties. There she wrote articles for local newspapers and became involved in the psychoanalytical theories of C. G. Jung. (She was in analysis with him for four years.) She met Allen Dulles when he came to Bern with the O.S.S., after the United States had entered the Second World War, and was soon working for him as an intelligence analyst. The two became lovers, and Dulles made her a special agent. She was a liaison between Dulles and Hans Bernd Gisevius, a German intelligence officer stationed in Switzerland who was involved in the so-called Officers' Plot. After the at-

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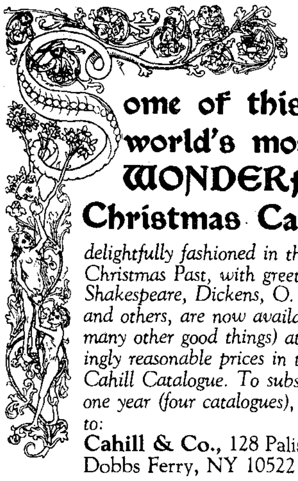

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tempt on Hitler's life in July, 1944, Gisevius—who had been in Berlin with the chief conspirators when word came from the Führer's headquarters that the coup had failed—made his way back to Switzerland, and gave Miss Bancroft a detailed account of what had happened. Her recapitulation of that incident is one of the most fascinating episodes in an extraordinary book. Photographs.

NOTE: "Overdrive: A Personal Documentary," by William F. Buckley, Jr., has been published by Doubleday ($16.95). Much of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DEATH OF A MINOR CHARACTER, by E. X. Ferrars (Doubleday; $11.95). A dragon-shaped bracelet, a shifty pair of antique dealers, an artificial foot, a bearded man with a limp, an amiable kleptomaniac, a nonchalant detective, a jaded physiotherapist, and two (for starters) murders: it sounds promising, but E. X. Ferrars' forty-third mystery turns out to be mostly a matter of professional crooks second-guessing amateur detectives, who then restore their deductive powers with all too English meals. If the reader is slow to solve the case, the reason may be the confusion that the "If he was there when she said he saw her here then why did they tell you that she . . ." sort of sentence creates.

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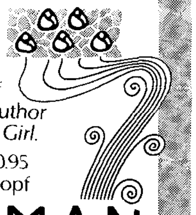

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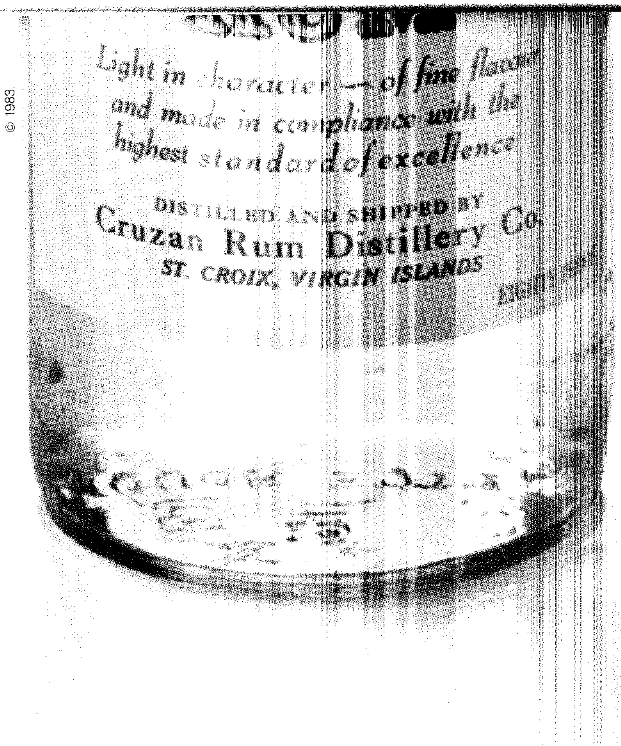
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